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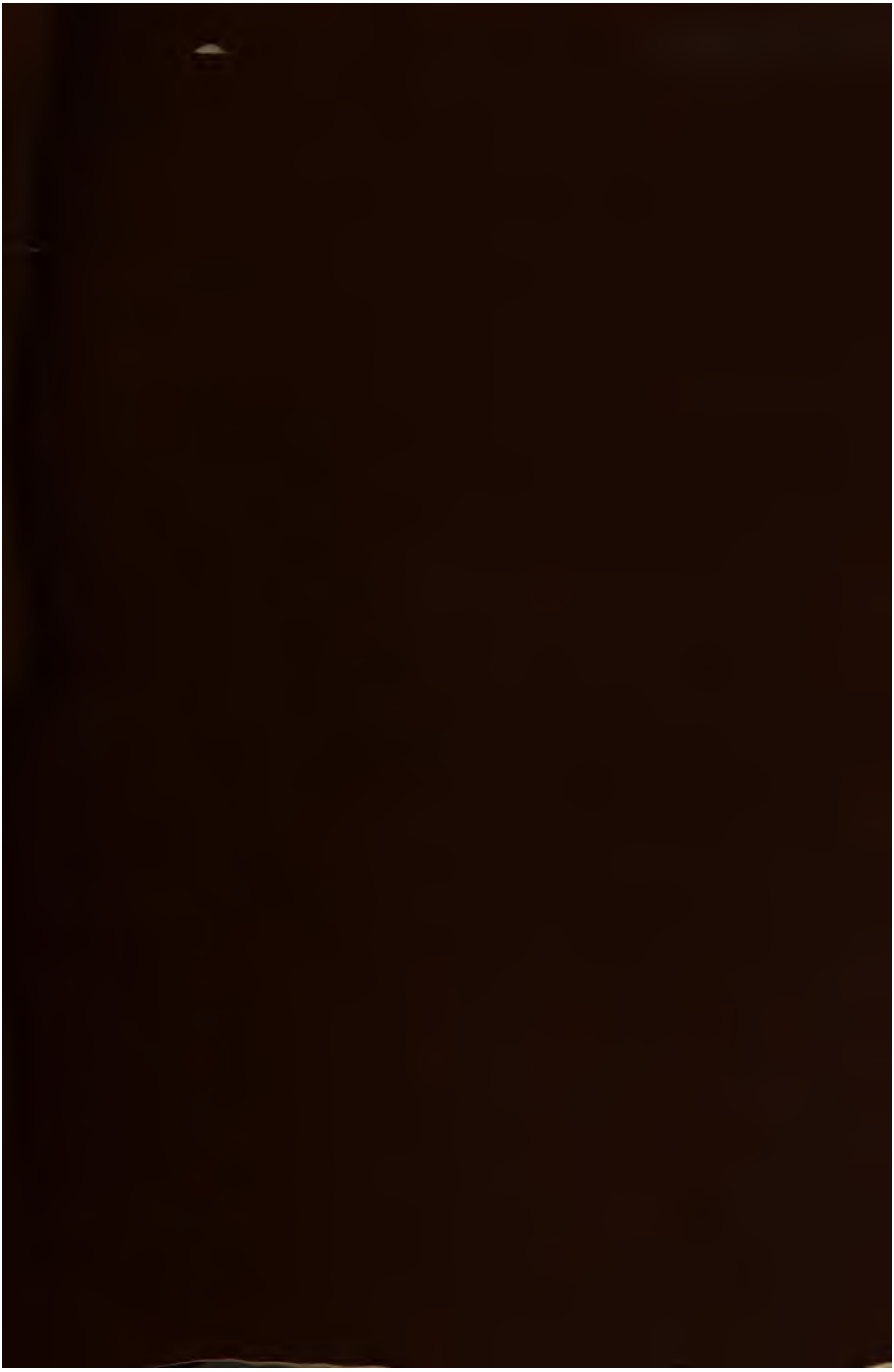

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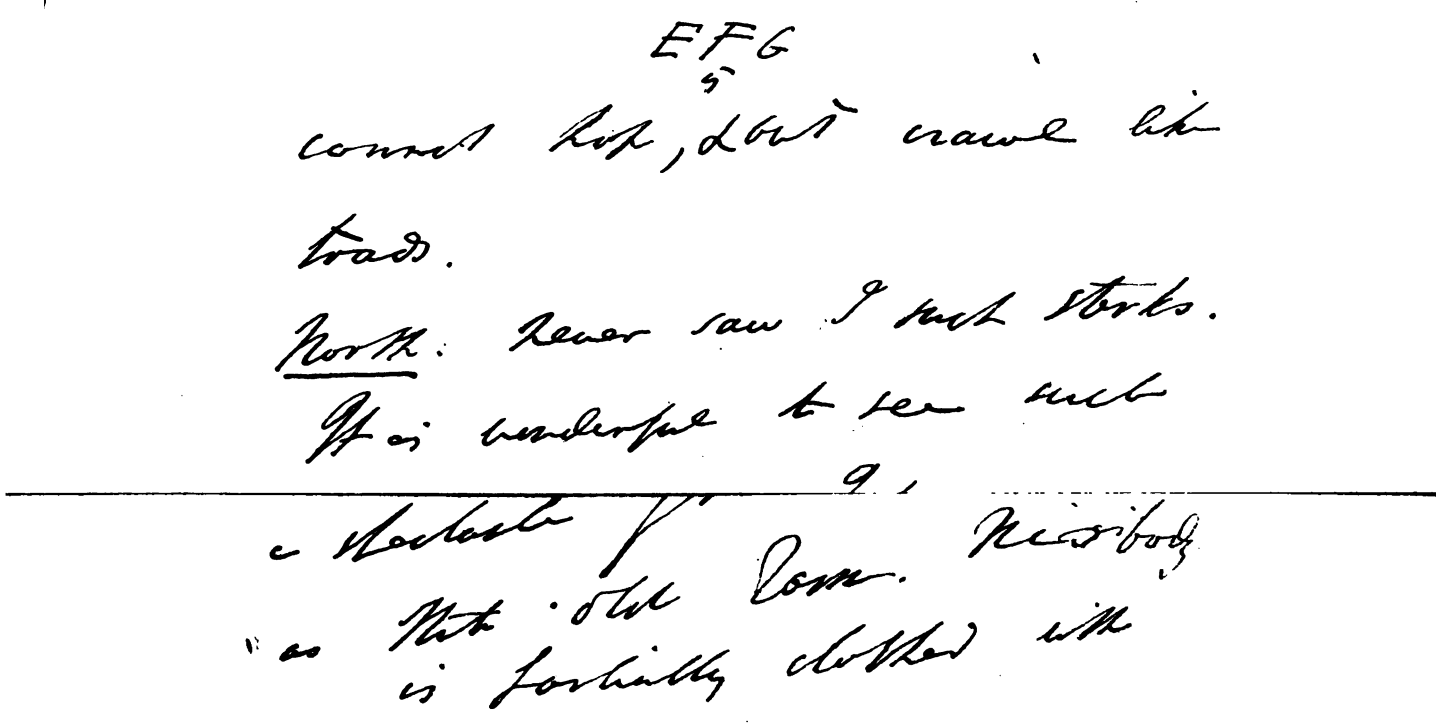

Fac Simile of a page of the Noctes Ambrosianae in Professor Wilson's handwriting. vol V. page. 5.

16283

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

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BY

JOHN WILSON,

"CHRISTOPHER NORTH," OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, ETC.

WM. MAGINN, LL.D., J. G. LOCKHART, JAMES HOGG, AND OTHERS.

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WITH

MEMOIRS AND NOTES,

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L.

VOL. II.

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1867.

LIFE

OF

PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

JOHN WILSON, the most illustrious Scotchman of these later days, was born in Paisley, (a manufacturing town near Glasgow,) on the 19th of May, 1785. He died, at his brother's residence, near Edinburgh, on the 3d of April, 1854. Had he lived six weeks longer, he would have completed his sixty-ninth year.

His father was a cloth manufacturer at Paisley. His mother (who was sister of the clever man, Robert Sym, who for many years was the Timothy Tickler of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and a constant interlocutor at THE NOCTES) possessed much native shrewdness, had read a good deal, and was possessed of considerable general knowledge. He had four brothers and two sisters: of these, James Wilson, who survives, has long been considered one of the best naturalists in Scotland; one sister is the wife of Sir John McNeill, formerly British Minister at the Court of Persia; the other married Mr. Ferrier.

John Wilson lost his father while yet a youth. He was educated by a country clergyman, Dr. McIntyre, of Glenorchy, (in the Scottish Highlands,) who rather encouraged his pupil's strong desire for wandering among the mountains and valleys of his native land; was delighted with the lad's remarks upon what he had seen in these adventurous excursions; and used generally to wind up with the encouraging remark, "My man, you should write story-books!" McIntyre, the Oberlin of the district, was a good classical scholar, and while he allowed Wilson a wider out-door range and license than is generally permitted to school-boys, insisted on his learning his allotted tasks. Fond of rural life, with its athletic exercises and sports, the Doctor thought it only natural and proper that young Wilson should relish it as keenly as himself, and was as proud, almost, of his proficiency in leaping, wrestling, curling, boxing, running, and swimming, as of his proficiency in Greek and Latin.

At the age of thirteen, Wilson became a student of Glasgow University. Then, as now, the Scottish universities were little more than high-schools. In

Scotland, mere schoolboys enter college, to gather learning, from its very rudiments; while in England, each student, on entrance, usually knows as much of the dead languages and the exact sciences, as would enable him to obtain a degree at a Scotch college.

It was Wilson's good fortune, at Glasgow, to be for some years under the especial care of Mr. Jardine, the Professor of Logic, a man who, (to use Lockhart's words,) "by the singular felicity of his tact in watching and encouraging the developments of youthful minds, had done more good to a whole host of individuals, and gifted individuals too, than their utmost gratitude could ever adequately repay."

Wilson went through a full course of education in languages, philosophy, and belles lettres. He was remarked, among his fellow-students, for the originality of his views, the ardor with which he asserted and defended them, and the unrivalled power—something beyond eloquence—with which he forced them into the minds of others. "He lived in my family," said Professor Jardine, "during the whole course of his studies at Glasgow, and the general superintendence of his education was committed to me; and it is but justice to him to declare, that during my long experience, I never had a pupil who discovered more genius, more ardor, or more active and persevering diligence."

From Glasgow, Wilson removed to Oxford, and became a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen (pronounced *Maudlin*) College, Oxford—the beautiful and venerable structure, which owes its tall tower to Cardinal Wolsey, who had been a "boy-bachelor" within its precincts—which boasts of Addison as one of its members, preserving the retired walk in which he was wont to meditate—and which is now governed by a President, Dr. Routh, who has been about sixty years in office, was intimate with Samuel Johnson, and is even now publishing a historical and critical work, at the age of nearly one hundred.

Here Wilson acquired the friendship of two men, since eminently distinguished:—Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and Henry Phillpotts, the present Bishop of Exeter.

At Oxford, in 1806, Wilson competed for and obtained the prize of fifty guineas, founded by a certain Sir Richard Newdigate, for as many lines on a given subject. In this case, it was on Painting, Poetry, and Architecture. The poetry on such occasions, written by under-graduates who have lately emerged from their teens, is usually of that class which neither gods nor columns do admire. But there have been a few exceptions, including Heber's "Palestine." Lockhart, in later days, himself contemporary at Oxford with Wilson, spoke warmly in praise of his friend's prize poem. However, Wilson looked upon it as no more than a college exercise, for he did not include it among his collected poems.

As far as the acquisition of learning went, Wilson's Oxford career was very creditable. His mode of life was somewhat eccentric. He was addicted to

solitary wanderings, and to violent bodily exercises of all kinds. No one was more fearless in the steeple-chase, or when following the hounds across the country. In the season, half his time was spent on the river, in his boat. The contests between "Town" and "Gown" (so well described in Lockhart's "Reginald Dalton") were frequent and violent, in Wilson's time, and whoever shrunk from them, *he* did not. There remains, even yet, an Oxford tradition of a gigantic shoemaker, the champion of the "Town" combatants, who repeatedly had encountered and defeated Wilson. This happened three years consecutively. In the fourth, Wilson was the conqueror, and, when the shoemaker confessed that he had found his match at last, Wilson shook hands with him, and having discovered shortly after that the man was very poor, privately visited him, and insisted on his accepting £20, which, he said, would put him even with the world once more.

The admirers of "Christopher North" will be surprised to learn that Wilson was remarkable, at Oxford, for entertaining such extreme liberal views in politics that, to show his sincerity, he used ostentatiously to clean his own shoes!

The shortest and perhaps the truest account of Wilson's career at Oxford, was that which one of his contemporaries gave me, many years after it had ceased:—"Wilson," said he, "read hard, lived hard, but never ran into vulgar or vicious dissipation. He talked well, and loved to talk. Such gushes of poetic eloquence as I have heard from his lips—I doubt whether Jeremy Taylor himself, could he speak as well as he wrote, could have kept up with him. Every one anticipated his doing well, whatever profession he might adopt, and, when he left us, old Oxford seemed as if a shadow had fallen upon its beauty."

From Oxford to Edinburgh was a journey of more than three hundred miles usually performed, forty or fifty years ago, in the mail-coach or by posting. Wilson, who loved to be singular, accomplished it on foot, when he quitted the university. He fell in with a camp of gypsies; immediately became familiar with themselves and their ways; accepted their invitation to join the party for a time; spent some weeks in this free-and-easy companionship, taking part in all their pursuits, (including poaching and bagging farm-yard fowl,) and parted from them, with much regret on both sides, when they reached the Border. He then went to his mother, who lived in Queen-street, Edinburgh, and saw something of Scottish society. In his university vacations (one of which is about four months long) he had traversed on foot nearly all of Wales, a large portion of the north of Scotland, the whole of the Border Land, every hill, valley, and moor in Yorkshire, and the glorious Lake districts of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.

He resided at Edinburgh in 1809–10, and his reputation had preceded him, for a poem upon the death of James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," hav-

ing appeared in print, Joanna Baillie inquired of Walter Scott whether he knew the writer, and Scott wrote back that he was "John Wilson, a young man of very considerable poetical powers," and concluded by describing him as "an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals." He added that he was then "engaged on a poem called 'The Isle of Palms, something in the style of Southey."

This was in 1812, and about the same time appeared Byron's "Childe Harold." Shortly before, Wilson had purchased Elleray, a romantic estate on the banks of Windermere, in Westmoreland, where he became a neighbor and friend of Wordsworth. This was indeed the place for a poet's home. Its picturesque beauty was great, and its vicinity to the homes of several of his literary friends was very agreeable. Within a mile was Calgarth, the residence of Dr. Watson, the celebrated Bishop of Llandaff. Near at hand was Charles Lloyd, the translator of Alfieri. Within a few miles was Grasmere, where then resided Wordsworth. A little farther off was Keswick, where Southey had planted himself, his vast literary projects, and his large library; and—great a charm as any, perhaps—Elleray was on the banks of beautiful Windermere.

It was at Low Brathay, where Charles Lloyd lived, that De Quincey first saw Wilson, "in circumstances of animation, and buoyant with youthful spirits, under the excitement of lights, wine, and, above all, of female company." The Opium-Eater adds that Wilson was the best male dancer, not professional, he had ever seen; an "advantage which he owed to the extraordinary strength of his foot in all its parts, to its peculiarly happy conformation, and to the accuracy of his ear,"—for, it is added, he never had received saltatory instruction. Of that party was she, then the leading belle of the Lake country, who became Wilson's wife, soon after.*

As might be expected from his ardent temperament, it was a love-match. The lady was an English heiress, of considerable beauty. Among the many anecdotes of his courtship is one, which has been generally believed,—of his having accidentally met the lady while she was on a tour; of following her in the disguise of a waiter, to various inns at the Lakes; of her father noticing, at last, that wherever they went, there was the self-same attendant; of his demanding an explanation; of Wilson's revealing his name and condition; of his obtaining leave to woo the lady; and of his immediate success when he

* It is singular that any doubt should exist as to the *personnalité* of this lady. De Quincey (who deals so largely in initials that in an article headed "Charles Lloyd," he speaks of that gentleman all through as "Mr. L——") simply calls her "Miss Jane P——." A memoir in the *Illustrated London News* says, "While at Elleray, Wilson married Miss Ferrier, sister to the authoress of 'Marriage and The Inheritance.'" Here is an evident confusion, probably caused by Professor Ferrier, his nephew having married one of Wilson's daughters.—M.

addressed her. Her only stipulation was that he should abandon a favorite project of making a tour of discovery into the interior of Africa! The required promise was given and kept. The marriage followed, and bride and bridegroom, instead of loitering through the honeymoon in silken and luxurious ease, spent the bright summer in a pedestrian journey through the Highlands.

Whatever was rough and untoward in Wilson's manner and character, this gentle creature softened and subdued. In her he had that greatest wealth which man can possess—a wife at once loveable and lovely; the charm of his home; the friend of his friends; the calm and affectionate counsellor and companion; the joy and comfort of his heart, whether in sunshine or sorrow; the fond mother, lovelier in her matron beauty than in her fair maidenhood; in a word, the one being, out of all others, who could make him happy, and be happy herself in making him so.

In after years, it was said by one who knew her well, that "if ever there was a woman to be sorrowed for through a widowed life, it was she—so opposite to the dazzling, impetuous spirit of her mate, in the beautiful gentleness and equanimity of her temper, yet adapting herself so entirely to his tastes, and repaid by such a deep and lasting affection." Her death was the first heavy blow beneath which Wilson's manly spirit quailed. Even where there is not such love as filled his bosom, it is a bitter thing to lament the loss of the companionship of over thirty years. When Wilson first met his class, in the University, after his wife's death, he had to adjudicate on the comparative merits of various essays which had been sent in on competition for a prize. He bowed to his class, and in as firm voice as he could command apologized for not having examined the essays,—"for," said he, "I could not see to read them in the darkness of the shadow of the Valley of Death." As he spoke, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he said no more, but waved his hand to his class, who stood up as he concluded, and hurried out of the lecture-room.

Some time later, when lecturing upon Memory, he described the way in which a long-widowed husband would look back upon the early partner of his lot. The warm eloquence of the lecturer held his audience enchained. On and on he went, waxing more and more touching and impressive, and his face lighting up with emotion as the words came rushing to his lips. His eyes began to fill with moisture—then the lower jaw began to tremble—and at last, overpowered by his emotions, the old man stopped in mid career, and buried his head in his arms on the desk before him. For a minute there was perfect stillness in the class; but when Wilson again raised his head, and two big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks as he essayed to proceed, his voice was drowned in the loud cheers of the young students around him.

I have anticipated. Let us return.—It was after his marriage, I believe, that Wilson wrote the "Elegy on James Grahame." To this epoch of domestic enjoyment may be referred the composition of "The Isle of Palms,"—a poem

which won praise from even the hypercritical Jeffrey, and at a bound placed its writer among the best living authors. It was published in 1812. It is rich in fine passages, among which there is one, describing the wreck of a vessel with five hundred souls on board, who are swept away in one dread moment of death and horror:

"Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of the waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair."

By this time Wilson was well acquainted with Scott, and may be allowed the honor of having originated for him the distinctive designation of "The Great Magician." The term occurs in a beautiful poem called *The Magic Mirror*, addressed by Wilson to Scott, and published in the Edinburgh *Annual Register*, for 1812. Two years after, having determined to apply his mind to some fixed purpose, he was admitted to the Scottish Bar, but made no progress as a lawyer.

When the Third Canto of Childe Harold was published, an eloquent and elaborate criticism upon it appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. This was written by Wilson—probably before he had determined to oppose the politics of Jeffrey and the powerful organ he directed.

In 1817, Wilson published a dramatic poem called "The City of the Plague." It has many noble passages, but the choice of subject was unfortunate. About this time, too, appeared "Sentimental Scenes, selected from

celebrated Plays." This was a 12mo. volume, which ran through three editions, in eighteen months. I have never seen it, nor met any one who had.

Blackwood's Magazine was commenced early in 1817, and Wilson soon became a principal contributor. In an article which appeared in 1830, and was a sort of rapid sketch of the difficulties which that periodical had encountered and overcome, Wilson declared that his own connection with it had begun with No. VII.—that to which The Chaldee Manuscript had given such notoriety. He entered into the labor *con amore;* wrote on a variety of subjects; penned a great number of projects; and, in fact, sometimes did the work of half a dozen contributors. He said of himself:

"We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most, and then to a well-won dinner. In three days, gentle reader, have We, Christopher North, often produced a whole Magazine—a most splendid Number. For the next three weeks we were as idle as a desert, and as vast as an antre—and thus on we go, alternately laboring like an ant, and relaxing, in the sunny air, like a dragon-fly, enamoured of extremes."

At that period Edinburgh was crowded with clever men—most of them young—who considered that the (Tory) party to which they belonged had been too loudly crowed over by the *Edinburgh Review.* They dashed into a contest at once, and whatever else *Blackwood* wanted, it was not deficient in personalities—audacious, lively, vehement, unjustified, unscrupulous, and witty. Associated with Wilson were Lockhart, Hogg, Gillies, Hamilton, Moir, Sym, and Maginn. In a short time, *Blackwood's Magazine* had become not only a literary organ, but the wielder of great political power. It destroyed the force of the *Edinburgh Review*, previously despotic and dreaded, and soon assumed the unity of purpose and conduct which has become its great characteristic.

Wilson had been on intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott, from the time of his return from Oxford. There is a lively account by Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, of a visit which Wilson and himself paid to Abbotsford in October, 1818, on their return from Ellrray. They were kindly invited, for the purpose of meeting Lord Melville, then one of the British Cabinet, and the dispenser of Government legal patronage in Scotland As Lockhart and Wilson belonged to the Scottish bar, though neither had any practice, they were eligible for many of the numerous official situations with which it has been the habit to reward partisanship rather than

merit. Melville's countenance, in favor of Wilson, was shortly afterwards required.

In 1819 appeared "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," in which Lockhart has so well sketched Wilson, mind and body, as he then was, that I think this is the proper place to quote the description. Alluding to the Burns' dinner, which came off at Edinburgh, January 25, 1818,* (the anniversary of the poet's birth-day), Lockhart says:

"One of the best speeches, perhaps the very best delivered during the whole of the evening was that of Mr. John Wilson, in proposing the health of the Ettrick Shepherd. I had heard a great deal of Wilson from Wastle, but he had been out of Edinburgh ever since my arrival, and indeed had walked only fifty miles that very morning in order to be present on this occasion. He showed no symptoms, however, of being fatigued with his journey, and his style of eloquence, above all, whatever faults it might have, displayed certainly no deficiency of freshness and vigor. As I know you admire some of his verses very much, you will be pleased with a sketch of his appearance. He is, I imagine (but I guess principally from the date of his Oxford prize poem), some ten years your junior and mine—a very robust athletic man, broad across the back—firm set upon his limbs—and having altogether very much of that sort of air which is inseparable from the consciousness of great bodily energies. I suppose, in leaping, wrestling, or boxing, he might easily beat any of the poets, his contemporaries—and I rather suspect, that in speaking, he would have as easy a triumph over the whole of them, except Coleridge. In complexion, he is the best specimen I have ever seen of the genuine or ideal *Goth*. His hair is of the true Sicambrian yellow; his eyes are of the lightest, and at the same time of the clearest blue; and the blood glows in his cheek with as firm a fervor as it did, according to the description of Jornandes, in those of the 'Bello gaudentes, prælio ridentes Teutones' of Attila. I had never suspected, before I saw him, that such extreme fairness and freshness of complexion could be compatible with so much variety and tenderness, but, above all, with so much depth of expression. His forehead is finely, but strangely shaped; the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being both developed in a very striking manner—which is but seldom the case in any one individual—and the organ of observation having projected the *sinus frontalis* to a degree that is altogether uncommon. I have never seen a physiognomy which could pass with so much rapidity from the serious to the most ludicrous of effects. It is more eloquent, both in its gravity and in its levity, than almost any countenance I am acquainted with is in any one cast of expression; and yet I am not without my suspicions, that the versatility of its language may, in the end, take away from its power.

* Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York, was a guest at the Burns' dinner in 1816, at which Wilson was also present. He recollects that, somewhat late in the evening, Wilson mounted on one of the tables, danced a *pas seul* among the wine-glasses and decanters (without any fracture of the crystal), and then, descending, resumed his seat with a ludicrous air of intense and philosophic gravity—as if, in fact, he had done something worthy of consideration and gratitude.—M.

"In a convivial meeting—more particularly after the first two hours are over—the beauty to which men are most alive in any piece of eloquence is that which depends on its being impregnated and instinct with feeling. Of this beauty, no eloquence can be more full than that of Mr. John Wilson. His declamation is often loose and irregular to an extent that is not quite worthy of a man of his fine education and masculine powers; but all is redeemed, and more than redeemed, by his rich abundance of quick, generous, and expansive feeling. The flashing brightness, and now and then the still more expressive dimness of his eye—and the tremulous music of a voice that is equally at home in the highest and the lowest of notes—and the attitude bent forward with an earnestness to which the graces could make no valuable addition—all together compose an index which they that run may read—a rod of communication to whose electricity no heart is barred. Inaccuracies of language are small matters when the ear is fed with the wild and mysterious cadences of the most natural of all melodies, and the mind filled to overflowing with the bright suggestions of an imagination, whose only fault lies in the uncontrollable profusion with which it scatters forth its fruits. With such gifts as these, and with the noblest of themes to excite and adorn them, I have no doubt, that Mr. Wilson, had he been in the church, would have left all the impassioned preachers I have ever heard many thousand leagues behind him. Nor do I at all question, that even in some departments of his own profession of the law, had he in good earnest devoted his energies to its service, his success might have been equally brilliant. But his ambition had probably taken too decidedly another turn; nor, perhaps, would it be quite fair, either to him or to ourselves, to wish that the thing had been otherwise.

"As Mr. Wilson has not only a great admiration, but a great private friendship for Mr. Hogg, his eloquence displayed, it is probable, upon the present occasion, a large share of every feeling that might most happily inspire it. His theme was indeed the very best that the occasion could have thrown in his way; for what homage could be so appropriate, or so grateful to the Manes of Burns, as that which sought to attain its object by welcoming and honoring the only worthy successor of his genius? I wish I could recall for your delight any portion of those glowing words in which this enthusiastic speaker strove to embody his own ideas—and indeed those of his audience—concerning the high and holy connection which exists between the dead and the living peasant—both 'sprung from the very bosom of the people,' both identifying themselves in all things with the spirit of their station, and endeavoring to ennoble themselves only by elevating it. It was thus, indeed, that a national assembly might most effectually do honor to a national poet. This was the true spirit for a commemoration of Robert Burns.

"The effect which Mr. Wilson's speech produced on Hogg himself was, to my mind, by far the most delightful thing that happened during the whole of the night. The Shepherd was one of the stewards, and in every point of view he must have expected some particular notice to be taken of his name; but either he had not been prepared for being spoken of at so early an hour, or was en-

tirely thrown off his balance by the extraordinary flood of eloquence which Mr. Wilson poured out, to do honor to his genius; for nothing could be more visibly unaffected, than the air of utter blank amazement with which he rose to return his thanks. He rose, by the way, long before the time came. He had listened to Mr. Wilson for some minutes, without comprehending the drift of his discourse; but when once he fairly discovered that he himself was the theme, he started to his feet, and with a face flushed all over deeper than scarlet, and eyes brimful of tears, devoured the words of the speaker,

> Like hungry Jew in wilderness,
> Rejoicing o'er his manna.

His voice, when he essayed to address the company, seemed at first entirely to fail him; but he found means to make us hear a very few words, which told better than any speech could have done. '*I've aye been vera proud, gentlemen,*' (said he,) '*to be a Scots poet—and I was never sae proud o't as I am just noo.*' I believe there was no one there who did not sympathize heartily with this most honest pride. For my part, I began to be quite in love with the Ettrick Shepherd."

Subsequently, treating of the phrenological development of eminent men, the author of Peter's Letters says that Wilson's head "is full of the marks of genuine enthusiasm, and lower down of intense perception, and love of localities—which last feature, by the way, may perhaps account for his wild delight in rambling. I have heard that in his early youth, he proposed to go out to Africa, in quest of the Joliba, and was dissuaded only by the representations made to him on the subject of his remarkably fair and florid complexion—but I believe he has since walked over every hill and valley in the three kingdoms—having angling and versifying, no doubt, for his usual occupations, but finding room, every now and then, by way of interlude, for astonishing the fairs and wakes all over these islands, by his miraculous feats in leaping, wrestling, and single-stick."

In another place, dating from Glasgow, we have the redoubtable Dr. Morris thus playing the critic upon Wilson, who, at this time, was in his thirty-fifth year, and had scarcely done more than begin his brilliant and eccentric course. He says:

"It has often occurred to me, in thinking of other individuals besides this poet, that early attainment of great fame is by no means most in the power of those who possess the greatest variety of capacities and attainments. A man who has only one talent, and who is so fortunate as to be led early to exercise it in a judicious direction, may soon be expected to sound the depth of his power and to strengthen himself with those appliances which are most proper to insure his success. But he whose mind is rich in a thousand quarters—who finds himself surrounded with an intellectual armory of many and various kinds of

weapons—is happy indeed if he do not lose much time in dipping into the surface of more ores than his life can allow him time to dig to their foundations—in trying the edge of more instruments than it is possible for any one man to understand thoroughly, and wield with the assured skill of a true master. Mr. Wilson seems to possess one of the widest ranges of intellectual capacity of any I have ever met with. In his conversation, he passes from the gravest to the gayest of themes, and seems to be alike at home in them all—but perhaps the facility with which in conversation he finds himself able to make use of all his powers, may only serve to give him wrong and loose notions concerning the more serious purposes to which he ought to render his great powers subservient. In his prose writings, in like manner, he handles every kind of key, and he handles many well—but this also, I should fear, may tend only to render him over careless in his choice—more slow in selecting some one field—or, if you will, more than one—on which to concentrate his energies, and make a sober, manly, determinate display of what Nature has rendered him capable of doing. To do every thing is impossible. To do many things well is a very inferior matter to doing a few things—yes, or one thing—as well as it can be done; and this is a truth which I question not Mr. Wilson will soon learn, without any hints beyond those which his own keen observing eye must throw in his way. On the whole, when one remembers that he has not yet reached the time of life at which most of the great poets even of our time began to come before the public, there seems to be no reason to doubt that every thing is yet before him—and that hereafter the works which he has already published, may be referred to rather as curiosities, and as displaying the early richness and variety of his capacities, than as expressing the full vigor of that 'imagination all compact,' which shall then have found more perfect and more admirable vehicles in the more comprehensive thoughtfulness of matured genius and judgment. I regret his comparative want of popularity, chiefly for this reason, that I think the enthusiastic echoes of public approbation, directed loudly to any one production, would have afforded a fine and immediate stimulus for farther exertions in the same way—and such is his variety of powers, that I think it a matter of comparatively minor importance, on which of his many possible triumphs his ambition should be first fully concentrated. You will observe that I have been speaking solely with an eye to his larger productions. In many of his smaller ones—conceived, it is probable, and executed at a single heat—I see every thing to be commended, and nothing whatever to be found fault with. My chief favorites have always been the Children's Dance—the address to the Wild Deer seen on some of the mountains of Lochaber—and, best of all, the Scholar's Funeral. This last poem is, indeed, a most perfect master-piece in conception—in feeling—and in execution. The flow of it is entire and unbroken in its desolate music. Line follows line, and stanza follows stanza, with a grand graceful melancholy sweep, like the dirges of the bough of some large weeping willow bending slowly and sadly to the night-breeze, over some clear classical streamlet fed by the tears of Naiads."

In January, 1820, "A Lady of Fairy-Land," professing to be "from a volume of Poems by John Wilson, now in the Press," was published in *Blackwood*. It is a delightful and fanciful composition, somewhat like Hogg's "Kilmeny," as respects its subject, but treated in a different manner. It tells how, early on a Sabbath morn, a widow and her child are together, in Glenmore's black forest, guarding their little flock. The child wonders away—is missed—mourned—and welcomed back, at eventide, wearing a beautiful chaplet of unknown flowers. She then relates how, while reading the Bible, the Lady of the Wood had visited and smiled upon her:

> "She laid her hand as soft as light upon her daughter's hair,
> And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair,
> And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
> Though she had come from Fairy-Land and was the Fairy-Queen."

The Mother remembers that, in evanished years, another daughter had been lost to her, whom she never could fancy to be dead. The child goes on to relate how the Fairy-Queen takes her into Fairy-Land, where she meets her sister:

> "Well knew I my fair sister, and her unforgotten face!
> Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
> And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
> And had been long divided—we melted into one.
>
> "When that shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,
> And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years
> You well may think another shower straightway began to fall,
> Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly Hall!

The two children find the glories departed, and both standing by the great burial-stone, near their own loved river. The Mother swooms as she hears that wild and wondrous story:

> "And, when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her side,
> But her believed in childhood to have wondered off and died!
>
> "In those small hands, so lily-white, is water from the spring,
> And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's wing,
> And to her Mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
> While these long soft eyelashes drop tears on her hoary head.
>
> "She stirs not in her Child's embrace, but yields her old gray hairs
> Unto that heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of prayers—
> No voice had she to bless her child, till that strong fit go by,
> But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.
>
> "The sabbath-morn was beautiful—and the long Sabbath-day—
> The Evening-star rose beautiful when daylight died away:

Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal Joy hath blessed the Sabbath-night."

The "Lays of Fairy-Land" was never published. Wilson believed that the relish for new poetry had declined. The poems must exist, however, and may be expected to appear ere long, among Wilson's Literary Remains.

The death of Dr. Thomas Brown, in 1820, brought Wilson into the field as a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. His expenditure at Elleray had been too liberal for his means, and he was desirous, at the age of thirty-five, with a young family growing up around him, of obtaining a permanent income and an honorable station. There was considerable opposition to his being appointed—chiefly on the ground of his personalities in which, up to that time, *Blackwood's Magazine* had indulged. But Wilson's politics were Tory, like those of the Edinburgh Town Council, who had the right to appoint Brown's successor. Scott interefered very warmly in his behalf. Leading politicians in London (with Lord Melville at their head) used their personal influence, and Wilson was appointed. Scott's letter, at this crisis, so fully discusses the character of Wilson, as it appeared then, that I shall copy part of it. He wrote: "There needed no apology for mentioning any thing in which I could be of service to Wilson; and so far as good words and good wishes here can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labor than circumstances have hitherto required of him—for, indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as that of his friends; and, if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and to public utility. You must, of course, recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass, for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge, and live cleanly, as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what

could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age."

Wilson, once that he wore the Professor's gown, really did proceed to enter into the "more regular labor" on which Scott suggested that he should direct his acute and powerful mind. He sketched out the syllabus of a course of lectures for his class—with whom he always was extremely popular—and, for the next one-and-thirty years, allowed nothing to prevent the performance of his sessional duties as teacher. Into this, as into every thing else, he entered with earnestness and enthusiasm, and it is to be lamented that his eloquent addresses, addressed as much to the heart as to the head—so beautifully blended was their Poetry with their Philosophy—live only in the uncertain memory of those who heard them.

In *Blackwood*, for February, 1822, was the announcement of Wilson's first prose work, under the title of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin, student of divinity." They were published in May, and reviewed by Maga in June. This critique, which commenced by remarking that the writing of verses was then an unpopular and unprofitable exercise, said, "Wilson's Lays of Fairy-Land have been, it is probable, knocked out of his head by Scotch metaphysics." The critic very properly described the Lights and Shadows as a volume most undoubtedly full of exquisite poetry—and of poetry which ought not to have been written, at least a great part of it, in any thing but verse—that is, that the purely poetical materials bear too great a proportion to the prosaic. Of the twenty-four stories in the volume, beauty, innocence and repose (with a great knowledge of the human heart and much familiarity with external nature) are the main constituents. The incidents are few, the plots clear, the *motif* apparent. But there is a world of poetry in the thoughts and the language. Some of the scenes are eminently touching, as that in which Allan Bruce, a blind man, whose sight has been restored by *couching*, sees his children's faces for the first time and—but I must quote and not describe the passage:

"But when his Fanny—she on whom he had so loved to look when she was a maiden in her teens, and who would not forsake him, in the first misery of that great affliction, but had been overjoyed to link the sweet freedom of her prime to one sitting in perpetual dark—when she, now a staid and lovely matron, stood before him with a face pale in bliss, and all drenched in the flood-like tears of an insupportable happiness—then truly did he feel what a heaven it was to see. And, as he took her to his heart, he gently bent back her head, that he might devour with his eyes that benign beauty which had for so many years smiled on him unbeheld, and which, now that he had seen once more, he felt that he could at that very moment die in peace."

The Forgers, the Hour at the Manse, Simon Gray, and other stories, show the dark part of man and his nature, but pure and beautiful tenderness is the prevailing character of the work. It has been well remarked of these stories that "the *religion* of them all is divine—no dogmas—no doctrines—nothing sectarian;—but pure, bright, beautiful Christianity." Another point is their intense nationality. They are Scottish, and nothing else. They obtained immediate and permanent popularity. When republished in 1843, over four thousand copies were sold in a month—a much larger sale than even the first class original works usually command in Britain.

"The Trials of Margaret Lindsay, an Orphan," (as the book was originally called,) announced in January, was published in March, 1823. This story was immediately and greatly popular. Like the "Lights and Shadows," it consisted of a single volume. In May, when it was reviewed in *Blackwood*, it had run through a second edition, and, like that work, it chronicled the "annals of the poor." In one connected and extended story, here were embodied the unassuming virtues of persons in a lowly condition of life, tried by suffering and sorrow, sustained by the patience and courage which Faith bestows, trusting in the humanity of man, firmly depending on the goodness of God, and bearing all trials as Christian souls alone can bear them. Margaret Lindsay, the heroine, "a perfect woman, nobly planned," has to suffer much, even from the days of childhood; some joys occasionally cast their sunshine across her path, but the sorrows far outnumber them. While lowly life is drawn with fidelity, there is a deep, and not unnatural tinge of poetry and passion thrown over it. In truth, the romance of every-day life, could we but learn it, exceeds what fiction has imagined.

The plot of this story is plain and simple. Margaret Lindsay's trials are many—but they are things of common occurrence. An orphan, deserted by her father; persecuted by the addresses of a lover in high life; married to a man who turns out to have already been the husband of another; adopting and maintaining the child of that first marriage, after its mother's death and its unhappy father's flight; happy, at last, in the return and repentance of the lover of her youth, though with shattered health; become his wife again, and the mother of two children; comforting him in his lingering illness, which ends in death; and practising, as a widow, the virtues and benevolence which, even in her darkest days of poverty and sorrow, had sustained herself and given happiness to others. There are some beautiful episodes, scarcely belonging to, but so artistically dovetailed into the main story that no reader can think them out of place. The great merit is, the absence of exaggerated feeling or language; one is earnest, the other is often poetical, but both are truthful. There is one character—that of Daniel Craig, a miserly grand-uncle, who

gradually becomes a wiser, better, and happier man under Margaret's influence, which is remarkably well drawn; the reader feels, as this man's idiosyncrasy is developed, how very natural is the change, almost insensible, wrought on that rugged heart by the maidenly purity, the calm beauty, the gentle bearing of Margaret, his only surviving female relative. Nor is it character alone which makes the charm of this work. Here, in brief, is a poet-painter's sketch of the landscape of a Scottish summer morning:

"It was one of the perfect days of July, when Nature is felt to be within the very heart of the year, and when there seems never to have been such a thing as winter or decay. The blue heavens were steadfast with their marbled clouds, and all the fair and gorgeous array of perishable vapors seemed then as if they were everlasting. A gentle murmur of bliss prevailed, and it accompanied the solitary girl as she walked along the houseless moor. Every moment there was something that delighted her—the green lizard, as it glided through the rustling tall grass by the wayside—the lap-wing, now less wily that its young were fledged, walking along the lea-fields with its graceful crest—the large yellow-circled ground bees, booming by in their joyful industry—the dragon-fly, with his shivering wings shooting in eccentric flight, almost like a bird of prey—the bleating of the lambs on the sunny knowes—or the deep cooing of the cushat-dove, somewhere afar off in his lonesome wood."

"The Foresters," announced in September, 1823, was not published until June, 1825. Like Wilson's two preceding prose works, it was complete in a single volume. The story was one of familiar life—rose-tinged, as before, by the writer's poetic thought. This closed Wilson's separate and distinct publications. His article on Burns, and his notice of the Ettrick Shepherd, are nothing more than magazine articles.

Nor, after the composition of his "Lays from Fairy-Land," did Wilson write much poetry. I recollect only two poems, both of which appeared in *Blackwood*, where they attracted attention and admiration. The first of these, "An Evening in Furness Abbey," was thus laid before the public in September, 1829, and consists of about twelve hundred lines in blank verse,—thoughtful, earnest, eloquent, breathing purity and passion, and rich in sweet episodes of old romance. How beautiful are some passages:

> Those days are gone;
> And it has pleased high Heaven to crown my life
> With such a load of happiness, that at times
> My very soul is faint with bearing up
> The blessed burden.

And the natural thought:

> For rising up throughout my wedded years

That melted each away so quietly
Into the other, that I never thought
Of wondering at the growth before my eyes
Of my own human Flowers most beautiful—
So imperceptible had been the change
From infancy to childhood—lovely both—
And then to grace most meek and maidenly,
Three Spirits given by God to guard and keep
For ever in their native innocence,
Glide o'er my floors like sunbeams, and like larks
Are oft heard singing to their happy selves,
No eye upon them but the eye of Heaven.
And now, revisiting these Abbey-walls,
How changed my state from what it was of yore,
When mid an hundred homes no home had I
Whose hearth had power to chain me from the rest
No roof, no room, no bower in the near wood
In which at once are now concentrated
All the sweet scents and all the touching sounds,
All the bright rays of life.

Link'd hand in hand,
Mute and most spirit-like, from out the gloom
Of the old Abbey issuing, all their smiles
Subdued to a sweet settled pensiveness
By the religion of the Ruin, lo!
The Three came softly gliding on my dream,
Attended by the moonshine; for the Orb
Look'd through the oriel window, and the Vale
Soon overflow'd with light. As they approach'd
My heart embraced them in their innocence,
And sinless pride express'd itself in prayer.
From morn they had been with me in the glens
And on the mountains, by the lakes and rivers.
And through the hush of the primeval woods,
And such a beauteous day was fitly closed
By such a beauteous night. No word they spake,
But held their swimming eyes in earnestness
Fix'd upon mine, as if they wish'd to hear
My voice amid the silence, for the place
Had grown too awful for their innocent hearts;
And half in love, and half in fear, they prest
Close to their Father's side, till at a sign
They sat them down upon a fragment fall'n,
With all its flowers and mosses, from the arch
Through which the moon was looking; and I said

That I would tell to them a Tale of Tears,
A Tale of Sorrows suffered long ago!

The tale which follows, bathed in the rich hues of old Romance, is "beautiful exceedingly,"—and The Flower of Furness, who is its gentle heroine, as soft a creation as fair Humanity and fruitful Poesy ever united to give birth to. Lofty in pride and lineage, in love and prowess, is the Knight who seeks to spoil the Eden of which this fair Flower was the life and light. Delicately and tenderly is the story told; sad is the record of the maiden's wreck of mind, and tragic the conclusion. In a word, it is Wilson all over.

"Unimore, a Dream of the Highlands, by Professor Wilson," appeared as the opening article in *Blackwood* for August, 1831. It occupied fifty-five pages of Maga, and extended to over three thousand lines of blank verse. Perhaps this, the most ambitious of Wilson's poems, has more beauties than any—I had almost written, than *all* the rest. It consisted of ten Visions;—Morven, The Naiad, The Lady of the Castle, The Sisters, The Oratory, The Seer, The Demon, The Confession, Expiation, and Retribution. With free and masterly hand are drawn the portraits of Unimore, the Chieftain Seadweller—the Lady of the Castle—those exquisite *eidolons*, the fair and youthful sisters—the Apparition of the Ocean-lost returned to his ancestral home—the stately Stag-hunt—the denunciations of the doom-predicting Seer—the passion of the Orphans for Unimore, the Pirate-chieftain—the confession, each to each, of their betrayal—their sudden death—and then, after a lapse of forty years, the return of the sin-darkened Unimore, and the terrible retribution.

Lo! lifting up his frame, almost as straight
And tall as when in his majestic prime,
A stately Spectre, shatter'd by the blows
Of Time and Trouble, Misery and Despair,
And, worst of all sin-smiters, gaunt Remorse,
Totters away among the tombs and out
Of the hush'd Cemetery in among the woods,—
The Chief of Morven, princely Unimore!
A shadow now! a Phantom! a Ghost, or Dream!
Lo! on the Pine-Tree Bridge the Spectre stands!
Outstretch'd his arms as in the act to save
The visionary Orphans! Stormy years
Have prey'd upon the stem of that fall'n Pine
Since last it shook beneath his tread—the lightnings
Have smitten it, and o'er that Bridge the roe
Would walk not, instinct-taught that it is frail
And hung on danger. With a splintering crash
It snaps asunder, frail as willow-wand,

And with the Phantoms of the Orphans down
Precipitate with the sheer Cataract
Into the unfathom'd depth sinks Unimore.

It now becomes requisite to go back a little. It has been already stated that, from No. VII. of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a principal part of the literary editorship fell into Wilson's hands. Blackwood, possessing much knowledge of books and being a good judge of what was likely to suit the public taste, conducted the business department of the Magazine, including the principal correspondence with contributors. He was a prompt and liberal paymaster, and has repeatedly given twenty guineas a page for long articles. Associated with Wilson, for some time, was Lockhart—smart, satirical, learned, personal, and fearless. Maginn was as voluminous a contributor, for several years, as Wilson or Lockhart, but had little influence as to the manner in which the Magazine was conducted, owing to his far-remote residence in the South of Ireland. Frequently, in prose as well as verse, the Ettrick Shepherd also lent his assistance. Most of Wilson's short stories—afterward collected into the volume called "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"—first appeared in Maga. As yet, Wilson had not put forth his strength: perhaps he had not then learned how great it was.

The far-renowned NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, which contributed mainly to the celebrity of *Blackwood's Magazine*, were commenced in March, 1822. The idea, I have understood, was suggested by Maginn.* The first number, a colloquy between North and Odoherty, bears little mark of Wilson's mind, but a great deal of Maginn's. No. IV., where the scene is transferred to Pisa, and Lord Byron and Odoherty are the *dramatis personæ*, was wholly written by Maginn. At first, a variety of contributors joined in the production of these papers—Lockhart, Hogg, Sym, and Maginn, in particular—but Wilson's was the pervading spirit, and, when all the rest had fallen off, contributing only fragmentary portions of prose and verse to be worked in, as occasion served, it was Wilson who, year after year, may be said to have been the author. As an illustration to this volume, I present a page of the original NOCTES, in Wilson's own hand-writing. It bears the marks of great rapidity, is dashed off without blot or erasure, and is not very legible.

The NOCTES (of which the last appeared in February, 1835) never flagged in spirit or interest, from their commencement to their close. They were full of information, abundant in personalities, violent in politics, somewhat dictatorial in literary matters, but always able, acute,

* Against this must be placed the fact that "Christopher in the Tent" (in Vol. I. of this edition) certainly was the fore-runner of THE NOCTES, and was published before Maginn wrote for the Magazine. Wilson and Lockhart composed the Tent between them.—M.

bold and eloquent. They are distinguished, also, for the individuality with which each character is drawn. Christopher North and Timothy Tickler hold the same political opinions—but how widely different is the mode in which each asserts and defends them. So do the Irish fun and recklessness of Odoherty stand out by themselves, peculiar. So, also, the Scottish *patois* of Hogg. Read a dialogue between North and Tickler, in any one of THE NOCTES, putting the attributed language of North into Tickler's mouth, and ere half a page be gone through, the veriest *sumph* who listens to you will have discovered that the words are credited to the wrong man. In truth, Wilson was, and none but himself could be, the redoubtable Christopher North;—it has been well said that "Sir Kit is but an enlarged portrait of Wilson, painted with breadth and heightened color and quaint accessories for the sake of effect."

In the thirteen years during which The Noctes were appearing, Wilson and Maga were in their glory and triumph. Of him it might be said that

"He ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

Critic and rhapsodist, poet and story-teller, essayist and wit, he was a remarkable man during all these years. In one number you would meet with philosophy as deep as the Stagyrite's, wit as lively as Sheridan's, pathos as tearful as Scott's, imagination wide as Byron's, and sociality as genial as that of Captain Morris. It seemed as if he could play upon every instrument in the vast orchestra of thought. To this time belong the brilliant articles, some of which were collected in 1842, as "The Recreations of Christopher North."

The loss of his wife paralyzed his efforts for a season. The giant again arose. Not to write was a pain to him. Then came his criticisms on the English Poets—his Commentaries on Homeric translations, with original versions by himself, and, as a conclusion to THE NOCTES, the beautiful series entitled "DIES BOREALES, or Christopher under Canvas." He had begun with the Tent, and he ended with it.

This series was commenced in June, 1849, and his obituary notice (*Blackwood*, May, 1854) says: "As a proof of how long his mental vigor and capacity of exertion survived the effects of physical decline, it may be mentioned that two of the papers entitled 'Dies Boreales,' the last of the fine series on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, were written by him in August and September, 1852, some months after the occurrence of that calamity by which his strong frame had been stricken down; papers written with his usual fine perception and impressive diction, but in a hand so tremulous, so feeble and indistinct as to prove the strong effort of will by which alone such a task could have been accomplished. These were the last papers he ever wrote: they want, as is evident enough, the dazzling

splendor of his earlier writings: they do not stir the heart like the trumpet tones of his prime, but they breathe a tone of sober grandeur and settled conviction; and these subdued and earnest words, now that we know them to have been his last, sink into the heart, like the parting accents of a friend, with a melancholy charm." It must be confessed that there is much truth in what was said by one of his critics, that the "Dies Boreales," compared to the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," were but as the days of Shetland in January, compared with the nights of Italy or of Greece in June.

In 1851, he was smitten with paralysis of the lower limbs, which prevented the performance of his usual duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. He resigned his office in 1852, and the Crown granted him a pension of £200 a year. I have a letter now before me dated Edinburgh, July 14, 1852, in which is recorded the last public act of his brilliant life. Alluding to the contest at the General Election of 1852, for the parliamentary representation of the Scottish Capital, when Macaulay, the Historian, Essayist, Orator, and Poet, was brought forward, without any solicitation or personal interference of his own, and placed at the head of the poll by a large majority, it is said: "One of the incidents of the election contest was the appearance of Professor Wilson, who is much disabled by palsy of his lower limbs, to vote for Macaulay. He had come in from his brother's place, eight miles distant, and had not been seen in public since his attack till this occasion brought him out. His sympathies with genius are as strong as ever." Macaulay's Liberalism was no obstacle to Wilson's manifestation in honor of a man of marked ability.

In October, 1853, the beautiful picture of "A Glimpse of an English Homestead," painted by J. F. Herring, was exhibited in Edinburgh, at Hill's, in Princes Street. Wilson, who was then residing at Lasswade, insisted on being driven into Edinburgh for the express purpose of seeing it. He was wheeled into the room, in a Bath chair, supported by his daughter, and her husband, Mr. J. T. Gordon, Sheriff of the County of Edinburgh. Mr. H. Lacey, who had charge of the picture, assures me that Wilson's remarks, though spoken in a low tone, were as much to the point and purpose as if he had conceived them twenty years before, in his prime. Disease had prostrated his body, but, almost to the very last hour, had spared his mind.

He died at his house in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, without bodily pain, at a few minutes after midnight, on the morning of April 3, 1854. He was accorded the honor of a public funeral, and measures have been taken to erect some permanent memorial, in Edinburgh, of him who, for over thirty years, was one of the greatest of Scotchmen;—the very greatest, since the death of Scott, in 1832.

There can be little difficulty in deciding on the place which Professor Wilson will hold among the authors of his time. In vastness and variety of general knowledge, in the art of popularly throwing his mind into communion with the minds of his readers, in a peculiar richness of phraseology which no one else has so well succeeded in giving, in strong and nervous expression, in the wondrous faculty by which he made the best words fall into the best places, in a peculiar species of humor which never broke out into mirth, though it often created a smile by its quaintness, and, above all, in a remarkable power, strengthened, when he used it, by a gentle earnestness of diction, of exciting pathetic feelings in the mind, Wilson stands eminently distinguished as a prose-writer. To his credit, also, be it recorded that, with all these combined powers, he was gentle and gracious in their use. From the time that he was a recognized writer in *Blackwood*, and therefore responsible, he was chary in personality: in the cause of humanity, in aid of the oppressed, in battle with evil-doers, he was unsparing as he was strong—but, in all other cases, what was said of Grattan was also true of him, that his eloquence or wit

"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

As to his poetry, I cannot say that it has been underrated—I only say that it has been eclipsed by his splendid prose. But in *The Isle of Palms* and *The City of the Plague*, to say nothing of his smaller poems, there is much which "the world will not willingly let die." Scott, Southey, and Wilson are men who, had they never written prose, would have stood higher among Poets than they do. The fine traditional Lay of the Last Minstrel; the chivalric story of which Marmion, felon Knight though he be, is confessedly the hero; the tale of Scottish history in which Roderick Dhu dies like a chieftain, and gentle Ellen, fair daughter of Gray Douglas, sees that

"The Knight of Snowdon, James Fitz-James,
The fealty of Scotland claims;"—

these, had Scott never written another line, would have long kept his memory green in the hearts of all who love Song. The tragic story of Joan of Arc; the stately historic record of the errors and expiation of the Last of the Gothic Kings of Spain; the "wild and wondrous lay" of Thalaba; and the Asiatic splendor of Kehama, have sunk beneath the almost perfect prose of Southey. And the gentle beauty of the Isle of Palms; the tragic passion of the City of the Plague; the sorrowful legend of the Flower of Furness; and the exquisite tenderness which we meet in the Sisters, done to death by the dark faithlessness of Unimore, the Pirate-Chieftain—all these, which would have been familiar to us as household words, have been well-nigh swept out of memory by the immortal writings—in truth, as much poetry as prose—of John Wilson.

Ivanhoe, and Lion-hearted Richard, and gallant Leicester, and the bold, bad Louis of France, with a long array of glorious creations have swamped Scott's poetry: history, biography, criticism, and the quaint humor of "The Doctor," have nearly performed the same task for Southey. As for Professor Wilson, his poetry has been almost traditional, full of beauty though it be, since it became overshadowed by the multifarious brilliancy and fecundity of Kit North.

As a critic, Wilson was sometimes far from impartial—but this was

"In his hot youth, when George the Third was King."

Lockhart's connection with the Magazine was slight, after the Editorship of the *Quarterly Review* removed him to London. From that time, Wilson's impulses had unrestricted action. Henceforth, he became more generous in his estimate of men and things. Now and then, when he caught a blockhead, Christopher North did lay on the knout with heavy hand and determined purpose. But what man of merit did he ridicule or condemn? Who more impartial in his views of gifted men? He was one of the first to acknowledge the great merits of Wordsworth, even at the time when, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey's criticism on the poet commenced with the scathing sentence, "This will never do." He was the first of his party to appreciate Shelley, and startled the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* by cordially praising that gifted poet. He it was who did justice to Byron, while he condemned the obscenity of "Don Juan," and the wandering "Childe" acknowledged his gratitude. In one of his letters published by Moore, there is this sentence from Byron: "Show this to Wilson, for I like the man, and care little for his Magazine." In Wilson, also, Burns found an eloquent champion, and Hogg a discriminating critic and staunch friend. He had kindly feelings for every one who possessed talent, and even those whom he cut up, (such as Robert Montgomery, the verse-maker,) had they really required his sympathy or assistance, might say, "His bark is aye waur (worse) than his bite." How mirthfully used *Maga* laugh at the "Cockney School of Poetry"—how kindly, when Leigh Hunt was in worldly necessity, did Wilson exert himself, in and out of *Blackwood*, to better his circumstances! Why do I mention these things?—because I believe it the duty of a writer to tell the truth of the person whose biography he lays before the world. In the case of that erratic genius Edgar A. Poe, it was right so to record—as a warning: in that of Wilson, it is proper to do so, as an example. For over thirty years did Christopher North reign as Autocrat in what he had made unquestionably the most powerful and popular periodical in the world;—in all that time, how few have had cause to complain of injustice at his hands. Let it sink deep into the hearts of all who write for the public, that honesty of purpose with the pen, like honesty of action in the world, is

the right, and therefore the best, policy. In truth, across the Atlantic and here, editorial opinions are often expressed with too little recollection of the great responsibility which rests on a public writer. Wilson, once that the wild exuberance of youthful spirits was sobered down, appears to me to have always written with a deep sense of this responsibility. He had made himself a power—but, like many despots, seldom pushed his autocracy to any thing like its limits. The strongest men are always the most quiet and least demonstrative.

I have here attempted to exhibit Wilson as poet, novelist, critic, essayist, and—Christopher North. There is yet one phase of his multi-faced mind which remains to be shown. It has commonly happened, I know not why, that men who write well rarely possess the art or gift (it partakes of both, perhaps) of oratorical eloquence. Byron had it not. Scott did not possess it. Southey told me that he would as lief sink through the earth as make a speech in public. Wordsworth's conversation, at his own (tea) table, or among his beloved hills, was a monologue; but he confessed to me that he could not imagine how a man could face a thousand auditors, to arrest their attention. Scott, in public, was content to be merely a speaker who took care not to commit himself. Rogers, whose table-talk was charming, full of the Past, touching on the Present, and inquiringly suggestive of the Future, never could speak in public. I allude, of course, to eloquence in England, where extempore speaking is all-in-all; where the ready, and not the prepared, oration is prized; where the man who delivers a "cut-and-dry" article, miscalled "a speech," makes no impression—Wilson had the peculiarity, and a splendid one it was, of being at once one of the greatest writers and most brilliant orators of his time.

Lockhart's description of him, at the Burns Dinner, in 1818, has already indicated what manner of speaker Wilson was. He had an energy of diction, a flow of fancy, a fluency of expression, and a wealth of language such as I have never met, before or since, combined in one man. The great charm—the reality of Wilson's eloquence was, that *it was wholly spontaneous and unprepared.* Of course, like all sensible men who expect to be called upon to deliver their sentiments in public, Professor Wilson thought over what might be proper for him to say—but he, like most men of ordinary ability, would disdain to cramp his genius by composing and committing to memory what he was to impose upon his hearers as emanating, *at* the moment, *from* the occasion. The reason why Shiel had little influence in Parliament was, he got his speeches off by heart, and they were spokon "articles." So, also, with Macaulay, who delivers an essay which would have read very well in the *Edinburgh Review*, but falls still-born on the floor of the House of Commons.

On the 25th of June, 1841, a public dinner was given to Charles

Dickens, at which two hundred and fifty literati, lawyers, and politicians attended, over which Professor Wilson presided. He spoke more than once, and some of his sentences contain moral truths far higher than the mere eloquence—the garniture of words—in which they were expressed. Speaking of Scottish pride in the national character, he said:

"Nothing great or good can ever be expected to be produced in any land of which the natives do not rejoice that they were born there—who do not consider their clime and their country as the best of all climes and countries under the sun—who are not attached to the customs and habits of their country—who do not reverence the memory of their forefathers, and who do not trust in Providence that their bones may be laid in their native soil."

And again:

"Yes, gentlemen, I will say that the love of liberty and the love of literature are kindred and cognate. I will say that the spirit of literature is a free, bold, and independent spirit,—I will say that this spirit is sacred to liberty, for it spurns from it every thing that is low, mean, and vicious; all servility, and all sycophancy. The man of genius stands erect, and is not ashamed to show his face anywhere—he is not ashamed to show his face whether in multitudes who may sympathize with him to the very top of his bent, or in multitudes who, by their frowns, desire to spurn him from them. No, his bosom is filled with noble and independent thoughts, that bid defiance to all such passing things, for he who prosecutes literature as it ought to be prosecuted—he to whom Heaven has given the gift of genius, feels his soul free at all times, rejoices in his might, and rejoices to unfold his wings, whether in the sunshine or in the storm, and ardently desires that the whole human race should enjoy that liberty which is the birthright of all, and by the power of which he himself works all those miracles which delight and astonish mankind."

How truly does he draw the distinction between the genius which is, and that which is not popular. After alluding to the favor which Dickens had everywhere won, he said:

"Now, in regard to popularity, there are some who pretend even to despise it; perhaps if their opinions could be narrowly looked into, and their own characters strictly scanned, it would be found that they despised it chiefly on the ground that it was something placed very far beyond their own reach, and which, nevertheless, they are incessantly hankering after. You are all well aware that there have been always men of transcendent genius who have not been popular. It is easy to believe, for it is difficult to believe otherwise, that great philosophers have not been duly estimated during their own lifetime; it is easy to imagine that some of the greatest poets were not popular during their lifetime, from the nature of the subjects chosen by them—they desired and required a fit audience, and finding it not, they were driven to trust to an accumulation of ages for an audience beyond the tomb. It is undeniable, too, that there are various kinds of beauty which are not immediately appa-

rent. The popular sense requires long years of cultivation to open up the popular mind to the perception of such beauty; and you can easily imagine much beauty of a higher order, which perhaps will never be appreciated by all, for it would scarcely be true to say that Milton's Paradise Lost, or the sublime poems of Dante, are, or ever will be what is termed popular. But is there any reason for us to look down with scorn on those productions of genius which are truly popular, and popular on just and right grounds, because they appeal to feelings implanted in human nature, and find a universal response returned all over the land?"

Amid some hyperbole of praise (unavoidable, perhaps, on such a complimentary occasion), Wilson proceeded to show in what Dickens's peculiar merits actually lay, and said; "To what, I ask, can the popularity of such a man be attributed but to that insight—that almost Divine insight—into the working of human nature, its passions and affections; to that comprehensive soul and tender heart which sympathize with all the griefs, sorrows, raptures, joys, and agonies of his fellow-men? He added, with much truth, "Mr. Dickens is also a satirist. He satirizes human life; but he does not satirize it to degrade it. He does not wish to pull down what is high into the neighborhood of what is low. He does not wish to represent all virtue as a hollow thing in which no confidence can be placed. He satirizes only the selfish and the hard-hearted and the cruel; he exposes, in a hideous light, that principle which, when acted upon, gives a power to men in the lowest grades to carry on a more terrific tyranny than if placed upon thrones."

How noble, too, is the peroration—all the better for the frank admission, "I came here unprepared." Of course he did. Genius is always ready-armed. Here is the passage, and full of eloquence it is:

"I shall not say—for I do not feel—that our distinguished guest has done full and entire justice to one subject—that he has entirely succeeded where I have no doubt he would be most anxious to succeed, in a full and complete delineation of female character. Who has? I suppose, with the single exception of Shakespeare, it is felt that in almost every delineation of female virtue and goodness there is always something inadequate—something which does not completely fill up the desire of our heart, and which does not accord with our own happy and blessed experience. But this he has done. He has not attempted to represent them as charming merely by the aid of accomplishments, however elegant and graceful. He has not depicted those accomplishments as the essentials of their character, but has spoken of them rather as always inspired by a love of domestic duty, by fidelity, by purity, by innocence, by charity, and by hope, which makes them discharge, under the most difficult circumstances, their duties, and which brings over their path in this world some glimpses of the light of Heaven. I shall proceed no farther in this course, which I again say I intended to avoid, and I shall conclude with a very few words. Mr. Dickens may be assured that there are felt for him all

over Scotland sentiments of kindness, affection, admiration and love—and I know, for certain, that the knowledge of these sentiments must make him happy, for I know, though he has been but a short time in our country—(and I trust he will be oftener here and for a longer period)—I know well that his heart turns with fondness to the lovely and endearing image of Scotland—I know well that the dream of his past enthusiasm, and of his imagination, has been the unequalled beauties and sublimities of our country; but far beyond them dear to him must be our time-honored institutions—our hallowed habits—our holy customs, which have risen and grown and flourished round the domestic hearth—that sacred scene, where every virtue attains its full development. In this country there is still an unshaken, heart-felt, awe-struck sense of religion; and when he looks at our kirks in their solitary situation though now not solitary, for thank Heaven they are numerous, he will understand these feelings, deeper than genius can express, or imagination conceive—how deep-seated in every bosom are those impressions, which, while they adorn and elevate the present life, give hope and consolation to the life that is to come. With these few thoughts, inadequately expressed—for I come here almost unprepared, and scarcely able to speak with that energy which I ought to have done—I beg to propose the health of Mr. Dickens."

Well might Dickens, after that, propose the health of Wilson, as "Christopher North, the old-man of the lion-heart and sceptre-crutch." Who that was present, on that occasion, but must have been lost in wonder at the announcement in the *Caledonian Mercury*, of the next day, after the report of the proceeedings, as follows: "We may mention, what is not generally known, that in consequence of previous indisposition, it was very doubtful in the forenoon whether Professor Wilson would be able to take the chair at the dinner to Mr. Dickens yesterday. Nothing but the energetic character of this distinguished individual, and his generous enthuiasm in the cause of literature, could have enabled him to overcome the task; and his speech shows, that no temporary bodily weakness could dim the ardor of his fancy, or weigh down the classic vigor of his mind. We never heard him deliver himself with more brilliancy or acute and powerful discrimination."

A later and nobler display of eloquence was that made by Wilson, at the Burns Festival, in 1844. That was a remarkable occasion, calculated to awaken the sympathies of every person present—particularly of one who, as Wilson had done, defended the memory of departed and lamented Genius from the shafts of slander. The Festival took place at Ayr, and was such a jubilee as if some well-loved monarch had visited a city upon which he had bestowed signal privileges, benefits, and honors. On the banks of the Doon, oft-named in Burns's immortal songs, a great platform was erected. Behind it stood the Poet's monument, with old Alloway kirk in the distance. Before it was a mighty pavilion, erected for the banquet, all gay with flags and streamers. To the right

spanning the water of the Doon, its arch green with the ivy of two centuries, was the old bridge, far beyond which the Carrick hills reached far away; and, on the left, were the town and broad bay of Ayr, and Arran with its gray mountains. On that platform stood some of the "fair women and brave men" of Scotland; Lord Eglinton, chairman of the day, representing the old house of Montgomery, famous in the annals of Scotland and France; Boyle, Chief of the Scottish Judges, his head white with the winters of many years; Alison, the historian; Chambers, who had rescued Burns's sister from poverty; and, towering among them, in stature of mind and body, was John Wilson. By his side were an elderly female, and three men,—with grave and thoughtful but calmly-delighted aspect: the sister and the sons of Burns. There, after nearly half a century had passed since the Poet's death, his kinsfolk beheld a nation rendering homage to his genius. Yes, long may be the pedigree of the ennobled and the high, but, on that day, a deeper glory shed its halo upon the lineage of the Peasant-Poet.

It was calculated that eighty thousand persons participated in this Celebration. They surrounded the platform—they accompanied the long procession, as it swept from Ayr, across the new bridge of Doon, returning by the old bridge, and finally past the platform whereon stood, returned in competence to their native land which they had left in yore, the sons of Burns. Loudly pealed the cheers for him and them, for Eglinton and Wilson; there, upon the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon."

Then followed a Banquet, of which two thousand persons partook. Next to Lord Eglinton were the sons of Burns, his sister, and others of his kinsfolk. There, on the very spot where Burns drew his breath, the noble and the gifted met to do him honor, in companionship with the horny-handed and honest-hearted peasantry to which he had belonged. It was a scene to excite the mind. On Wilson, as might be expected, the effect was great. I run no risk of being accounted tedious in quoting a few passages from what he said:

"For many a deep reason the Scottish people love their own Robert Burns. Never was the personal character of poet so strongly and endearingly exhibited in his song. They love him, because he loved his own order, nor ever desired for a single hour to quit it. They love him, because he loved the very humblest condition of humanity, where every thing good was only the more commended to his manly mind by disadvantages of social position. They love him, because he saw, with just anger, how much the judgments of 'silly coward man' are determined by such accidents, to the neglect or contempt of native worth. They love him for his independence. What wonder! To be brought into contact with wealth and rank—a world inviting to ambition, and tempting to a thousand desires—and to choose rather to remain lowly and poor, than seek an easier or a brighter lot, by courting favor from the rich and great—was a legitimate ground of pride, if any ground of pride be legiti-

mate. He gave a tongue to this pride, and the boast is inscribed in words of fire in the Manual of the Poor. It was an exuberant feeling, as all his feelings were exuberant, and he let them all overflow. But sometimes, forsooth! he did not express them in sufficiently polite or courteous phrase! And that too was well. He stood up not for himself only, but for the great class to which he belonged, and which in his days—and too often in ours—had been insulted by the pride of superior station, when unsupported by personal merit, to every bold peasant a thing of scorn. They love him, because he vindicated the ways of God to man, by showing that there was more virtue and genius in huts than was dreamt of in the world's philosophy. They love him for his truthful pictures of the poor. Not there are seen slaves sullenly laboring, or madly leaping in their chains; but in nature's bondage, content with their toil, sedate in their sufferings, in their recreations full of mirth—are seen Free Men. The portraiture, upon the whole, is felt by us—and they know it—to demand at times pity as a due; but challenges always respect, and more than respect, for the condition which it glorifies. The Land of Burns! What mean we by the words? Something more, surely, than that Fortune, in mere blindness, had produced a great poet here? We look for the inspiring landscape, and here it is; but what could all its beauties have availed, had not a people inhabited it possessing all the sentiments, thoughts, aspirations, to which nature willed to give a voice in him of her choicest melody? Nothing prodigious, after all, in the birth of such a poet among such a people. Was any thing greater in the son than the austere resignation of the father? In his humble compeers there was much of the same tender affection, sturdy independence, strong sense, self-reliance, as in him; and so has Scotland been prolific, throughout her lower orders, of men who have made a figure in her literature and her history; but to Burns nature gave a finer organization, a more powerful heart, and an ampler brain, imbued with that mystery we call genius, and he stands forth conspicuous above all her sons.

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"In the mine, in the dungeon, upon the great waters, in remote lands under fiery skies, Burns's poetry goes with his countrymen. Faithfully portrayed, the image of Scotland lives there; and thus she holds, more palpably felt, her hand upon the hearts of her children, whom the constraint of fortune or ambitious enterprise carries afar from the natal shores. Unrepining and unrepentant exiles, to whom the haunting recollection of hearth and field breathes in that dearest poetry, not with homesick sinkings of heart, but with home-invigorated hopes that the day will come when their eyes shall have their desire, and their feet again feel the greensward and the heatherbent of Scotland. Thus is there but one soul in this our great National Festival: while to swell the multitudes that from morning light continued flocking towards old Ayr, till at mid-day they gathered into one mighty mass in front of Burns's Monument, came enthusiastic crowds from countless villages and towns, from our metropolis, and from the great City of the West, along with the sons of the soil dwelling all round the breezy uplands of Kyle, and in regions that stretch away to the stormy mountains of Morven."

These extracts indifferently give an idea of Wilson's eloquence on this occasion, described by Aird (who heard it) as something almost sublime: "With those long, heart-drawn, lingering, slow-expiring tones, solemn as a cathedral chant, the whole of this sacred piece of service (for it can be called nothing else) was like some mournful oratorio by Mozart, soft at once and sublime."

He was one of the last of the noble array of great minds. He had outlived Scott and Wordsworth, Southey and Lamb, Coleridge and Maginn, Byron and Moore, Joanna Baillie and Crabbe, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hemans, Hood and Hook, Jane Porter and L. E. L., Campbell and Roscoe, Shelley and Keats, Galt and Allan Cunningham, Mackenzie and Leslie. A few remained: Rogers verging on a century; Montgomery, who survived but a few weeks: Landor and De Quincey, Lockhart and Milman, Hunt and Alison. Great as were and are the dead and the living, he towered among them, with his gigantic intellect.

Had he directed its mighty force upon any isolated subject, perhaps he might have produced that world's wonder, a *chef d'œuvre*. But his temperament forbade such concentration of his powers. He held Jove's thunderbolt, but it rather pleased him to play with the lightnings which flashed around it. Why speculate on what he *might* have done? Contemplate what he did, and ask whether any but the highest genius could have accomplished it.

The person of this man was like his mind. I repeat that he towered above ordinary mortals in stature as in intellect. He was a man like Daniel Webster, who could not appear upon the causeway in any city in the world without exciting wonder and admiration. Nature had plainly marked him out as one on whom she had showered an abundance of her richest gifts. His stature was far over the common height. His figure, at the age of 67, when I last saw him, was as erect as it had been in early manhood. Time had tinged his yellow hair with gray, but, to the last, it floated widly over a brow of remarkable expression, beneath which beamed blue eyes, which seemed to measure your mind and body at a glance. Of all men, he who most resembled Wilson in personal appearance was Audubon, the naturalist, less robust, and with a face more angular in some of its lines, Audubon appeared, as Wilson did, like a man who had spent much of his time in the open air. There was a marked resemblance in feature, also, as in form. Wilson and Audubon might have passed for brothers. The out-of-door pursuits of Audubon, for the purposes of science, were Wilson's from childhood, by choice, from an overpowering love for external nature in its varied aspects. There was not a valley or mountain, lake or town, river or streamlet in all Scotland which he had not visited. He also had traversed, on foot, nearly every part of England. He excelled in field-sports, and his familiarity with all

varieties of scenery may account for the beautiful fidelity and freshness of his descriptions. The force of his poetry was probably influenced by, if not mainly derived from, the same source. No one, except him, who had often slept in his plaid in a mountain-hut, could have written that glorious *Address to a Wild Deer*, one of the most magnificent poems in our language.

In his attire he was careless rather than slovenly. He was over six feet high, and, with floating yellow hair, nose like an eagle's beak, and bright blue eyes, would have passed for a Scandinavian. You could imagine that such must have been one of the bold Sea-Kings of the North in the olden time. It has repeatedly been declared that, in the Chaldee Manuscript, Hogg has described him "with hair like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws." It happens that these words cannot be found in the Chaldee Manuscript. In one of his numerous autobiographies, Hogg states that, before he saw Wilson, he had heard him described as having a wild aspect, with hair and nails as aforesaid.

There are several good portraits of Wilson. One, executed in 1843, by the late Mr. Duncan, a Scottish artist, is introduced into his historic picture of the Entry of Prince Charles Edward into Edinburgh. It is a good likeness; but Wilson is represented in the crowd, bare-necked, and excited. Another, which shows him in middle age, was painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, of Edinburgh, and has always been considered a fine resemblance. The engraving which illustrates Volume I. of this edition is after that portrait. There also is a fine likeness of him in Mr. Faed's well-known picture of "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford"—a composition, by-the-way, which was commenced at Wilson's suggestion, and executed under his personal superintendence. There is also a poetic likeness of him, in marble, by the late Mr. Fillans, the sculptor. In "Peter's Letters" there is a portrait of him, taken in 1819, when he was thirty-four years old, which has been considered a spirited and characteristic likeness.

He was a man whom to see once, was to forget never. My personal acquaintance with him was made in 1840. I was at Mr. Blackwood's, in George street, Edinburgh—in the very Sanctum where have met, in free interchange of thought, so many gifted minds—and awaited the arrival of "The Professor," to whom I was promised an introduction. I heard his heavy tread, as it shook the floor, long before he appeared in bodily presence. He entered into conversation at once, kindly saying that he had heard of me before, and ran into and over twenty different subjects during the two hours we were together that day. I recollect that he lamented the disappointment of his cherished desire to visit America during the preceding year (1839), and said he had heard that his writings were popular there. His principal object in coming to this country

would have been, he said, to spend a week at Niagara, and to take by the hand some American authors, whom he named. At that time he realized a lately published description of him, as "a stout, tall, athletic man, with broad shoulders and chest, and prodigiously muscular limbs. His face was magnificent; his hair, which he wore long and flowing, fell round his massive features like a lion's mane, to which, indeed, it was often compared, being much of the same hue. His lips were always working when he was listening and silent, while his gray flashing eyes had a weird sort of look which was highly characteristic." At that time he was in his fifty-fifth year.

No where has Wilson been so widely and thoroughly appreciated as in America.* Here all his works have been reprinted—not only the poems, prose stories, and "Recreations," but the THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ and the Dies Boreales. His critical and miscellaneous articles were never collected in England, but that good service to literature was done by their appearance from the Philadelphia press in 1842. This collection, however, is incomplete, for I could point out two score articles from his pen, and some of his best too, which are not there included. In this country, also, have been republished his Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns, his articles on Shakespearian Literature, and his vigorous and analytic papers on the earlier British poetry.

There would be no difficulty in extending this biographical sketch by introducing some of the personal anecdotes, more or less "founded on facts," which are floating on the surface of literary conversation. But this notice is already of sufficient length—my object has mainly been to show Wilson in connection with the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ; and I must abridge my own composition to make room for a portion of the article, in *Blackwood* for May, 1854, which announced his loss, and gratefully and affectionately paid homage to his Genius. The writer says:

"When first we saw Professor Wilson—now more than three-and-thirty years ago—no more remarkable person could have attracted attention. Phys-

* It is singular enough that, living or dead, comparatively little has been written in America respecting Wilson. With the exception of a thoughtful and eloquent review of The Noctes (and of Wilson as the reputed author,) written in the *Tribune*, ten years ago, by Henry J. Raymond, Esq., now Editor of the *New York Daily Times*, and a notice, in one of the reviews, by Mr. Tuckerman, I have seen nothing at all worthy of such a subject. I must mention, also, a powerful paper on his death, in the *Citizen*, by John Savage, with the rare fault of being too brief. Two sentences will show what fine word-painting it exhibits: "Kit North walked the earth as a Titan, and the step became him. Look at him—brawny-chested, broad-shouldered, fire-eyed, lofty-browed, trumpet-tongued monster of six feet two, with a body capable of great indolence, or immense exertion; and a face changeable as the climate of New York. Look at him in his study, when the fever of composition was upon him—his Celtic locks flowing about his round, full head, like a tangled halo; his eyes beaming like a panther's; and a hirsute beard adding a grim, wild force to his expression. Verily, the man looks like an inspired buffalo, or wild boar, howling out his huge lyrical soul, or driving his tusks into and gnashing his teeth in a critical phrensy over some satanic Montgomery. He deals his blows as though he felt their force himself, and knew that each was a leveller."

ically and mentally he was the embodied type of energy, power, and self-reliance. The tall and elastic frame, the massive head that crowned it, the waving hair, the finely-cut features, the eye flashing with every variety of emotion, the pure and eloquent blood which spoke in the cheek, the stately lion-like port of the man,—all announced, at the first glance, one of Nature's nobles. And to the outward presence corresponded the mind within; for rarely have qualities so varied been blended in such marvellous and harmonious union. The culture of English scholarship had softened the more rugged features of his Scottish education. The knowledge of life, and sympathy with all its forms, from the highest to the lowest, had steadied the views and corrected the sentimental vagueness of the poetical temperament; a strong and practical sagacity pervaded, and gave reality to, all the creations of his imagination. Extensive and excursive reading—at least in English literature and the classics—combined with a singular accuracy and minuteness of natural observation, had stored his mind with facts of every kind, and stamped the results upon an iron memory. Nature and early training had so blended his faculties that all themes seemed to come alike to his hand: the driest, provided only it bore upon the actual concerns of life, had nothing repulsive for him; he could expatiate in the field of the mournful as if it were his habitual element, and turn to the sportive and the fantastic, as if he had been all his life a denizen of the court of Comus. The qualities of the heart partook of his expansive and universal character. Affections as tender as they were impetuous, checked and softened the impulses of a fiery temper and vehement will, and infused a pathetic and relenting spirit into strains of invective that were deviating into harshness. That he should have been without warm dislikings, as well as warm attachments, would imply an impossibility. But from every thing petty or rancorous he was absolutely free. Most justly was he entitled to say of himself, that he never knew envy except as he had studied it in others. His opposition, if it was uncompromising, was always open and manly: to the great or good qualities of his opponent he generally did justice from the first—always in the end; and not a few of those who in early life had regarded him merely as the headlong leader of a partisan warfare, both in literature and politics, came to learn their mistake, to reverence in him the high-toned and impartial critic, and to esteem the warm-hearted and generous man.

"His conversation and his public speaking had in them a charm to which no other term is applicable but that of fascination, and which, in the zenith of his powers, we never met with any one able to resist. While his glittering eye held the spectators captive, and the music of the ever-varying voice, modulating up and down with the changing character of the theme, fell on the ear, and a flood of imagery invested the subject with every conceivable attribute of the touching, the playful, or the picturesque, the effect was electric, indescribable: it imprisoned the minds of the auditors; they seemed to fear that the sound would cease—they held their breath as if under the influence of a spell.

"Thus accomplished by nature and education, did Professor Wilson apply himself to his self-imposed task in this Magazine—that of imparting to peri-

odical literature in general, and to literary criticism in particular, a new body and a new life; of pulling down the old conventional walls within which they had been confined, and of investing criticism itself with something of the creative and poetic character of the great works of imagination to which it was to be applied."*

Ample materials for a full and suitable biography of Professor Wilson are in existence. The proper persons to write it are to be found in his own family. His four sons-in-law are well qualified, all and each. There is Lord Neaves, (the recently appointed Scottish Judge in succession to Lord Cockburne, Wilson's friend of many years,)—there is Sheriff Gordon, who writes as ably as he speaks—there is Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, and there is Professor Aytoun of Edinburgh, understood to have for some time been the conductor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.- Fortunate in seeing his four daughters grow to womanhood, and happily married to men of education, intellect, and character, Wilson's later years glided on as calmly as could be expected for one who had suffered the heart-quake of a beloved partner's loss. Those who fancy, as Moore did, (in his Life of Byron,) that men of genius are necessarily unfortunate in their domestic relations, would have their theory severely injured by contact with the fact that there seldom has been a man more happy as a father, husband, brother, son, and friend, than Professor Wilson. He was the life, grace, and ornament of general society, but his most felicitous appearance was in the bosom of his family.—It is fitting, for the lesson which such a man's life teaches, as well as for the information which it must convey, that our literature be enriched by a suitable Biography of JOHN WILSON.

* The circulation of *Blackwood's Magazine* has never been lower than 7,500 a month; it has been as high as 10,000; and some numbers have been reprinted more than once. At present, the sale is not less than 9,000 a month. The retail price of each number is sixty cents. Take the whole 9,000 at the trade price of forty cents each, and the returns will be £750 per month, or £9,000 per annum; out of which must be taken the expense of authorship, composition, advertising, and paper. The Magazine, these things considered, probably yields a net profit of about £8,500 per annum. It must be borne in mind, that *Blackwood* has been nearly forty years in existence.—As a contrast, and to show how much the American Magazine-readers proportionately outnumber the same class in the old country, let me state some of the statistics of the most popular periodical in the world, *Harper's Magazine*, four years established: One of its distinguishing features is the beauty of its illustrations. These, together with the letterpress, are electrotyped—thus securing a fac-simile of the whole, no matter how extensive the number printed. The actual circulation is 130,000 a month, of which, within a week after "Magazine-day," about 120,000 are cleared away, to all parts of the world. The monthly expenditure to authors and artists is $2,500,—a large amount, but three-fourths of its contents are original. Taking an average of eight readers to each number, it would appear that *Harper's Magazine* supplies literary instruction and entertainment to 1,040,000 readers.—M.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XVII.—NOVEMBER, 1824.

Mullion. Do you often get similar epistles?

North. O, every month a heap; but I seldom notice them.

Mullion. Have you any more?

North. See this white bag lettered Scan. Mag., *i. e.*, Scandalum Magæ; it is destined for the purpose, and is now full.

Mullion. Give us a specimen.

North. Take the first that comes to hand.

Mullion. Here is one about your August number, the autobiography of Kean.* Shall I read it?

North (*smoking*). Peruse.

Mullion (*reads*). Sir,—The first article which caught my eye upon opening your Magazine for this month was, "Autobiography of Edmund Kean, Esquire," and a precious article it is—a tissue of scurrility (not in the Whig acceptation of the word) and personal abuse, clearly having its rise in some personal pique; but could you find no other way of venting your spleen than by public calumny, and worse still, making a jest of a man's natural imperfections? I am surprised, Mr. North, you should have prostituted your pages to such unparalleled baseness. Whenever hitherto you have bestowed censure or praise, I have been fool enough to think you did it from principle, (what an egregious ass I must have been!) but this affair has opened my eyes.

It is not, however, for any of these reasons I am induced to notice the article in question, but merely in reference to a critique on the same gentleman's performance in the number for March, 1818, the consistency of which two articles I shall presently show you by a few extracts from both. How it obtained insertion I cannot conceive, except, indeed, you mean practically to illustrate an article on "Memory" in your last, of whose effects I've an idea you have formed a

* The article in question appeared in Blackwood for September, 1824, and was a seven-page review of a life of Kean, contained in a small volume entitled "The Biography of the British Stage." Nearly every memoir was a puff. An eighth part of the book was occupied with Kean's life, which the reviewer assumed to be an autobiography, and cut up unmercifully—dwelling strongly on the facts that his sire was a tailor, that his uncle Moses was of the same trade, and "bandy-legged," and that he was first puffed into notice by the Cockney press—Hazlitt actually having written the critique, on his first appearance in London, as Shylock, which acknowledged his undoubted genius. Kit North subsequently was very severe on Kean, and his last biographer, Barry Cornwall.—M.

wholly erroneous estimate. It is no part of my intention to canvass the merits of Mr. Kean as an actor or a man, my sole object being to point out the absurd inconsistency of the two articles, to do which I proceed to a few extracts.

MARCH, 1818.—Page 664.

After noticing the entire change wrought in the art of acting by Mr. Kean, you go on:

"Indeed, we cannot better illustrate what we feel to be the distinctive difference between the acting of Mr. Kean and that of his distinguished predecessor, (Kemble,)* than by saying that, as an actor, the latter is to the former nearly what, as a poet, Racine is to Shakspeare!!!"

Again.

"Passion seems to be the very food, the breath, the vital principle of his mental existence. He adapts himself to all its forms; detects its most delicate shades; follows it through all its windings and blendings; pierces to its most secret recesses," &c. &c.!!!

Again.

"Mr. Kean's passion is as various, as it is natural and true!!!"

Again.

Speaking of his mental energy, you say:

"This it is which gives such endless variety, and appropriateness, and beauty to the expression of his face and action. Indeed Mr. Kean's look and action are at all times precisely such as a consummate painter would assign to the particular situation and character in which they occur!!"

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

After some prefatory matter, you proceed:

"Never before, in the annals of a civilized country, was it heard of that a man who could not act was puffed off as the prince of actors by men who could not write, and the audacious lump of pomatum swallowed even by the capacious gullet of the long-eared monster who acts audience at our playhouses."—"Even by the capacious gullet! Why, what gullet would you choose to swallow so audacious lumps of pomatum?"

Again.

"His retching at the back of the scene, whenever he wanted to express passion!!"

Again.

"A worse actor than Mr. Kean never trod the stage; we mean, pretending to enact such characters as he has taken upon himself to murder!!"

Again.

"But it appears, also, that he had a bandy-legged uncle in the same employment, from whom we opine he borrowed his novel and original method of treading the stage!!" Very witty.

*John Kemble's criticism upon Edmund Kean's acting was short, but expressive: "I must say that he is at all times terribly in earnest."—M.

And I might say again, and again, and again, but I have neither time nor patience; the hasty and random extracts I have made may "give some few touches of the thing;" but to form any adequate idea of the whole, it is necessary to read the two articles, which whoever does, Mr. North, will set your Magazine down for a pretty particular considerable sort of a humbug, I calculate. But, perhaps, the best part of the joke is, after all, that after indulging in a most virulent tirade against the Examiner for upholding Kean as an actor, you take credit to yourself for having opened the eyes of the public to his real merits, or rather, according to your account, his want of them. I like modesty. Yours, &c. J. S.

North (*taking the pipe out of his mouth*). There is some fun in that fellow, but he is rather spoony in imagining that the contributor of 1824 is bound to follow the opinions of him of 1818.

Mullion. It needs no ghost to tell us who the 24 man is. Who is the 18 pounder? Pounder, I may well call him; for never did paviour put in lumps of two years old into Pall Mall as he puts the puff into Kean.

North. Poor Tims.* We tolerated him at that time among us. We knew nothing of the London stage, and Nims, who used every now and then to get a tumbler of punch from Kean at the Harp by old Drury, felt it only grateful to puff him, and he imposed on us provincials accordingly. I soon, however, turned him off, and he now, having bought an old French coat in Monmouth Street, passes off for a Wicount, as he calls himself.

Mullion. O, ay, Wictoire. Well chosen name, as we should say, my Lord Molly. But, in truth, what do you think of Kean?

North. I have never seen him. I am by far too old to go to plays, and, besides, I do not like to disturb my recollections of John Kemble.†

Mullion. There are several left.

North (*smokes*). Bales. Take another.

Mullion (*reads*). Here: Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your magazine for some years, but of late I have come to the determination of discontinuing being so. The chief reason—for I think it always best to be quite candid—that I have for this, is the fact, that your magazine does not contain good articles. You appear to be

* Tims will be recollected as figuring in the sporting line, in the Tent at Braemar, in August, 1819, as related in that article, which I have prefixed to the Noctes, in the first volume.—M.

† John Philip Kemble, brother of Mrs. Siddons and long at the head of English actors, was born in February, 1757; made his first London appearance (as Hamlet) in 1783; obtained a large range of first-rate characters in 1788, on the retirement of "Gentleman Smith;" became manager and part proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre in 1802; went through the O. P. Riots, in 1809, on the rise of prices after the burnt theatre had been re-built; quitted the stage, June, 1817, in the character of Coriolanus; and died at Lausanne, in Switzerland, in February, 1823.—M.

chiefly filled up with abuse of the periodical publications, written by the first men of the age—Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Place,* Mr. Campbell, Mr. Benthan, and others, as if any body whatever cares about *your* abuse of these eminent men. Whoever writes under the name of T. Tickler,—of course, a fictitious name,—has been so offensive in this way, that the magazines containing his vapid lucubrations have been ejected from at least three of by far the most decent libraries hereabouts.

However, as I like your politics, I shall not absolutely give you up, but occasionally buy your book, and therefore advise you to make it better. Could you not give us tales—or travels—or memoirs—or histories—or something else amusing and miscellaneous-like, just such as the other magazines? Because, though I am not so great a fool as to imagine that the accusation of personality, and other similar charges, is so true as some clever men—who *are* clever, though your partiality may deny it—could wish to have believed; yet I must say, that if you go on as you go on now, *you will be but a stupid concern.*

I am sir, your humble servant, A. B.

Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

North (*taking the pipe out of his mouth*). Are you sure of that signature?—Show it to me.

Mullion. Yes, quite sure—here it is for you.

North (*taking it.*) A. B. *A Blackguard!* that's the word, sir. He is———but I shall not lose my temper for such an evident ass—a blockhead, sir. Ring the bell. A mean ass, sir. Curse the waiter—ring the bell, Doctor—a very donkey, sir. (*Enter waiter.*) What brings you here, Richard?

Richard. Sir?

Mullion. You bade me ring.

North. Did I?—Nothing, Richard. Stop, bring us in another quart of porter. (*Exit* RICHARD *with a bow.*) Why, sir, that *is* a blackguard letter. So Tickler is a fictitious name, and *of course* too. Good God! is Hogg a fictitious name?—is Mullion a fictitious name?—is Macvey Napier a fictitious name?—is Philip Kempferhausen a fictitious name?—is Henry Colburn of Burlington Street, or his man Tom Campbell, a fictitious name?—is William Cobbett—— (*Re-enter waiter.*)

Waiter. Two quarts of porter, sir.

* Francis Place was a tailor, at Charing Cross, London. He wrote a good deal in the Westminister Review, when edited by Bentham and Bowring, and (besides a few occasional tracts) published nothing else except a small volume on Population, in 1822. Before Parliamentary Reform was granted, (in 1832), Place had great influence, on the liberal side, with the electors of Westminister. He was considered a man of such note that, in April, 1836, his portrait appeared in the far-famed Gallery of Literary Characters of Fraser's Magazine, with a satirical notice from the pen of Dr. Maginn.—M.

† The joke was that Tickler, Mullion, and Kempferhausen were all fictitious personages!—M.

North. Put them down—thank you—vanish. (*Exit* RICHARD.) Sir, I am sorry that that fellow has not had the courage to have signed his name, in order that I might have just flayed him alive. He and his subscription—some five shillings affair *per annum*, in my pocket——

Mullion. Ne sævi, magne sacerdos. Cool yourself with the narcotic of porter.

North (*drinks off the quart*). So I am not like the other magazines. Heaven forfend! What, sir, am I to have such things as—"Mrs. Stubbs kept a cheese-shop in Norton Falgate. Her brother, Mr. Deputy Dip, was of the ward of Portsoken, and there had a voice potential double as the Duke's. He was a thriving man, and *waxed* rich on *tallow*. His visits to his sister in Norton Falgate were complete epochs in the family. The genteelest fish in the market was bought on the occasion, and the pudding was composed with double care. Then Mr. Hoggins from Aldgate, Miss Dobson, Mr. Deputy Dump, and Mr. Spriggins, were asked to be of the party, and the very best elder-wine that could be had in London was produced.

"Mr. Spriggins was a Tory, Mr. Deputy Dip was a Whig, and they both supported their opinions stiffly. At Mrs. Stubbs's last party, Mr. Spriggins was cutting up a turkey, on which Mr. Deputy Dip remarked, that he wished Turkey in Europe was cut up as completely as turkey on table. Ay, said Mr. Spriggins, it is evident that you are partial to the cause of Grease. At which Miss Dobson burst out laughing, and said, 'Drat it now, that is droll.'—'For my part, madam,' says Spriggins, 'the only good thing I know of the map-makers is, that they put Turkey next Hungary; for when I am hungry, I like to be next a turkey'—at which every body laughed, except Mr. Deputy Dip, who said, 'that punning was the lowest wit.'—'Yes,' retorted Spriggins, 'because it is the foundation of all wit!' "—and so on through the rest of my garbage. Am I to put this into my Magazine to make it interesting?—or am I to fill it——

Mullion. Fill your glass, at all events, which is much more to the purpose now than your Magazine.

North. Am I to fill it, I say, with——

"Idealism, as explained by Kant, antagonizes with the spirit of causality developed in the idiosyncrasy arising from the peculiarity of affinities indisputable in the individualism of perfectible power. Keeping this plain axiom in view, we shall be able to explain the various results of——"

Fiddle-faddle.* Is this to be the staple commodity of my Magazine? I should see it down at the bottom of the Firth of Forth

* This definition of Idealism is very much like what Coleridge or De Quincey would have written. North did not spare his friends.—M.

first, with a copy of the London tied round its neck, so as to hinder it from rising!

Mullion. Nay, I think you have got into a fret for nothing. Nobody can think less of these magazine people than I do; but you know that the *real* complaint against you is not want of *vis*, but a too strong direction of it every now and then.

North. Personality, Doctor—is it that ye are driving at? Why, I have discussed that so often, that it would be quite a bore if I were to bring it in by the head and shoulders now. But first listen for a minute. The people who blame my Magazine very generally praise the New Monthly. I have no objection to this, for I feel no sort of rivalry towards such a poor concern, which is, in point of talent in general, no higher than the Rambler's Magazine, the old European, or such trash books.* But I beg leave to say, that those who object to me for my personality are very inconsistent, if they patronize the writer Tam.

Mullion. I do not read the Dromedarian lucubrations,† so I cannot say whether you are right or not.

North. I read all the periodicals, you know; and, sir, I must say, that for downright personal scurrility, there never yet were articles in any periodical equal to those which Mr. Sheil——

Mullion. Who is he?

North. Pho! a young Irish lawyer, who wrote some trash of plays for Mrs. Wrixon Becher to play in. I say, no articles are equal in scurrility to those supplied to Campbell by Mr. Sheil and Mr. W. Curran from Ireland. Have the goodness, when next you are at leisure, to peruse their remarks on the late Luke White, the cold-blooded, blackguard pryings into his private life,—the dirty jealousy displayed against his success, and, in fact, the atrocious spirit of the whole, for which, by the by, they would have smarted properly but for Luke's death; or read what they say about Ellis of Dublin, or the gentlemanlike allusions to Lady Rossmore; or, indeed, the tissue of the thing altogether, and you will find that, if clever people such as my friends can sometimes abuse, the same thing is done by stupid people also.‡

Mullion. But, North, it is not worth your while to be talking so much of such poor hacks as these.

* The Rambler's Magazine was worse than a mere trash book. It was indecent in language, spirit, and engravings. The European, on the contrary, was dull and decent, with excellent portraits and rather full memoirs of eminent living people.—M.

† "The writer Tam" was a nickname given by Maginn (in his Maxims of Odoherty) to Tom Campbell, then Editor of the New Monthly Magazine. The wits of Blackwood, punning on the poet's name, used to call him "The Dromedary."—M.

‡ Besides the "Sketches of the Irish Bar," by Sheil, there were some political sketches by him and Mr. Curran (son of the patriot) which were very personal, although not offensively. Luke White had risen to immense wealth and a seat in Parliament, and the sketch traced his whole career, from the time when his father started as a wandering bookseller, with a capital of—sixpence! Sheil wrote plays for Miss O'Neill, now Lady Becher.—M.

North. Neither should I, my dear fellow, but for this, that you hear well-minded poor bodies every now and then puffing up the gentility, and elegance, and freedom from scurrility, of such compositions, whereas the truth is, that their wit is vulgarity, their taste frivolity, and that their supposed exemption from personal abuse is owing to their efforts, however malignant in intention and blackguard in execution, being so weak in their effects as to escape observation. You see how I squabashed the London the other day.

Mullion. Squabashed!—extinguished it. Why, a Newfoundland dog never displayed his superiority over a mangy cur in a more complete and contemptuous fashion.

North. Change the subject—give us a stave.

Mullion. Here's, then, to the honor and glory of Maga! (*Sings.*)

Like prongs, like prongs, your bristles rear—
Arise, nor linger stuffing, dining—
Lo! blockheads drive in full career,
And Common Sense away is pining.
They come—in ruffian ranks they come—
Rage, rags, and ruin heave in sight;
Haste—earth throws up her dirtiest scum—
Ho! Maga, to the fight.

Truth stood erect in ancient days,
And over Falsehood's jaw went ploughing.
Now Faction in the sunshine strays,
While Loyalty her neck is bowing:
Power reigns with Ambrose in the halls,
And Fancy high, and Frolic light,
Hark! 'tis the voice of reason calls—
Ho! Maga, to the fight!

Shepherd of Ettrick, ho! arise—
Haste, Tickler, to the fierce pursuing;
North! dash the cobwebs from your eyes—
Are ye asleep when war is brewing!
Lo dunces crown Parnassus high,
With yellow breeches gleaming bright:
Haste, drive the grunters to the sty—
Ho! Maga, to the fight!

Look forth upon the toothless curs,
On fools and dunces, Hunts and Hazlitts,
Who think themselves eternal stars,
Although but stinking, sparkling gas-lights—
Haste, homewards send them to Cockaigne,
To sup on egg and lettuce white;
Haste, how can ye the knout refrain!—
Ho! Maga, to the fight!

And Whigs are now so lost, so low,
A miracle could scarce restore them:

They fall in droves at every blow,
And dust and dirt are spattered o'er them;
Religion, Liberty and Law,
In thee repose their sole delight;
Who against thee dares wag a paw!—
Ho! Maga, to the fight!

(*While* MULLION *is singing*, HOGG *enters, takes a seat, and makes a tumbler.*)

Hogg. Brawly sung, Doctor. Is't your ain?

Mullion. Yes.

Hogg. Od, man, but ye are getting on finely—in time ye may be as good a hand at it as Scott or Byron, or aiblins mysel'. By the by, a' the periodicals are making a great crack about Byron; hae ye ony thing o' the sort?

North. Here are two articles; Mullion has been reading them; they are on Medwin's book.* Look over them.

(HOGG, *raising the articles and his tumbler, reads, and drinks them off without delay.*)

Mullion. Who wrote them?

North. You are always a modest hand at the catechising. However, they are both old friends of Byron's own—real friends, who knew him well. This Medwin has, as you will perceive, done as much as I could expect from any such person—that is, told *some* truth about the business.

Mullion. Ay, ay, some truth, and many lies, I do suppose.

North. Thou hast said it. I don't mean to call Medwin a liar—indeed, I should be sorry to forget the best stanza in Don Juan. The Captain lies, sir—but it is only under a thousand mistakes. Whether Byron bammed him—or he, by virtue of his own egregious stupidity, was the sole and sufficient bammifier of himself, I know not, neither greatly do I care. This much is certain, (and it is enough for our turn,) that the book is throughout full of things that were not, and most resplendently deficient *quoad* the things that were.

Mullion. A got-up concern entirely?—A mere bookseller's business?

North. I wish I could be quite sure that some part of the beastliness of the book is not mere *bookseller's* business—I mean as to its sins of omission. You have seen from the newspapers that Master Colburn cancelled some of the cuts *anent* our good friend, whom Byron so absurdly calls "the most timorous of all God's booksellers."† How

* Captain Medwin's Conversations with Lord Byron appeared a few months after the noble poet's death, and though much attacked at the time, the book was popular, and is now viewed as affording a pretty good surface-view of its subject's mind. Medwin was a relative of Shelley's, and thus had closer access than usual to Byron's society, at all hours, in 1821-2.—M.

† Murray, who had long been Byron's friend and publisher, bitterly complained of misstatements (as to money matters) which had found their way to Medwin's ears. It is palpable that Medwin could not have invented them, for they were mixed up with acknowledged facts, and

shall we be certain that he did not cancel ten thousand things about the most audacious of all God's booksellers?

Hogg. Ha! ha! ha!—Weel, there's another good *alias!*

Mullion. Why, it certainly did occur to me as rather odd, that although Medwin's Byron sports so continually all the pet bits of your vocabulary, such as "The Cockney School," &c., &c., your name, or rather, I should say, the name of old MAGA—is never expressly introduced—except, indeed, in an absurd note of his own about Poet Shelley.

North. Pooh, pooh! man—Byron and I knew each other pretty well; and I suppose there's no harm in adding, that we appreciated each other pretty tolerably. Did you ever see his letter to me?*

Mullion. Why, yes, Murray once showed it to me; but it was after dinner at the time; and when I awoke next morning, the only thing I remembered was that I had seen it.

North. You having, in point of fact, fallen asleep over the concern. But no matter, Doctor.

Hogg. Sic things will happen in the best regulated families.

Mullion. I observe, Hogg, that Byron told Medwin he was greatly taken with your manners when he met you at the Lakes. Pray, Jem, was the feeling mutual?

Hogg. Oo, aye, man—I thought Byron a very nice laud.† Did ye no ken Byron, Doctor?

Mullion. Not I; I never saw him in my life, except once, and that was in Murray's shop. He was quizzing Rogers, to all appearance, in the window. We were merely introduced. He seemed well made for swimming—a fine broad chest—the scapula grandly turned.

Hogg. The first lad that reviews Medwin for you, Mr. North, does not seem to have admired him very muckle. He was a most awfu' sallow-faced ane, to be sure, and there's a hantle o' your landward-bred women thinks there's nae beauty in a man wanting the red cheeks; but, for me, I lookit mair to the cut of the back and girths o' Byron. He was a tight-made, middle-sized man—no unlike mysel' in some things.

North. Come, this is a little too much, Hogg. You once published an account of yourself, in which you stated that your bumpal system bore the closest resemblance to Scott's. Your "Sketch of the Ettrick Shepherd," in the now defunct Panopticon, is what I allude to. And now your backs and girths, as you call them, are like Byron's! No doubt you are a perfect Tom Moore in something or other?

the presumption is that Byron mystified his gallant acquaintance. He was fond of such tricks.—M.

*This letter, which was printed in Byron's life-time, was not published until 1830, when it appeared in Moore's Life of Byron. It is one of the most vigorous prose compositions in the language. Byron had the highest opinion of Wilson's genius and noble spirit.—M.

†Byron corresponded with Hogg, whose poetical powers, and thoroughly natural character and manner, he much admired.—M.

Hogg. Me a Tam Muir! I wish I had him his lane for five minutes on the Mount Benger—I would *Muir* him.

Mullion. Well, well, James. But you and Byron took to each other famously, it seems?

Hogg. We were just as thick as weavers in no time. You see I had been jauntin aboot in that country for tway three weeks, seeing Wulson and Soothey, and the rest of my leeterary friends there. I had a gig with me—John Grieve's auld yellow gig it was—and as I was standing by mysell afore the inn door that evening, just glowring frae me, for I kent naebody in Ambleside, an be not the minister and the landscape-painter, out comes a strapping young man frae the house, and off with his hat, and out with his hand, in a moment like. He seemed to think that I would ken him at ance; but seeing me bamboozled a thocht, (for he wasna sae very dooms like the copper-plates,) Mr. Hogg, quo' he, I hope you will excuse me—my name is Byron—and I cannot help thinking that we ought to hold ourselves acquaintance.

Mullion. So you shook hands immediately, of course?

Hogg. Shook! Od, he had a good wrist of his ain; yet, I trow, I garred the shackle-bane o' him dinnle.

Mullion. August moment! Little did you then foresee either Don Juan or the Chaldee. What was your potation?

Hogg. Potation!—we had every thing that was in the house—claret, and port, and ale, and ginger-beer, and brandy-wine, and toddy, and twist, an' a'; we just made a night on't. O, man, wasna this a different kind of behaviour frae that proud Don Wordsworth's? Od! how Byron leuch when I tell'd him Wordsworth's way wi' me!

Mullion. What was this?—I don't recollect to have heard it, Hogg.

Hogg. Toots! a'body has heard it—I never made ony concealment of his cauld, dirty-like behaviour. But, to be sure, it was a' naething but envy—just clean envy. Ye see I had never foregathered wi' Wordsworth before, and he was invited to dinner at Godswhittles, and down he came; and just as he came in at the east gate, De Quincey and me cam in at the west; and says I, the moment me and Wordsworth were introduced, "Lord keep us a'!" says I, "Godswhittle, my man, there's nae want of poets here the day, at ony rate." Wi' that Wordsworth turned up his nose, as if we had been a' carrion, and then he gied a kind of a smile, that I thought was the bitterest, most contemptible, despicable, abominable, wauf, narrow-minded, envious, sneezablest kind of an attitude that I ever saw a human form assume—and "*PoetS!*" quo' he, (deil mean him!)—"Poet*S*, Mr. Hogg?—Pray, where are they, sir?" Confound him!—I doubt if he would have allowed even Byron to have been a poet, if he had been there.* He thinks there's nae real poets in our

* All of this about Wordsworth and the "poets" had previously been put into print, in one of Hogg's numerous autobiographies.—M.

time, an it be not himself, and his sister, and Coleridge. He doesna make an exception in favor of Soothey—at least to ony extent worth mentioning. Na, even Scott—would ony mortal believe there was sic a donneration of arrogance in this warld?—even Scott I believe's not a *pawet*, gin you take his word—or at least his sneer for't.

Mullion. Pooh! we all know Wordsworth's weaknesses, the greatest are not without something of the sort. This story of yours, however, is a curious *pendant* to one I have heard of Wordsworth's first meeting with Byron—or rather, I believe his only one.

Hogg. They had never met when Byron and me were thegither; for I mind Byron had a kind of a curiosity to see him, and I took him up to Rydallwood, and let him have a glimpse o' him, as he was gaun stauking up and down on his ain backside, grumblin out some o' his havers, and glowering about him like a gawpus. Byron and me just reconnattred him for a wee while, and then we came down the hill again, to hae our laugh out. We swam over Grasmere that day, breeks an a'. I spoilt a pair o' as guid corduroys as ever came out of the Director-General's for that piece of fun. I couldna bide to thwart him in ony thing—he did just as he liket wi' me the twa days we stayed yonder; he was sic a gay, laughing, lively, wutty fellow—we greed like breether. He was a grand lad, Byron—nane of your blawn-up, pompous, Laker notions about him. He took his toddy brawly.

Mullion. D—n the Lakers!

Hogg. Ditto! ditto!

North. O fie! O fie, gentlemen! How often must I remind you that no personality is permitted here. Look around you, gentlemen; look around this neat, and even elegant apartment, rich in all the appliances of mundane comfort and repose, living with gas, bright with pictures, resplendent with the concentrated radiance of intellect-exalting recollections—look around this beautiful chamber, and recollect with what feelings it is destined to be visited years and lustres hence by the enthusiastic lovers of wit and wisdom, and Toryism and——

Hogg. Toddy.

North. Have done—have done, and consider for a moment how jarring must be the contrast between the general influence breathed from the very surface of this haunted place, and the specific, particular, individual influence of the baser moods of which you, in the wantonness and levity of madly exhilarated spirits, are planting *pabula plus —quam—futura.* Mullion, I trouble you for your pipe-stopper. You are a brute, Hogg! Why, laying all petty, dirty little minutiæ out of the question, who can hesitate to say, that Wordsworth is, on the whole, and in the eyes of all capable of largely and wisely contemplating such concerns, of poets, and of the poetical life, the very image essential I speak of men *διοι νυν Βροτοι εισιν* the very specimen and examplar—of poets, the very *beau-ideal.*

Mullion. Bore-ideal, you mean. Go on.

North. On?—O Mullion! how little does the world know of my real sufferings! Sir, you are a savage, and you compel me to pay the penalty of your barbarism! I am the most unfortunate of men. My character will never be understood—I shall go down a puzzle to posterity! I see it—I see it all—your wildness will be my ruin!

Hogg. Are you at this bottle, or this, my dawtie? Fill up your tumbler.

Mullion. To say the truth, Christopher, you and Canning are, in my opinion, much to be pitied. Yourselves the purest and most liberal of your race, you are doomed to be eternally injured by the indecorousness, the rashness, the bigotry, the blindness, of your *soi-disant* adherents. I commiserate you both from my soul of souls. Who will ever believe that the one of you did not write

"Michael's dinner—Michael's dinner,"

and the other

"Pericles to call th e man?"

Hogg. Rax me the black bottle. I say, Christopher, what, after all, is your opinion about Lord and Leddy Byron's quarrel? Do you—you yourself, I mean—take part with him or with her? I would like to hear your real opinion.

North. O dear!—Well, Hogg, since you will have it, I think Douglas Kinnaird and Hobhouse are bound to tell us whether there be any truth, and how much, in this story about the *declaration* signed by Sir Ralph.* I think they, as friends of Lord Byron, must do this; and, since so much has been said about these matters, I think Lady Byron's letter—the "dearest duck" one I mean—should really be forthcoming, if her Ladyship's friends wish to stand fair *coram populo.* At present we have nothing but the loose talk of society to go upon, and certainly, most certainly, if the things that are said be true, there must be thorough explanation from some quarter, or the tide will continue, as it has assuredly begun, to flow in a direction very opposite to what we for years were accustomed to. Sir, they must explain this business of the letter. You have, of course, heard about

* This refers to a statement, which appeared in Blackwood immediately after Byron's death, to the effect that, previous to the formal separation from his wife, Byron required and obtained a declaration, signed by Sir Ralph Milbank, (Lady Byron's father,) to the effect that his wife had no charge of moral delinquency to bring against him. The Mrs. C—— here mentioned is the heroine of the Sketch from Life, commencing

"Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,"

and rose from the situation of a menial servant to be the familiar friend and confidante of Lady Byron's mother. It is believed that this Mrs. Charlton, who was

"Quick with the tale and ready with the lie,
The genial confidante, and general spy,"

poisoned Lady Byron's mind against her husband.—M.

the invitation it contained—the warm affectionate invitation to Kirby; you have heard of the house-wife-like account of certain domestic conveniences there; you have heard of the hair-tearing scene, as described by the wife of this Fletcher—you have heard of the consolations of Mrs. C——; you have heard of the injunctions "not to be again naughty;" you have heard of the very last thing which preceded their valediction —you have heard of all this—and we have all heard that these things were followed up by a cool and deliberate declaration, that all these endearments were meant "only to soothe a mad man!"

Hogg. I dinna like to be interrupting ye, Mr. North; but I maun speer, is the jug to stan' still while ye are havering away that gate?

North. There, Porker. These things are part and parcel of the chatter of every bookseller's shop, *à fortiori* of every drawing-room in Mayfair. Can the matter stop here? Can a great man's memory be permitted to incur damnation, while these saving clauses are afloat any where uncontradicted? I think not. I think, since the Memoirs were burnt by these people,* these people are bound to put us in possession of the best evidence which they still have the power of producing, in order that we may come to a just conclusion, as to a subject upon which, by their act, at least as much as by any other people's act, we are compelled to consider it as our duty to make up our deliberate opinion—deliberate and decisive. Woe be to those that provoke this curiosity, and will not allay it! Woe to them, say I—woe to them, says the world.

Hogg. Faith, and it cannot be denied but what there's something very like reason in what you say, Mr. North. Just drap ae hint o' this in Maga, and my word for't ye'll see a' the lave of the periodicals take up the same tune—and then the thing maun be cleared up—it maun, it will, and it shall be—

North. Shall I confess the truth to you? Byron's behaviour in regard to the Greeks has, upon the whole, greatly elevated his character in my estimation. He really seems to have been cut off at the moment when he was beginning in almost every way to give promise and token of improvement. He never wrote any verses so instinct with a noble scorn of the worse parts of his nature (alas! may I not say, of *our* nature) as the very last that ever came from his pen—the Ode on his last birthday;—and it is but justice to admit, that, overlooking the general wisdom or folly of his Greek expedition, he seems in Greece to

* Byron's Memoirs, given by himself to Moore, were burnt, as every body knows. But before this incremation, Moore had lent them to several persons. Lady Blessington was believed to have copied them *in extenso*, and her sister, Mrs. Home Purvis, (afterwards Viscountess Canterbury,) is *known* to have sat up all one night, in which, aided by her daughters, she had a copy made. I have the strongest reason for believing that at least one other person made a copy—for the description of the first twenty-four hours after the marriage ceremonial has been in my own hands. Not until after the death of Lady Byron and Hobhouse, (now Lord Broughton,) who was the poet's literary executor, can the poet's autobiography see the light, but I am certain that it will yet be published.—M.

have conducted himself like a man of sense and sanity; while all the others—at least all the other Frankish Philhellenists—appear in the light of dreaming doltish fools, idiots, madmen. It did me good to read Colonel Stanhope's account of his altercations with Byron on the subject of the Greek press—to see Byron expressing his complete scorn of the idea of establishing an unchecked press in the midst of an uneducated, barbarous, divided and unsettled people, and the Honorable Colonel flinging out of the room, with the grand exclamation, "Byron is a TURK!"

Hogg. He was mair like Captain Mac Turk his ain sell, I'm thinking.

North. This conduct, and the great and successful efforts Byron was making to introduce something like the humane observances of civilized war among these poor people—all this, I must say, has elevated Byron in my mind. He seems to have driven Stanhope quite mad with his sarcasms against Jeremy Bentham, Lord Erskine, Joseph Hume, and the rest of the "Statesmen of Cockaigne."

Mullion. Stanhope was ordered home by the Duke of York—was he not?*

North. Yes, and I must say, there are some parts of the Colonel's behaviour which appear to me explicable only on the supposition of his being as devoid of sense and memory, as his book shows him to be of education and knowledge.

Mullion. Education?—

North. Ay, education. The man cannot even spell English. He writes, in the very letter authorizing the publication of his correspondence with Babylonian Bowring, *croud* for *crowd*, *council* for *counsel*.

Mullion. Pooh! he's but a soldier.

North. Yes, and in his answer to Colonel Macdonald's letter, ordering his return, he tells him, that throughout all his doings in Greece, he had nothing in view but "to deserve the esteem of mankind, his country, and HIS KING;" which last is to me a puzzler, I must own.

Mullion. As how, Kit?

North. Why, you see Stanhope, throughout his book, avows himself to Turk, Greek, and Frank, a disciple to the backbone of sage Jeremy the bencher. He goes so far on one occasion as to repel with apparent indignation an insinuation that he wished to see a government resembling the British established in Greece; avowing, in terms express, that his wish is to see Greece "not Anglicized, but Americanized;" and adding also, in terms express, that the only nations that do not loathe the governments under which they live, are the Swiss and the Ameri-

*Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who did little in Greece, except squabble with Byron, was next brother of the Earl of Harrington, who married Maria Foote, the actress, and succeeded him, in the title and estates, in 1851. Stanhope, albeit an Earl's son, had not the appearance of a gentleman, and wrote a book upon Greece, without having learned how to spell. I knew him well. In politics, (until he succeeded to the peerage and property,) he was ultra-liberal.—M.

cans. This is pretty well. But farther still, we have him acting all along in the confidence and in the service of the Greek Committee in London. In other words, of Jeremy Bentham and Bowring. He is their servant and tool throughout.

Mullion. Of course he was. We all know that.

North. Very well. Now reach me the last number of the Westminster Review. By the way, Bowring sent Colonel Stanhope the first number of this work into Greece with a great air. Turn me up the article on Washington Irving's last book—ay, ay, here it is. Read that passage, Mullion—I need not tell you that Jeremy Bentham is the great and presiding spirit of this periodical. This, indeed, is avowed. Read.

Mullion (reads).

"In America he saw the great mass of the population earning from thirty to forty shillings a-week, furnished with all the necessaries of life, and absolutely exempt from want; in America, he saw a clergy, voluntarily paid by the people, performing their duties with zeal and ability; the various functions of government performed much better than in Europe, and at less than a twentieth of the expense; the people orderly, provident, and improving, without libel-law, vice-societies, or constitutional associations; no lords or squires driving their dependants to the poll, or commanding votes by *influence*, that is, by terror—by apprehension of loss if the vote be withheld; no lords or squires turned by means of this influence into what are called representatives, and then combining to make corn dear, or voting away millions, for the support of their own children or friends, money extorted in the shape of taxation from needy wretches, who had not even a share in the mockery of being compelled to give a free vote for their member.

"In the British dominions he sees the great mass of the agricultural laborers starving on eight shillings a-week; he sees a clergy enormously paid by taxation of the whole community, for rendering slender service, in one portion of the empire to about a fourteenth part of the population, and in other parts to little more than a third; he sees discussion repressed, the investigation of truth punished by fine and imprisonment for life, and the judges themselves so hostile to the press, as to prohibit, during the course of a trial, when its appearance is most likely to be beneficial to all parties, any printed statement of what passes in court; *he sees a gang of about a hundred and eighty families converting all the functions of government into means of a provision for themselves and their dependants, and for that purpose steadily upholding and promoting every species of abuse, and steadily opposing every attempt at political improvement: all this and more he sees in Britain only, and yet, with this before his eyes, the ignorant and puling sentimentalist has a manifest preference for British institutions! In a man of ordinary penetration and ordinary benevolence, such a preference could never be found; but the penetration and benevolence of your genuine sentimentalist are not of the ordinary kind;* his perverse fecundity of imagination fills him with apprehension where no danger exists; his individual attachments and associations preclude him from entertaining any general regard for his species. In the check which every well-regulated community ought to possess against misconduct on the part of its rulers, he sees nothing but visions of anarchy, rapine, and bloodshed; *in uncontrolled power on the part of the government, and the consequent pillage and privation to which the many are subjected for the benefit of the few,* he sees nothing but the natural, and as he deems it.

amiable weakness of human institutions. He can weep at a tale of disappointed love, and sigh over a dying leaf, but the slaughter of thousands at the nod of the successful conqueror, the pain and privation inflicted on millions to support the conqueror's career, will not cost him a regret, or a single exertion of thought as to the means by which the world may be ridden of such *detestable vermin.* In Geoffrey's sentimentalism there is also something antiquarian and romantic. America has no buildings nor institutions that have not the demerit of being new; in England we have Gothic *cathedrals* and Norman castles; and who would not submit to, or allow the Nobodys to submit to a *world of actual evil,* to enjoy the edifying associations which the sight of *these venerable edifices, these strongholds of ignorance and superstition.* are sure to excite! How Geoffrey came to acquire and cultivate the tastes of these Somebodys, it is not difficult to divine."

North. Stop there. Pretty well for one specimen, I think. The whole of that article is the most genuine effusion of the ignorant malevolence of the tailorly tribe, that I have as yet met with; but it is not worth while to talk of that. I only wished to let you have the opportunity of comparing this avowal of the true Bentham principles, with the assertion of one of Bentham's dearest and most devoted pupils, that he who went to Greece as Bentham's agent, and began and ended every one communication he had with the Greek authorities by maintaining that there could be no good for Greece unless Greece Benthamized herself—I wished you to compare this passage in the Bentham Gazette with the assertion of the Bentham soldier, that he was uniformly influenced in Greece by the desire to obtain the esteem of the King of England, whose uniform he wears. I wished you to put these things together, and hesitate if you can about coming to the same conclusion with myself as to the intellectual status of this hero-statesman.

Mullion. They say Bowring and Co. have made TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS by the Greek Loan.* Some folks, at least, are no fools, if that be true.

North. Ay, ay—I guessed what the bursting of the bubble would reveal. Well, Bowring, after all, is not a goose—he is a good linguist. I should not be sorry to hear he had made a little picking off those dolts.

Mullion. They are a neat set altogether. What a fine thing they would make of it were they in power! Then they might sing—†

* Bowring admitted that he had made money out of the Greek Loan, which he helped to raise, as a friend of liberty. Mr. Joseph Hume, M. P., also traded in Greek scrip, not much to his credit, though somewhat to his gain, and was scorched for it, by Moore, in the satirical poem called "The Ghost of Miltiades."—M.

† Some of the predictions of this song *have* been fulfilled. Mr. Place, the tailor, did not succeed Lord Chancellor Eldon, nor did Hone, the free-thinker, supplant Archbishop Magee, author of the "Atonement;" but Joe Hume, though not in the Cabinet, wields great power in the Commons, and Copley became Chancellor in 1827, on Eldon's resignation, and was himself succeeded by Henry Brougham. Alderman Waithman did not take Sutton's place as Speaker, but Mackintosh became of the Ministry, as India Commissioner; and Bowring, though never Laureate, is now (1854) "a belted knight," and Governor of Hong-Kong, the English colony in China. Cobbett did not become Home Secretary, in lieu of Peel, but Lord Grey was Prime Minister from November, 1830, to July, 1834; James Mill obtained high office in the India House, and J. R. MacCulloch ("the grim Stot") was made head of the Stationery office in London. Wellington, and not Colonel Stanhope, succeeded the Duke of York, in command

1.

When the Church and Crown are tumbled down
By Bentham and his band,
When Taylor Place shall wield the mace,
Torn from old Eldon's hand;
When Joseph Hume fills Canning's room,
And Hone supplants Magee;
When Brougham looks big in Copley's wig,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

2.

When Waithman's face in Sutton's place,
As Speaker, we behold;
When Sir James Mac shall hold the sack
Which keeps the nation's gold;
When Croker's quill thy fist shall fill,
Dear Secretary Leigh,
When Bowring's tongue sings Southey's song,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

3.

When Cobbett turns our home concerns,
In place of murdered Peel;
When glowring Grey shall feel his way,
To guide the common weal;
When murky Mill our trade shall drill,
On continent and sea;
When the grim Stot the Mint has got,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

4.

When Stanhope's hand great York's command
With frenzied gripe shall seize;
When Wilson's tread the laurelled head
Of Wellington shall squeeze;
When Cochrane's flag shall proudly wag,
Where Nelson's wont to be;
When Hob we greet in Melville's seat,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

5.

When fire shall gleam o'er Isis stream,
And Cam with blood shall flow;
When base Carlile shall scowling smile,
O'er Lambeth crumbled low;

of the British army; Sir Robert Wilson was appointed Governor of Gibraltar; Cochrane (now Earl of Dundonald) was prevented only by his advanced years from commanding the Baltic fleet in 1854; and though Hobhouse did not get into Lord Melville's seat as head of the Admiralty, he eventually became a Cabinet Minister and obtained a coronet. For the rest, Oxford and Cambridge yet flourish; Carlile, with his atheism, died "unhonored and unsung;" Westminster Abbey is not yet converted into a cotton mill; Jeremy Bentham did not sit on trial of any British King; and though "the Constitution has been destroyed" some half dozen times since Mullion chanted this lay of the Benthamites, England still manages to keep her head above water!—M.

When Westminster in ceaseless whirr
Shall spinning-jennies see;
When Preston stalls in fair St. Paul's,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

6.

When Jeremy shall sit on high,
Where Bradshaw sat of yore;
When GEORGE shall stand with hat in hand,
His hatted judge before;
When Prince and Peer, 'mid scorn and jeer,
Ascend the gallows tree;
When Honor dies and Justice flies,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

Hogg. I admit that Byron had his defects. He was aye courting the ill will 'o the warld, that he might make a fool o't. There was a principle in his prodigality that I ne'er observed in other men. He wasna just like King Henry, the fifth o' that name, wild for wantonness—but in a degree like Hamlet, the play-actor, a thought antic for a purpose—why that purpose was, he best kent himself; and if it werena to speak blasphemy, I would a'maist say he was wicket that he might be wise. O he was a desperate worldly creature, thinking to make himself a something between a god and a devil—a spirit that would hae a dominion over the spirits o' men—and make the earth a third estate 'tween heaven and hell.

Mullion. A new idea, Hogg—and the thing is not an impossibility. Do we not see, every now and then, a genius arise, whose energies affect the whole elements of mind,—changing the currents of opinion, and, in proportion to its power, influencing and governing the thoughts, and, by consequence, the will and actions of mankind?

North. Po! None of your mysteries now. Put Hogg's thought into plain language, and it means nothing more than that Lord Byron was ambitious, and chose literature for the field of his fame.

Mullion. Not so fast, old one—I could build a theory on the Shepherd's notion. Suppose, for example, that there has been another rebellion among the angels, and that they have been cast upon the earth, and entered into human forms—may not Byron have been the Satan of this secret insurrection?

North. If what Medwin says be true, the only spirits that Byron fell with were gin and water.*

Hogg. Really ye're vera comical the night, Mr. North. Oh, Mullion, man, it's a great pity you and Byron hadna been acquaint; there would hae been a brave ettling to see wha could say the wildest or the dreadfu'est things—for he hadna fear either o' man or woman—but

* Medwin duly records that Byron wrote Don Juan upon gin-and-water, contending that it was the veritable Hippocrene!—M.

would hae his joke and his jeer, harm wha it might. Did ye ever hear Terry* tell what happened wi' him and ane o' the players behint the scenes o' Drury Lane ae night—that there was a stramash among the actors anent a wife who had misbehaved at Covent Garden. "Had I been Harris," said my lord, "I would have turned her out o' the house." "And had I been her," replied that birky Fanny Kelly, "I would have put on breeches, and challenged your lordship." "In that case, Miss Kelly," quo' he, "I might have considered whether it would be worth my while to turn *sans culotte*, and accept the challenge."

Mullion. Mind your glass, Jem; a little more——

Hogg. And there was another funny thing o' his, till a queer looking lad, one Mr. Skeffington that wrote a tragedy, that was called "The Mysterious Bride,"—the whilk thing made the Times newspaper for once witty—for it said no more o't, than just "Last night a play called The Mysterious Bride, by the Honorable Mr. Skeffington, was performed at Drury Lane. The piece was damned." Weel, ye see it happened that there was a masquerade some nights after,—and Mr. Cam Hobhouse gaed till't in the disguise o' a Spanish nun, that had been ravished by the French army——

Mullion. O, I remember it—I was there myself. Hob had made up his dairy with a pair of boxing-gloves.

Hogg. Weel, ye see—being there as a misfortunate nun, he was cleekit wi' my Lord Byron; and Mr. Skeffington, compassionating the situation of the artificial young woman, in a most discreet and sentimental manner, was greatly moved by the history o' her ravishment. Who is she? said that unfortunate author to my lord,—but "The Mysterious Bride," was a' the satisfaction he got for his civility.† In truth, it may be said he was a fearless creature, and spared neither friend nor foe, so that he had dominion. But, od! I liket him as if he had been my ain Billy, for a' that.

Enter ODOHERTY.

Odoherty. Good bye—good bye—I'm off in half an hour per coach, and have not time to say more.

North. Sit down while you are here, at all events. Fill your glass.

Odoherty. Small need of advising that.

North. Give us a parting chaunt.

* Daniel Terry, educated as an architect, early became an actor, and won great favor at Edinburgh, where he was on intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott. After playing first parts at various London theatres, from 1812 to 1825, he entered into partnership with Yates of the Adelphi theatre, but had to sell out when Scott's affairs got embarrassed. Terry ably dramatized several of the Waverley novels. He died in June, 1828. Some incorrigible punster said that if he were over-pressed he would be injured by being deteriorated (*D. Terry o'er-rated*). —M.

† These theatrical anecdotes appear in Moore's Byron, published six years after they were related at this "Noctes," and are taken from Byron's MSS.—most probably by Maginn, who was originally intended by John Murray to write Byron's life, and (as I know) had read every line of the autobiography which was burnt, most part of which I read.—M.

Odoherty. With all my spirit.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland—

Hogg. Vera civil, that. My certie, lad, ye're no blate.
Odoherty. Bleat—grunt. Hold your tongue.

1.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Cold and beggarly poor countrie;
If ever I cross thy border again,
The muckle deil must carry me.
There's but one tree in a' the land,
And that's the bonny gallows tree;
The very nowte look to the south,
And wish that they had wings to flee.

2.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Brose and Bannocks, crowdy and kale!
Welcome, welcome, jolly old England,
Laughing lasses and foaming ale!
'Twas when I came to merry Carlisle,
That out I laughed loud laughters three,
And if I cross the Sark again,
The muckle deil maun carry me.

3.

Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland,
Kilted kimmers, wi' carroty hair,
Pipers, who beg that your honors would buy
A bawbee's worth of their famished air.
I'd rather keep Cadwallader's goats,
And feast upon toasted cheese and leeks,
Than go back again to the beggarly North,
To herd 'mang loons with bottomless breeks.

North. A very polite ditty, I must say—but 'pon honor, as a sturdy Scot, I had rather hear such things as that, than the idiot talk about the Modern Athens.* What are you going to do in London, Sir Morgan?

Odoherty. Business, diplomatic and deep. Have you any commands?

North. Nothing particular. Stir up the lads for me.

Odoherty. Poz. I shall certainly mention you at the Pig and Whistle. *Le cochon et souffle.*

Hogg. Whaur's that?

Odoherty. In a certain spot. It is the great resort of the eminent

* Though put into Odoherty's mouth, this palinode against Scotland was not by Maginn, as will afterwards appear; it was taken from one of Allan Cunningham's stories.—M.

literary men of London—you meet them all there and at Sir Humphrey Davy's.* I shall send you a dissertation on the taverns of London—which I shall certainly make an *opus magnum*. It is at present the greatest desideratum in our literature.

North. Do you go through Leeds?

Odoherty. Yes. Why?

North. You will, of course, call on Alaric Watts. You will find him in Commercial Street.

Odoherty. I know the ground. Leeds is a dirty town; but the devil's in the dice, if you could not raise a tumbler of twist somewhere or other in it.

North. Tell Watts that I have received his very pretty LITERARY SOUVENIR.

Mullion. Is it good?

North. The Literary Souvenir is a very graceful and agreeable book, both inside and outside, and does infinite credit both to the editor and publishers.

Odoherty. Some of our friends—Croly, Delta, and Davie Lyndsay, I see, contribute to it some capital pieces—and you too, Jemmy.†

Hogg. Yes, I wrote some havers about fairies.

North. No, James, it is not havers, it is a clever writing. But this I tell you, that you will be known in future ages, not by such things, but your great works—your truly great and important works in prose and rhyme—the Chaldee MS., and the Left-handed Fiddler. They will be recorded in the inscription on your tomb, to be erected at Altrive, in the year 2024.

Odoherty. Yes, Hogg, you will shine among the bards of bonny Scotland.

Hogg. Haud your tongue anent bonny Scotland, after the blackguard song ye hae just blethered out.

Odoherty. Do not be angry, Shepherd, and I shall make you blessed by a French song in praise of it; written by Monsieur de Voltaire, a man for whom I have particular respect.

Hogg. Oo, ay, Voltaire was a man of preceese judgment—so give us his sang.

Odoherty (*sings*).

* At this time (1824) Davy was President of the Royal Society, having succeeded Sir Joseph Banks in 1820. His death took place at Geneva in 1829, at the age of 51. The invention of the safety-lamp, the discovery of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, and of the principles of electro-chemistry, are some of his claims to be remembered as one of the most eminent scientific men of his age.—M.

† Alaric A. Watts was editor of the Leeds Intelligencer in 1824. His Literary Souvenir was one of the best, as it was among the earliest, of the Annuals. Dr. Croly, now holding a rectory in London, has won fame as a poet and a preacher, an orator and a dramatist, a critic and a historian. D. M. Moir, a surgeon at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, was the "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine, to which he contributed some 395 poems, about six of which are very good. His line was homely humor, as displayed in his autobiography of Mansie Wauch, tailor, but he wrote only one volume of that sort. David Lyndsay's "Dramas of the Ancient World" were well spoken of, thirty years ago.—M.

1.

Valedico, Scotia, tibi,
Mendica, egena, frigida gens;
Diabolus me reportet ibi
Si unquam tibi sum rediens.
Arbor unus nascitur ibi,
Isque patibulus est decens.
Bos ipse Austrum suspicit, sibi
Alas ut fugeret cupiens.

2.

Vale, vale, Scotia mendica,
Avenæ, siliquæ, crambe, far!
Ridentes virgines, Anglia antiqua,
Salvete, et zythum cui nil est par!
Cum redirem Carlilam lætam
Risu excepi effuso ter,
Si unquam Sarcam rediens petam
Diabole ingens! tu me fer!

3.

Vale popellus tunicatus
Crinibus crassis, et cum his
Tibicen precans si quid afflatûs
Famelici emere asse vis!
Capros pascerem Cadwalladero,
Cui cibus ex cepis et caseo fit,
Potius quam degam cum populo fero,
Cui vestis sine fundo sit.*

Hogg. Ay, there is something in *that.* The remark about *popular fair, O,* in the last line amaist, is very gude indeed.

North. Get married, Odoherty, before you return, and bring us back Lady Morgan. All my contributors are getting married.

Mullion. Yes, faith, but not all with equal luck. Buller was not so very happy!

North. I am sorry to hear it, for I like that lad Buller.

Mullion. There's a gayish song on the subject. Shall I sing it?

North, Hogg, Odoherty. By all means.

Mullion (sings).

THE CRABSTICK.

Air—The Green Immortal Shamrock.

Through Britain's isle as Hymen strayed
Upon his ambling pony,
With Buller sage, in wig arrayed,
To act as cicerone,

* This Latin version of "Farewell, farewell, beggarly Scotland" (see page 20) is by Maginn. No doubt the English was introduced as an excuse for bringing in the translation.—M.

To them full many a spouse forlorn
Complained of guineas squandered,
Of visage torn and breeches worn,
And thus his godship pondered—
Oh, the Crabstick! the green immortal Crabstick!
I'll ensure
A lasting cure
In Russia's native Crabstick!

With magic wand he struck the earth,
And straight his conjuration
Gave that same wholesome sapling birth,
The husband's consolation;
Dispense, quoth he, thou legal man,
This new-discover'd treasure,
And let thy thumb's capacious span
Henceforward fix its measure.
Oh, the Crabstick! the green immortal Crabstick!
Long essay'd
On jilt and jade
Be Buller's magic Crabstick!

The olive branch, Minerva's boon,
Betokens peace and quiet,
But 'tis sage Hymen's gift alone
Can quell domestic riot;
For 'tis a maxim long maintain'd
By doctors and logicians,
That peace is most securely gain'd
By armed politicians.
Oh, the Crabstick! the green immortal Crabstick!
Its vigorous shoot
Quells all dispute,
The wonder-working Crabstick!

In idleness and youthful hours,
When graver thoughts seem stupid,
Men fly to rose and myrtle bowers
To worship tiny Cupid;
But spliced for life, and wiser grown,
Dog-sick of sighs and rhyming,
They haunt the crab-tree bower alone,
The leafy shrine of Hymen.
Oh, the Crabstick! the green immortal Crabstick!
Love bestows
The useless rose,
But Hymen gives the Crabstick!*

* The hero of this song was Sir Francis Buller, an English Judge, and not the myth 'yclept "Buller of Brazenose," who was introduced (Vol. I.) as one of the "Contributors in the Tent." Sir Francis, who was so eminently hen-pecked at home that he never dared call his soul his own, stated, while presiding at Stafford Assizes, that, by the law of the land, a man might correct his wife with a stick "not thicker than his thumb." The incensed ladies of Stafford incontinently signed and sent in a round-robin, asking the learned judge to favor them with the dimensions of *his* thumb.—M.

North. Bravo! Very well, indeed. I hope, however, that he will have no need of using his specific.

Odoherty. I can't stay another minute. Good bye. Keep up the fun, my old fellows, and console yourselves as well as you can.

Hogg. Take care of yourself, Odoherty, in the great vanity fair of Lunnun. Dinna let your eye or your tongue seduce you to sin or disgrace—dinna consort wi' drunken loons, or ne'er-do-weel huzzies, but wi' douce, orderly, quiet-like people, like the editor and myself.

Odoherty. Have not time to hear a sermon. Adieu.

(*Exit. The mail-coach horn is heard sounding from the head of Leith Walk. The company listen in tender silence, and wiping a tear from the eye, brew a bowl of punch.*)

No. XVIII.—JANUARY, 1825.

SCENE I.

Mr. Secretary Dr. Mullion. Yes, sir, your last Noctes appear to have made what my friend Dr. Jamieson calls a stramash.

North. Why, sir, our conversations gêt wind unaccountably, and it is little wonder that they do make a noise. What do you allude to particularly?

Mullion. You know the song I sung,

> When Church and Crown are batter'd down
> By Bentham and his band?

North. Of course.

Mullion. Well, Bowring, in the Morning Chronicle, has answered it, thereby taking on himself the office my song gave him of Poet Laureate to the pack. You remember

> When Bowring's tongue sings Southey's song,

and now he chaunts accordingly by anticipation.

North. Is Bowring's song very good?

Mullion. I think it is.

North. Well, then,

> Let Mullion's tongue sing Bowring's song.

Mullion (*producing an ancient Morning Chronicle, chaunts*).

> When built on laws, the good old cause
> Triumphantly shall reign,
> And in their choice the People's voice
> Shall not be heard in vain;
> When England's name and England's fame
> Stand pure, and great, and free,
> Corruption chain'd, and Truth maintain'd,
> Then, hey, boys, down go we!
>
> When Glory tears the wreath he wears
> From WELLINGTON's proud brow,
> And Liberty shall sit on high,
> That walks in darkness now;

When Justice wakes, and from her shakes
Old Eldon, scornfully,
And stands erect in self-respect,
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

When gibe and jest, by Canning drest,
Delude not as before,*
And pertness, made a thriving trade
By Croker, thrives no more;†
When slippery Peel the wound shall heal
Of priestly Bigotry,
And Peace shall smile on Ireland's isle,
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

When laws on game shall cease to shame
The subject and the state;
And men can trust, as wise and just,
An unpaid Magistrate;
When Judges pure shall seek t' insure
A bright publicity;
And Best can keep his rage asleep—‡
Then hey, boys, down go we!

When law's disputes and Chancery suits
Shall be no more the tools
For knaves in black to harm and hack
The many-color'd fools;
When fraud and wrong, in weak and strong,
And rich and poor, shall be
With equal hand pursued and bann'd—
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

When rods and whips, from Bentham's lips,§
The pand'ring knaves shall chase,
Who long have sold, for pride and gold,
Their country and their race;
When France and Spain shall rise again,
And lovely Italy,
By sufferings rude refresh'd, renew'd,
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

* George Canning (who must be noticed more fully in his proper place by and by) was liable to the imputation of too freely indulging in "gibe and jest" when in Parliament. The levity with which he spoke of "the revered and ruptured Ogden" (a white-haired old man, with a peculiarly painful complaint, which had been aggravated by his sufferings in prison, as a victim to the Ministerial suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act) subjected him to much and merited censure.—M.

† John Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty in England from 1809 to 1830, may be said to have been distinguished by "pertness" as a speaker during the greater portion of the five-and-twenty years he was in Parliament. He had great powers of ridicule, which he used with much pleasure. In 1831–2, during the Tory struggle against the Reform Bill, Mr. Croker displayed greater argumentative and oratorical force than any one had previously given him credit for.—M.

‡ Sir William Draper Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at this time, but so petulant from ill health as to be the terror of many and the annoyance of all the lawyers who attended his Court. In his summing-up he was sometimes so partial as to be called the Judge-Advocate.—M.

§ Jeremy Bentham, who was a greater concocter of National Constitutions than even the Abbe Sièyes himself, was inventor of the Panopticon system of prison-building and discipline which is now getting into general use in all civilized countries.—M.

When man at length shall feel his strength,
And in his strength control
The despot few, who then shall rue
The hatred of the whole;
When towers serene, in living green,
Fair Freedom's sacred tree;
And 'neath it, blest, the nations rest—
Then, hey, boys, down go we!
(*Here* MR. NORTH *fell asleep.*)

When Mr. North in Frith of Forth
Shall fathom five be duck'd;
When Tickler's neck a rope shall deck,
From lofty gallows chuck'd;
When messan dog treats Jamie Hogg
In fashion rather free;
When Jeffrey's shears crop Blackwood's ears,
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

North (*awaking, as usual, at the end of the song*). Bravo! bravo! a very good song, indeed. I always said Tom Campbell was a clever fellow.

Mullion. Tom Campbell! Bowring, sir, you mean.

North. Ay, Bowring—yes, Bowring, I meant. Show me the song; let me peruse it. (*Reads.*) "Then, *hey*, boys, *down* go we." Bowring may understand Russian, but he is not quite certain as to his English. Hey, boys! is huzza, boys! rather an out-of-the-way cry for a sinking party.

When pertness, made a thriving trade
By Croker, thrives no more—

How horribly afraid all these hounds of low degree are of Croker!

Mullion. Doubtless. The allusion to "priestly bigotry" is not even brought into juxtaposition with Ireland, and the course recommended in that island. But it is not a bad song, for all that. The rhymes, however, are poorish. The last verse strikes me to be far the best—that I mean about ourselves. Don't you think, sir, it would be an improvement if it ran thus in the last quatrain?

When Brougham shall flog Ettrickian Hogg,
(That whip might borrow'd be
Which Gourlay laid on shoulder blade,)
Then, hey, boys, down go we!

North. I do not like parenthesis in songs—but the idea is good.* On the whole, I am pleased with the song. Mullion, write to-morrow to Bowring—he lives in Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary's Axe—to say that I shall employ him in the song department, at a guinea per song—

* The allusion here was to an unwarrantable assault attempted to be made upon Brougham by a man who conceived himself aggrieved by some public allusion to him.—M.

with liberty afterward to publish it with music at Power's* or elsewhere—besides permission occasionally to gather them into a volume. Even if I reject, as I sometimes must, I shall pay him nevertheless, for I like to patronize genius.

Mullion (*making memorandum*). It shall be done, sir. You have seen the Dumfries Journal's answer to Farewell to Scotland, sung by the Ensign on the same occasion?

North. Not. I.

Mullion. I'll read it for you, sir.

North. No—keep it till Sir Morgan comes—I expect him every moment.

Enter AMBROSE.

Ambrose. Mr. Tickler. (*Exit* AMBROSE *as* TICKLER *enters.*)

Tickler. How do you do, North?—Mullion, your hand; it is a long time since I saw either of you.

North. We have just ordered supper.

Tickler. I am as dry as a lime-burner's shoe. (*Rings—enter Waiter—receives orders—exit—and re-enters with a quart of porter, which* TIMOTHY *gulps at a draught.*) I have just parted with Hogg. He'll be here in a moment.

Enter HOGG.

Hogg. Is't me ye're talkin' o', Mr. Tickler? How's a' wi' ye?

Mullion (*aside*). I say, Mr. North, did you ever see the Shepherd's eyes reel so?

North. Oh, stuff. Well, I shall not wait another minute for this long-legged Irishman. (*Rings.*)

Enter MR. AMBROSE.

Ambrose. Supper, gentlemen, is ready in the next room.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.—*Supper Room.—Round Table.*

Enter NORTH, TICKLER, MULLION, *and* HOGG. AMBROSE *preceding. Waiters following.*

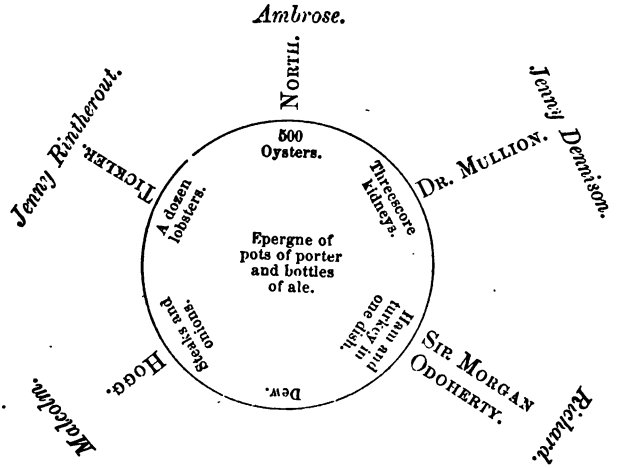
To them, ODOHERTY.

Odoherty. Just in time, I see. I hope I have not kept you waiting. I was just dining with Patrick Robertson,† and had to run for it.

* Power, the music-publisher in the Strand, (London,) who paid Moore £500 a year while he was writing the Irish Melodies, and was very badly treated by "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own" in return. The recent publication of extracts from Moore's letters to Power (which was suppressed in England) shows Moore in an unpleasing and unamiable light.—M.

† Scott's "Peter of the Paunch," (vide Lockhart,) and now one of the Lords of Session in Edinburgh.—M.

North. Do not delay us longer by your apologies. Gentlemen, be seated.



Mullion (*after contemplating the table with profound admiration*). This *is* a supper. Ambrose, a dram. What would Barry Cornwall say to such a sight?

Odoherty. Nothing. He'd faint on the spot.

North. A round table, sir, may seem matter of form, as my friend Samuel Rogers says, but is matter of substance. The round table, which one may say literally gave peace to Europe, may still be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Hogg. Hout—that's the auld clishmaclaver† o' Johnny Groats revived. Vera respectable steaks them, Mr. Ambrose.

Odoherty. I had rather see a table which would give oysters to the present company.

North. Do you like these oysters?

Odoherty. Excellent, indeed. I own, however, I am national enough to prefer the Irish. The Carlingford oysters—

Tickler to North (*aside*). A maxim, hem![†]

* *Clishmaclaver*—something worse than idle talk.—M.

† A series of aphorisms, "de omnibus rebus," called The Maxims of Odoherty, had just appeared in Blackwood, and are among the best of Dr. Maginn's compositions. They showed great wit and remarkable knowledge of life and all sorts and conditions of society. After Maginn's death, when more than twenty years had passed since their first appearance, these Maxims of Odoherty were collected into a volume, by Blackwoods, and had a large sale in London and Edinburgh.—M.

Odoherty. —are small, but of a peculiarly fine flavor. The Bland oyster of Kerry, so called after a family of that name, not from any blandness of their taste, are good. Those of Cork harbor are gigantic —as big as your common dessert plates, and very agreeable.

Mullion. Which do you prefer?

Odoherty. A difficult question. The large oyster is like your large beauty, melting, luxurious, and soul-soothing. The small like your small beauties, piquant, savory, soul-awakening. Good oysters should taste like a copper halfpenny.

Tickler. Damn oysters!

Odoherty. I am sorry to hear that expression from a man of your taste and genius, Mr. Tickler. Will you let me put one in the fire for you, North?

North. Why in the fire?

Odoherty. If you have never eaten roasted oysters, I shall show you the way we of the Emerald Isle very often do them.

(*Takes a dozen Pandores, and puts them between the bars.*)

Hogg. Od, how the deevils fizz! They put a body in mind o' Wordsworth's lint-whites singing in chorus.

Odoherty. Or as you yourself, a much greater poet, observe in your beautiful Queen Hynde, on the same subject,

> The liquid sounding flame inclosed them,
> And rolls them in its furnace bosom.

By the by, where the devil did you pick up that rhyme?

Hogg. Oh, man! I aye forget the morn, whaur the saul o' me finds rhymes ower the night. They just come bumming into my lugs like a flight o' bees, whuz, whuzzing aboot a beescap.

North. Why, James, you are poetical, even in prose.

Odoherty. The oysters are done. Take care, man; you'll burn your fingers. I'll hand them to you with the tongs.

Tickler. How do you dress them?

Odoherty. Permit me. You just put a nut-shell size of butter—

Hogg. What kind o' nut, my lad? Do you mean a cocker-nut?

Odoherty. Peace, porker!—a hazelnut-size of butter under the oyster in its deep shell, which you see melts it, as a young maiden melts beneath the warm influence of love, then shred your eschalot gently into the same; garlic would be better, if you had it; or better still a dew-drop of assafœtida.

Hogg. Haugh! haugh!—Wha the deevil would swallow assafœtida? I scunner at the bare thocht.

Odoherty. A proof that the population of Scotland is not yet civilized. If the Morning Chronicle man were to hear this from the Shepherd, he would forget the unscientific hostility to extermination in this

more glaring act of barbarism. Having so far prepared the oyster, shower in your cayenne—

He who peppers the highest is sure to please—

add a little salt, and then it is a mouthful for an Editor.

North (*swallowing a half dozen*). True: they are delicious mor sels.

Tickler. I do not like oysters; but if I must eat them, it would not be with this cookery. The native garum is their best sauce.

Odoherty. De gustibus, &c. What *is* your favorite supper, Tickler?

Tickler. Devilled kidneys, as they do them in Germany, just broiled and peppered plainly. As for your champagne-dressed kidneys, they are not for my palate. They are greasy, and won't relish.

North. A plain lobster salad for me. It may be vulgar, but in my situation I like to fall in occasionally with the popular taste. If I be inclined to be luxurious, give me devilled woodcock—cayenned—curry powdered—truffled—madeiraed—Seville-oranged—catsupped—soyed——

Odoherty. Crushed with its tail and brains—beaten to paste—seasoned with mace and lemon-peel——

North. —heated——

Odoherty. —with spirits of wine, if you love me——

North. —in a silver stew-pan, saturated with its piquant juice, and gently liquefied with the huile of Aix, city of oil and amphitheatre. It is heavenly.

Hogg. What a deevil o' a mess! I wadna gie't to Clavers for physic!—bird's dung and oil—och! Gie me a half stun o' stot* steaks, wi' ingans; and Mr. Tickler, ye may squash in a dozen or sae o' yer kidneys, if ye like. I dinna objec.

North. Have you supped yet, gentlemen? (*They assent.*) To save the trouble of removing things, &c., I have ordered, and made it a standing order, that the punch be made in the punchery, at the feet of the portrait of Ambrose.

Odoherty. Just wait a moment, until the Ambrosian gives the word. I like to have all things in order.

Tickler. Surely, surely.—There's still some of the porter here.

Odoherty. And such porter! Here's a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether!

North. A stave. Odoherty, *en attendant.*

Odoherty. By Jupiter! and why should I not? Sure 'tis the first night of all the year, is it not?—Here goes!—here goes!—Devil take the expense.

* *Stot*—a bullock between two and three years old.—M.

Air—"*I am a bold son of Mars.*"

Now the year twenty-four is vanish'd and no more,
Let us make a tuneful roar, just to show we're alive;
'Tis the true way to begin, with joy to welcome in,
And merriment and din, the year twenty-five.

The cause for which we fight—the cause of Truth and Right
Was ne'er in better plight to prosper and thrive;
Our enemies are down, and the field is all our own,
May the like as happy tidings crown the year twenty-five!

The friends of woe and ill we've beat with sword and quill,
They still retain the will, but 'tis vain to strive,
And God, with ample hand, showers blessings on the land,
The same may he expand in the year twenty-five.

Who now would care three figs for prating of the Whigs?
The memory of such prigs cannot long survive;
While the honor and the glories of us and other Tories
Will be sung in lofty chorus all through twenty-five.

Then every lad, I pray, who carouses here to-day,
May live a rover gay, or happily wive,
And return quite merry here at the ending of the year,
To give a hearty cheer over past twenty-five.

Enter AMBROSE (*with a salaam*).

Ambrose. All's right!!!

Tickler. The Estaminet?—Thither let us wend our way.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The Punchery, alias *Estaminet.*

Enter NORTH *and Tail. They are seated and commence operations.*

Hogg. Hae ye seen, Captain, the answer to your blackguard sang about Scotland, in the Dumfries Journal?

Odoherty. Not I. I read no papers but the Morning Chronicle, and Pearce Egan's Dispatch. They contain all the sprees. My friend, John Black, is great on the subject of watchmen—and as for Pearce, I need not sound his praises. What is the song, Hogg?

Hogg. Well then, my lad, I'll just sing it to you.

Mullion. It is happy for Sinclair that he has left the country.*

* John Sinclair, originally a clarionet-player in a regimental band, subsequently became a pupil of Mr. Walsh, of London, who obtained him an employment as tenor-singer at Covent Garden Theatre. From 1819 until the middle of 1823, he was singing at various opera-houses in Italy, generally with success. It was considered that his voice and style of singing were much improved by his foreign study and practice. He has been off the stage for several years. His daughter was married to the greatest of American actors.—M.

Hogg (*sings*).

TO ODOHERTY.

In Answer to "Farewell," &c.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,
Go, get thee to thine own countrie;
If you ever cross the Border again,
The muckle deil accompany thee.
There's mony a tree in fair Scotland,
And there is ane, the gallows-tree,
On which we hang the Irish rogues,—
A fitting place it is for thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,
Too good for thee is brose and kale:—
We've lads and ladies gay in the land,
Bonny lasses, and nut-brown ale.
When thou goest to merry Carlisle,
Welcome take thy loud laughters three;
But know that the most of our beggarly clan
Came from the *Holy Land*, like thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou beggarly loon,
On thee our maidens refused to smile:—
Our pipers they scorn'd to beg from thee,
A half-starved knight of the Emerald Isle.
Go rather and herd thy father's pigs,
And feed on 'tatoes and butter-milk;
But return not to the princely North,
Land of the tartan, the bonnet, and kilt.

Odoherty. A song by no means to be sneezed at. But why do they father the song of Scotland on me?

Tickler. Is it not yours, then?

Odoherty. Not at all. I sung it in this room—but so have I sung many a chaunt of Captain Morris's and Ned Lysaght's;* but are they therefore mine? Johnny Brayhim would be the greatest song-writer in the kingdom at that rate.

North. I know it is not yours—but it has been generally attributed to you.

Odoherty. Every thing good in a certain line is——

Tickler. Which certain line, *entre nous*, is the blackguard line. Where's the stoup?

Odoherty. So be it. But as for this song, if you will turn up the London Magazine for February, 1823—the very number, by the by, which contains the attack on Peveril—you will see a tale of Allan

* Charles Morris, who died in 1832, aged 93, wrote some of the best convivial songs in our language. Many of them, which were fashionable sixty or seventy years ago, would not be tolerated now, in any decent society; but a large portion are chaste in sentiment and felicitous in expression.—Ned Lysaght was a free-and-easy Irishman who wrote songs with great facility but such of them as I have seen are more gay than delicate.—M.

Cunningham's, entitled and called Corporal Colville, in which that very "Farewell to beggarly Scotland" occurs.

Hogg. I'll write to Allan the morn about it. There, Mr. Tickler—it's maist toom.

Odoherty. And if you do, tell him, though it is passed off there as an old song, that I shrewdly suspect it to be his own—and add, that I think it is his best.

North. The sugar, Tim. I think I heard the song fifty years ago—but Allan is a likely man enough to pass off an affair of his own as an old one.

Tickler. The row gives a fine notion of the relative sales of the two Magazines.

North. Pooh! pooh! We all remember how he bammed that poor ass Cromek.* But the thing is not worth the words wasted about it. I see the London has altered its plan. Do you know any thing about it, Ensign?

Odoherty. Very little. I understand that there was a turn-out among the workmen, which made Taylor come to terms.† The old hands continue—I do not think they have got any new ones. Lamb is a clever fellow.

Mullion. They have augmented the price and quantity.

Odoherty. Price, certainly, but not quantity. For you know enough of printing, Mr. Secretary, to see by the adoption of a new kind of type, and a more sparing distribution of it, they actually have less matter than before.

Mullion. Their subscribers will scarcely thank them for that.

North. Silence, gentlemen, I insist, on such a topic—it is highly indelicate in my friends, and I shall not permit it.

Hogg. Weel, after a', ye've brewed a dacentish joog.

Tickler. Considering! (*Aside.*) I say, North, have you read that pamphlet of Blackwood's on the proposed Change in the Administration of Criminal Justice here in Scotia?‡

* R. H. Cromek, who had collected the poetical Reliques of Burns, set about gathering the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. He had seen and much underrated some poems by Allan Cunningham, then an artisan in Dumfries. Cunningham, vexed at this want of appreciation, resolved to write in the old strain, and sent Cromek as much material as filled an 8vo. volume, which Cromek published in 1810. Much discussion ensued as to the authenticity of the "Remains;" the book sold, much to Cromek's advantage; Cunningham's authorship transpired, he became a newspaper reporter in London, wrote much in prose and verse which has given him a high reputation, became managing man to Chantrey the sculptor, continued in that situation for nearly thirty years, and died in October, 1842.—M.

† Taylor & Hessey were the publishers of the London Magazine, equal, in its day, to Blackwood. Of this firm, the senior partner, John Taylor, is well known as author of the clever book on The Identity of Junius, which was the first to show a strong case for fixing the authorship on Sir Philip Francis. At present (1854) Mr. Taylor is one of the firm of Taylor & Walton, publishers to the University of London.—M.

‡ The change denounced by the pamphleteer, which took a great deal of power from the Scottish Judges, (who sometimes used it in an arbitrary manner,) and invested juries with it, has since been gradually made, in Scotland, to the satisfaction of the public and the prevention and punishment of crime.—M.

North. Yes, Tim, and I assure you I think it the best pamphlet that has appeared anywhere this many a day. Tommy Kennedy, poor devil, is certainly both basted and dished to his heart's content at last.

Tickler. Ay, indeed. A proper fellow for a legislator—a Solon, with a witness, is Master Tommy! Whose is the pamphlet, by the way?

North. I don't know. Ebony, as usual, sports mum. Quite impenetrable, you know.

Tickler. Bless me, only look at Hogg!

Odoherty. What a grand repose! Why, the man sleeps like a very murderer. How the poor porker snores!

North. Poor James. He has ridden seven-and-thirty miles of a very rough road to-day, you must remember—and that at the tail of half a hundred kylies, too. What would not I give now, to be able to sleep in that style! You might blow up the castle, and he would not hear it—not one jot.

O fortunati Agricolæ, sua sit bona norint!

Odoherty. Why, Jem does know his own felicities. He' a very contented fellow, I must say that for him.

North. Not a better creature living—and yet you, you dog-faced devil, how you cut him. That paper on him and Campbell is really one of the most indefensible pieces of your blackguardism I have met with lately.* Fie, fie, Sir Morgan; men like these, sir, are not to be dealt with in such a ruffianly fashion. You may depend upon it, sir, neither England nor Scotland will endure to see Campbell or Hogg held up to that broad absurd sort of ridicule. 'Tis too base a paper.

Odoherty. You have not put it in, then?

North. Pooh! I put it in without scruple. Why should you not say your say?—I can answer it, however. 'Tis your own affair, sir, not mine. Editoring is a mere humbug, now-a-days. I must put in whatever you lads write, else I lose you. Heaven knows how often you go against my grain, all of you—but you, especially, Odoherty, ye're really a most reckless fellow when you take your pen in hand.

Odoherty. Ay, a proper distinction. I am courtesy itself when my fingers are clean. So indeed is Gifford himself, I hear. So was Byron. So was Peter Pindar.† All excellently well-bred, civil creatures over a tumbler.

* This was an article in Blackwood, for January, 1825, called "Scotch Poets, Hogg and Campbell, Hynde and Theodoric." A comparison was drawn between the two poets, personally and poetically. Bad rhymes by both were relentlessly pointed out, and extravagance of language exposed. The palm was given to Hogg—one ground being that he could drink "eight-and-twenty tumblers of punch, while Campbell is hazy upon seven." The article, by Maginn, is very abusive and amusing.—M.

† The late Dr. John Walcot, who, as "Peter Pindar," mercilessly and cleverly satirized the

Tickler. I don't understand your mixing me up with such company, North. For my part, I look on myself as a perfect Christian, compared to the like of Odoherty or Gifford.

North. Well, well, arrange your own precedence, Gents. So Gifford has at last laid aside the sceptre, Odoherty?

Odoherty. Sceptre, indeed! Murray always held the sceptre himself. Would you have two kings of Brentford?

North. No, no, I agree with the Mæonian. In all cases—

Εις Κοιρανος ἐσ-ω
Εις Βασιλευς ω ἑδωκε Κρονυ παις ἀγκολυμητεω
Εκητπρον τηδε θημισ-ας ἱνα σφισιν ἐυβασιλευη.

Odoherty. Do you know the successor in the Moravian prime ministry—Coleridge?*

Mullion. Is it the barrister or the parson? Pooh! I was forgetting, the parson is made a bishop of—is he not?

Odoherty. Yes, yes; the new Bishop of Botany Bay.

North. Of Barbadoes, if you please.

Odoherty. Ay, ay. They should have sent out a black bishop, as you once said, North.

Mullion. Clearly. So the barrister is to be editor? Will that mend his practice?

Odoherty. Dish it, of course. 'Tis not everybody can play the Jeffrey.

North. I hear he is a sensible, worthy young man. I hope he will find his shoulders broad enough. Make another jug, Morgan.

Tickler. They tell me he's a wonderful churchman. Even higher than the old one. Here, I'll make this jug. The last was too sweet.

North. Well, well. There are two or three first-rate articles in this last Number of Murray on ecclesiastical subjects—really first-rates—quite admirable; both the knowledge, and the sense, and the temper. This tone is the very thing to do good. Ring for some boiling water.

Tickler (*rings and gives his mandate*). I wonder why they don't grapple like men with some of the real questions going. Who cares a fig about the old canting ass, Newton?† Why don't they lay hand

peculiarities of George the Third. He had great readiness, some talent, much courage, no religious feeling, and little principle.—M.

* John T. Coleridge, nephew of the poet, succeeded William Gifford, in 1825, in the editorship of the Quarterly Review. He conducted that political and literary organ with ability for about a year, when his increasing practice at the English bar drew so largely upon his mind and time as to compel him to leave the Chair of Criticism. He was succeeded by John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. For some years past (and at present, 1854) Coleridge has been one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench, in England, and was knighted on his appointment. The Reverend Dr. Coleridge was made Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, in 1824, when the See was created by patent, and resigned, after some years' occupancy of that dignity, from ill health.—M.

† The Reverend John Newton (who, when curate of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, was the intimate friend of Cowper the poet) was originally master of a merchant vessel, next sailed

upon the Catholics? Why don't they treat the West Indies with something like vigor? Why have we nothing about the Greeks or the Spaniards?

Mullion. Or the Irish lads, my hearty?

Tickler. True, their mouths seem to be completely sealed up as to all the really stirring points. A cold-blooded, rancorous, cautious, cowardly pack! Give me the whiskey bottle, North.

Odoherty. There's Tickler himself for you! Why don't *you* grapple, as you call it, with some of those grand topics yourself, Mister Timotheus?—Do you want the sugar?

Tickler. Me? I hate all bothering topics. I like best to thrum away on my own old chords. Here, taste this, Baronet.

Odoherty. Very fair indeed. A single slice of the lemon-peel, if you please.

North. No acid in the jug. If you wish it, you may make a tumbler.

Odoherty. Pooh! I don't care a straw about it. It will do as it is. I only thought we might take advantage of Hogg's slumbers, to give ourselves the variety of a single round of punch-demy. Have you seen Hannah More's new book?*

North. On Prayer?—Oh yes, 'tis far her best. A really excellent treatise. It will live. That water could not have been boiling, Timothy. A plague on that waiter! He thought the brass kettle would look better, and so he has half spoiled our jorum.

Odoherty. I never yet met with what I could call a really bad jug of toddy. This, I assure you, is quite drinkable. You have made your mouth so hot with these pontets, that nothing appears more than lukewarm to you. Try another bumper.

North. Transeat. Look at Clavers. He absolutely imitates the very snore of his master.

Tickler. A fine old dog really. By the by, have you heard how Queen Hynde is doing?†

North. Very well, I believe; and no wonder. 'Tis certainly his best poem.

in the Guinea trade; by his own account, was a most wicked sinner while so concerned, and, eventually repenting, became so studious and religious that he took holy orders in the Church of England. He was ultra-Calvinistic in his principles, and, when he died, in 1807, held a benefice in London. Among his published works, which fill six octavo volumes, the best known is his "Cardiphonia, or the Utterance of the Heart."—M.

* Hannah More, who settled down into an eminent pietist, started as a dramatist and fashionable blue-stocking. When she had "turned the sharp corner of five-and-thirty," (the age when maidens are married or despairing,) she commenced the publication of moral and religious works, many of them of literary merit and great influence. Of one of her cheap tracts, called The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, over 150,000 copies were sold. Her latest work was that On Prayer, above mentioned. She realized about £30,000 by a school and by her pen, and, on her death, in 1833, aged 89, bequeathed £10,000 to charitable purposes and institutions.—M.

† Hogg's poem of "Queen Hynde," inferior only to the "Queen's Wake," was published in 1824. It contained a great deal of beauty and originality, with wonderful affluence of word painting, but never commanded a large sale nor extended popularity.—M.

Tickler. I have not had time to look into it. What with dinners, and so forth, I never get reading any thing at this time of the year.

Odoherty. 'Tis really a good, bold, manly sort of production. There's a vigor about him, even in the bad passages, that absolutely surprises one. On he goes, splash, splash—by Jupiter, there's a real thundering energy about the affair.

North. Hand me the volume, Ensign. That's it below Brewster's Journal.* Thank ye.

Tickler. I thought it had been a quarto.

North. No, no, that humbug is clean gone, at all events. No quarto poems now, Mr. Tickler.

Odoherty. Just read the opening paragraph. By jingo, I could hear it a hundred times.

North. There, read it yourself. I never could spout poetry.

Odoherty. I flatter myself I have a good deal of Coleridge's style of enunciation about me when I choose. Shall I sport this in my most moving manner?

North. Pooh! don't be a fool. Read it as it ought to be read. You have seldom read any thing more worthy of being treated with respect. Take off your tipple, and begin.

Odoherty (*reads*).

"There was a time—but it is gone!—
When he that sat on Albyn's throne
Over his kindred Scots alone
Upheld a father's sway:
Unmix'd and unalloy'd they stood
With plodding Pict of Cimbrian brood,
Or sullen Saxon's pamper'd blood,
Their bane on future day.
Nations arose, and nations fell,
But still his sacred citadel,
Of Grampian cliff and trackless dell,
The Caledonian held.
Grim as the wolf that guards his young,
Above the dark defile he hung,
With targe and claymore forward flung;
The stoutest heart, the proudest tongue,
Of foeman there was quell'd!
The plumed chief, the plaided clan,
Mock'd at the might of mortal man,—
Even those the world who overran
Were from that bourne expell'd.
Then stood the Scot unmoved and free,
Wall'd by his hills and sounding sea;
Child of the ocean and the wood,
The frith, the forest, gave him food;

* An Edinburgh periodical, exclusively devoted to science, and edited by Dr. (now Sir David) Brewster, inventor of the kaleidoscope, and now Principal of the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland.—M.

His couch the heath on summer even,
His coverlet the cloud of heaven,
While from the winter wind and sleet
The bothy was a shelter meet.
His home was in the desert rude,
His range the mountain solitude;
The sward beneath the forest tree
His revel-hall, his sanctuary;
His court of equity and right,
His tabernacle, was the height;
The field of fame his death-bed stern,
His cemetery the lonely cairn.
Such was the age, and such the day,
When young Queen Hynde, with gentle sway,
Ruled o'er a people bold and free,
From vale of Clyde to Oready.
The tale is old, but the event
Confirm'd by dreadful monument.
Her sire had eastern vales laid waste,
The Pict subdued, the Saxon chased,
And dying old and loved, resign'd
The sceptre to his lovely Hynde."

Tickler. Very beautiful indeed. There is a fine breadth and boldness of utterance about this.

North. Ay, indeed is there. Here, Odoherty, give me the book. You read the passage very well—very well indeed. This Queen Hynde, you see, Tickler, is left in rather a difficult situation. The Norse King comes over the sea to wed her, *vi et armis*, and her Majesty sets off for Icolmkill, to consult old Saint Columba, who was then and there in all his glory. She gets among all the old monks with her maids of honor about her, and pretty work there is of it. One impudent little cutty, of the name of Wicked Wene, is capitally touched off. *Lythe an l listen, lordlings free*—(*reads*).

"Come, view the barefoot group with me,
Kneeling upon one bended knee,
In two long piles—a lane between,
Where pass the maidens and their queen,
Up to the sacred altar stone,
Where good Columba stands alone.
There was one maiden of the train
Known by the name of Wicked Wene;
A lovely thing, of slender make,
Who mischief wrought for mischief's sake;
And never was her heart so pleased
As when a man she vex'd or teased.
By few at court she was approved,
And yet by all too well beloved;
So dark, so powerful was her eye,
Her mien so witching and so sly,
That every youth, as she inclined,
Was mortified, reserved, or kind;

This day would curse her in disdain,
And next would sigh for Wicked Wene.
No sooner had this fairy eyed
The looks demure on either side,
Than all her spirits 'gan to play
With keen desire to work deray.
Whene'er a face she could espy
Of more than meet solemnity,
Then would she tramp his crumpled toes,
Or, with sharp fillip on the nose,
Make the poor brother start and stare,
With watery eyes and bristling hair.
And yet this wayward elf the while
Inflicted all with such a smile,
That every monk, for all his pain,
Look'd as he wish'd it done again.
Saint Oran scarce the coil could brook;
With holy anger glow'd his look;
But, judging still the imp would cease,
He knit his brows, and held his peace.
At length the little demon strode
Up to a huge dark man of God;
Her soft hand on his temple laid,
To feel how fair his pulses play'd;
Then by the beard his face she raised,
And on the astonished beadsman gazed
With such enchantment, such address,
Such sly, insidious wickedness,
That, spite of insult and amaze,
Softer and softer wax'd his gaze,
Till all his stupid face was blent
With smile of awkward languishment.
Saint Oran saw—in trumpet tone
He cried—'Satan, avoid!—begone!
Hence!—all away! for, by the rood,
Ye're fiends in form of flesh and blood!'
Columba beckon'd; all was still.
Hynde knew the mover of the ill,
And, instant turning, looked for Wene:
'I told thee, girl, and tell again,
For once remember where thou art,
And be due reverence thy part.'—
Low bowed the imp with seemly grace,
And humbly showed to acquiesce;
But mischief on that lip did lie,
And sly dissemblage in the eye.
Scarce had her mistress ceased to speak,
When formed the dimple on her cheek,
And her keen glance did well bewray
Who next should fall the jackal's prey.
Saint Oran, woe be to the time
She marked thy purity sublime!"

Tickler. Wonderfully spirited, really. Why, this is infinitely better

than the narrative parts of the Queen's Wake. Hogg is improving, sirs.

North. To be sure he is—he has true stuff in him, lads. Hear again—(*reads.*)

"Ere that time, Wene, full silently,
Had slid up to Saint Oran's knee,
And ogled him with look so bland,
That all his efforts could not stand;
Such language hung on every glance,
Such sweet provoking impudence.
At first he tried with look severe
That silent eloquence to sear,
But little ween'd the fairy's skill,
He tried what was impossible!
His flush of wrath, and glance unkind,
Were anodynes unto her mind.
Then she would look demure, and sigh,
And sink in graceful courtesy;
Press both her hands on her fair breast,
And look what could not be express!
When o'er his frame her glance would stray,
He wist not what to do or say!
No one perceived the elf's despight,
Nor good Saint Oran's awkward plight.
So quick the motion of her eye,
All things at once she seemed to spy;
For Hynde, who loved her, wont to say,
For all her freaks by night and day,
Though mischief was her hourly meed,
She ne'er could catch her in the deed.
So instantly she wrought the harm,
Then, as by momentary charm,
Stood all composed, with simplest grace,
With look demure and thoughtful face,
As if unconscious of offence,
The statue of meek innocence!
Of Oran's wrath none saw the root,
The Queen went on, and all were mute."

Why, it's quite capital all this. The rhythm is quite animating.

Tickler. Perge. Another screed, Christopher. Shall I fill your glass?

North. Yes. Stir the fire, Odoherty. But softly, don't waken Clavers. "Gently stir." That will do, sir. Here goes the bard again.

"Scarce had he said the word *Amen*,
When petulant and pesterous Wene
Kneel'd on the sand and clasp'd his knee,
And thus address'd her earnest plea:—
'O, holy sire! be it my meed
With thee a heavenly life to lead;
Here do I crave to sojourn still,
A nun, or abbess, which you will;

For much I long to taste with thee
A life of peace and purity.
Nay, think not me to drive away,
For here I am, and here I'll stay,
To teach my sex the right to scan.
And point the path of truth to man.'—
'The path of truth!' Saint Oran cried,
His mouth and eyes distended wide;
It was not said, it was not spoke,
'Twas like a groan from prison broke,
With such a burst of rushing breath,
As if the pure and holy faith
Had by that maiden's fond intent
Been wholly by the roots uprent.—
'The path of truth!—O God of heaven
Be my indignant oath forgiven!
For, by thy vales of light I swear,
And all the saints that sojourn there,
If ever again a female eye
That pole-star of iniquity,
Shed its dire influence through our fane,
In it no longer I remain.
'Were God for trial here to throw
Man's ruthless and eternal foe,
And ask with which I would contend,
I'd drive thee hence, and take the fiend!
The devil, man may hold at bay,
With book, and bead, and holy lay;
But from the snare of woman's wile,
Her breath, and sin-uplifted smile—
No power of man may 'scape that gin,
His foe is in the soul within.
'O! if beside the walks of men,
In greenwood glade, and mountain-glen,
Rise weeds so fair to look upon,
Woe to the land of Caledon!
Its strength shall waste, its vitals burn,
And all its honors overturn.
Go, get thee from our coast away,
Thou floweret of a scorching day!
Thou art, if mien not thee belies,
A demon in an angel's guise.'—
'Angels indeed!' said Lachlan Dhu,
As from the strand the boat withdrew.
Lachlan was he whom Wene address'd,
Whose temple her soft hand had press'd;
Whose beard she caught with flippant grace,
And smiled upon his sluggish face.
A burning sigh his bosom drew!
'Angels indeed!' said Lachlan Dhu.—
'Lachlan,' the Father cried with heat,
'Thou art a man of thoughts unmeet!
For that same sigh, and utterance too,
Thou shalt a grievous penance do.
Angels, forsooth!—O God, I pray,

Such blooming angels keep away!'—
Lachlan turn'd round in seeming pain,
Look'd up to heaven, and sigh'd again!
From that time forth, it doth appear,
Saint Oran's penance was severe;
He fasted, pray'd, and wept outright,
Slept on the cold stone all the night:
And then, as if for error gross,
He caused them bind him to the cross,
Unclothe his back, and, man by man,
To lash him till the red blood ran.
But then, or yet in after time,
No one could ever learn his crime;
Each keen inquiry proved in vain,
Though all supposed he dream'd of Wene.
Alas, what woes her mischief drew
On Oran and on Lachlan Dhu!
Sweet maiden, I thy verdict claim;
Was not Saint Oran sore to blame
For so inflicting pains condign?
O think, if such a doom were thine!
Of thy day-thoughts I nothing know,
Nor of thy dreams—and were it so,
They would but speak thy guileless core
And I should love thee still the more.
But ah! if I were scourged to be
For every time I dream of thee,
Full hardly would thy poet thrive!
Harsh is his song that's flay'd alive!
Then let us breathe the grateful vow,
That stern Saint Oran lives not now.
The sun went down, the bark went slow,
The tide was high, the wind was low;
And ere they won the Sound of Mull,
The beauteous group grew mute and dull.
Silent they lean'd against the prow,
And heard the gurgling waves below,
Playing so near with chuckling freak,
They almost ween'd it wet the cheek;
One single inch 'twixt them and death,
They wonder'd at their cordial faith!
During the silent, eiry dream,
This tedious sailing with the stream,
Old Ila Glas his harpstrings rung,
With hand elate, and puled and sung
A direful tale of woe and weir,
Of bold unearthly mountaineer;
A lay full tiresome, stale and bare,
As most of northern ditties are:
I learn'd it from a bard of Mull,
Who deem'd it high and wonderful
'Tis poor and vacant as the man;
I scorn to say it though I can.
Maid of Dunedin, thou may'st see,
Though long I strove to pleasure thee,

That now I've changed my timid tone,
And sing to please myself alone;
And thou wilt read, when, well I wot,
I care not whether you do or not.
'Yes, I'll be querulous or boon,
Flow with the tide, change with the moon;
For what am I, or what art thou,
Or what the cloud and radiant bow,
Or what are waters, winds, and seas,
But elemental energies?
The sea must flow, the cloud descend,
The thunder burst, the rainbow bend,
Not when they would, but when they can,
Fit emblems of the soul of man!
Then let me frolic while I may,
The sportive vagrant of a day;
Yield to the impulse of the time,
Be it a toy, or theme sublime;
Wing the thin air or starry sheen,
Sport with the child upon the green;
Dive to the sea-maid's coral dome,
Or fairy's visionary home;
Sail on the whirlwind or the storm,
Or trifle with the maiden's form
Or raise up spirits of the hill,
But only if, and when I will.
Say, may the meteor of the wild,
Nature's unstaid, erratic child,
That glimmers o'er the forest fen,
Or twinkles in the darksome glen—
Can that be bound? can that be rein'd?
By cold ungenial rules restrain'd?
No!—leave it o'er its ample home,
The boundless wilderness, to roam!
To gleam, to tremble, and to die:
'Tis Nature's error, so am I!"

Heyho! the jug, the jug!

Tickler. There—why, all this is quite the thing—the very thing. Is the poem equal, North?

North. Of course not. 'Tis Hogg's. There are many things in it as absurd as possible—some real monstrosities of stuff—but on the whole, this, sir, is James Hogg's masterpiece, and that is saying something, I guess. There is a more sustained vigor and force over the whole strain than he ever could hit before; and though, perhaps, there is nothing quite so charming as my Bonny Kilmeny that was but a ballad by itself—while here, sir, here we have a real workmanlike poem—a production regularly planned, and powerfully executed. Sir, James Hogg will go down as one of the true worthies of the age.

Tickler. Who doubts it? Keep us a', the jug is out again! Come, Christopher, I'll try the thing once more, if you'll read, while my fingers are at work.

North. Nay, nay, fair play's a jewel. Give me the materials, Tim. Here, Sir Morgan, you shall read, while I *create*. Give me the bottle, I say. This shall be *ditto!*

Tickler. "Like coats in heraldry, two of the first."—Shakspeare! *hem!*

North. Esto. There, Odoherty, read what I have marked.

Odohertu. "——*ινα σφισιν ἐμβασιλευῃ*!"—hem!—

"Whoe'er in future time shall stray
O'er these wild valleys, west away,
Where first, by many a trackless strand,
The Caledonian held command;
Where ancient Lorn, from northern shores
Of Clyde to where Glen-Connel roars,
Presents in frowning majesty
Her thousand headlands to the sea;
O traveller! whomsoe'er thou art,
Turn not aside, with timid heart,
At Connal's tide, but journey on
To the old site of Beregon;
I pledge my word, whether thou lovest
The poet's tale, or disapprovest,
So short, so easy is the way,
The scene shall well thy pains repay.
There shalt thou view on rock sublime
The ruins gray of early time,
Where, frowning o'er the foamy flood,
The mighty halls of Selma stood;
And mark a valley stretching wide,
Inwall'd by cliffs on either side,
By curving shore, where billows broke,
And triple wall, from rock to rock.
Low in that strait, from bay to bay,
The ancient Beregonium lay.
Old Beregon! what soul so tame
Of Scot that warms not at thy name?
Or where the bard, of northern clime,
That loves not songs of Selma's time?
Yes, while so many legends tell
Of deeds, and woes, that there befell,
These ruins shall be dear to fame,
And brook the loved, the sacred name.
Nay, look aronnd, on green-sea wave,
On cliff, and shelve, which breakers lave;
On stately towers and ruins gray,
On moat, and island, glen, and bay;
On remnants of the forest pine,
Old tenants of that mountain reign;
On cataract and shaggy mound,
On mighty mountains far around
Jura's fair bosom, form'd and full,
The dark and shapeless groups of Mull;
Others far north, in haze that sink,

Proud Nevis, on Lochaber's brink,
And blue Cruachan, bold and riven,
In everlasting coil with heaven.
View all the scene, and view it well,
Consult thy memory, and tell
If on the earth exists the same,
Or one so well deserves the name.*
Thou still may'st see, on looking round,
That, saving from the northern bound,
Where stretch'd the suburbs to the muir,
The city stood from foes secure.
North on Bornean height was placed
King Eric's camp, o'er heathery waste;
And on Barvulen's ridge behind
Rock'd his pavilion to the wind,
Where royal banners, floating high
Like meteors, stream'd along the sky."

By Jericho, this is almost as good as a bit of Marmion. Fine mouthable apothegms, as he would call them.

North. The Shepherd has some grand notes about the Celtic capital of Beregon, or Beregonium. Would ye believe it, Tickler, he talks of their having discovered some of the old water-pipes lately, where the streets were: and all this anno five hundredesimo, or so?

Hogg (*rousing*). Hech—eeaueeooeeyaaahee—hech yaw-aw-aw-ee—what's that you're saying about the water-pipes of Beregonium?

Odoherty. North was only remarking that you had made a small mistake—they turn out to be the gas-pipes, Hogg, that's all.

Hogg. Like aneugh. I never saw them mysell. But how can ane tell a gas-pipe frae a water-pipe?

Odoherty. Smaller in the bore, you know. And besides, the stink is still quite discernible. Professor Leslie and Dr. Brewster are hot as to the question whether it had been oil-gas, or coal-gas. You must read that controversy ere your second edition come out.

Hogg. Certainly, will I. Do they quote Queen Hynde meikle?

Odoherty. Thumping skreeds of her. Upon my word, Hogg, we are all quite delighted with Queen Hynde.

Hogg. Toots, man. Ay, I can make as braw poetry as ony ane o' them a', when I like to tak the fash. I've a far better ane than the Queen on the stocks, out by yonder. I was just wearied wi' writing sae mony prose novels—it's just a pleasure to me to be skelping awa' at the auld treed again.

Tickler. Odoherty has been reading us some of your best passages. I am heartily charmed, Hogg; I wish you joy, with all my soul.

Hogg. Wha the mischief set him on reading me? I'm sure he never could read ony thing in a decent-like way since he was cleckit.

* *Selma* signifies The Beautiful View; *Beregon*, or *Perecon*, as it is pronounced, The Serpent of the Strait.—Hogg.

Rax me the Queen, and I'll let you hear a bit that will gar your hearts dinnle again—rax me the Queen, I say.' Here's to ye a'—o' that's clean pushion—rax me the Queen—wha made that awfu' jug?—I'll read you a real chiffoover noo. Ay, here's the bit. I see it's marked wi' the keelavine.* That's some sense, hooever—oo ay, I see it's Mr. North's ain copy—I kent it wad never be yours, Captain; ye have na the discretion to pick out a piece like this. Ye wad never ken't by the lave—(*reads ore rotundissimo.*)

"No muse was ever invoked by me,
But an uncouth harp of olden key;
And with her have I ranged the Border green,
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen,
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,
And ragged coat with its waving wings;
Yet aye my heart beat light and high
When an air of heaven in passing by
Breathed on the mellow chords; and then
I knew it was no earthly strain,
But note of wild mysterious kind,
From some blest land of unbodied mind.
But whence it flew, or whether it came
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,
Or tuneful angels passing away
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,
And the sunbeam kiss'd its humid breast,
In vain I look'd to the cloud overhead,
To the echoing mountain dark and dread;
To the sun-fawn fleet, or aërial bow,—
I knew not whence were the strains till now.
They were from thee, thou radiant dame,
O'er fancy's region that reign'st supreme;
Thou lovely Queen of beauty most bright,
And of everlasting new delight,
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee,
Of all that pleases,
And all that teases,
And all that we fret at, yet love to see!
In petulance, pity, and love refined,
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!
O come to my bower, here deep in the dell,
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell;
Even now thou seest, and smilest to see,
A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;
But sure thou wilt come with thy gleesome train,
To assist in his last and lingering strain:
O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,
And ope to the light of the modest moon!

* *Keelavine*—A pen; pencil of black or red lead.—M

O well I know the enchanting mien
Of my loved muse, my Fairy Queen!
Her rokelay of green, with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moonbeam, and weft of the dew
Her smile, where a thousand witcheries play,
And her eye, that steals the soul away;
The strains that tell they were never mundane,
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;
For oft have I heard their tinklings light,
And oft have I seen her at noon of the night,
With her beauteous elves in the pale moonlight.
Then, thou who raisedst old Edmund's lay
Above the strains of the olden day;
And wakedst the bard of Avon's theme
To the visions of his Midnight Dream—
Yea, even the harp that rang abroad
Through all the paradise of God,
And the sons of the morning with it drew,
By thee was remodelled, and strung anew—
O come on thy path of the starry ray,
Thou Queen of the land of the gloaming gray,
And the dawning's mild and pallid hue,
From thy valleys beyond the land of the dew,
The realm of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that fancy roams!
I have sought for thee in the blue hare-bell,
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell;
For I fear'd thou hadst drunk of its potion deep,
And the breeze of the world had rock'd thee asleep;
Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye,
And trembled because the prickles were nigh,
And deem'd the specks on its foliage green
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;
Then gazing, wondered if blood might be
In an immortal thing like thee!
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,
And sought the hyacinth's virgin breast;
Then anxious lain on the dewy lea,
And looked to a twinkling star for thee,
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
Streaming in purple and glowing in green;
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.
Then would I sigh and turn me around,
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,
To the little air-springs of central birth,
That bring low murmurs out of the earth;
And there would I listen, in breathless way,
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,
And the little blackamoor pioneer,
A grubbing his way in darkness drear:
Nought cheered me on which the daylight shone,
For the children of darkness moved alone!
Yet neither in field, nor in flowery heath,
In heaven above, nor in earth beneath,

In star, nor in moon, nor in midnight wind,
His elvish Queen could her minstrel find.
But now I have found thee, thou vagrant thing,
Though where I neither dare say nor sing;
For it was in a home so passing fair,
That an angel of light might have lingered there:
I found thee playing thy freakish spell
Where the sun never shone, and the rain never fell,
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,
And never was kissed by the breeze of day;—
It was sweet as the woodland breeze of even,
And pure as the star of the western heaven,
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.
Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,
Though thy spirits yell on the midnight steep;
Though the earth should quake when nature is still,
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill;
Though the moon should frown through a pall of gray,
And the stars fling blood in the milky way;
Since now I have found thee, I'll hold thee fast,
Till thou garnish my song—it is the last!"

—There's a strain for you, lads. What say ye to that ane, Mr. Tickler? Did Byron ever come that length, think ye? Deil a foot of him. Deil a foot of ane o' them.

Odoherty. It certainly can't be denied, that when you please, you outstrip the whole pack of them.

Hogg. Every mither's son o' them. Hoots! hoots!—od, man, if I did but really pit furth my strength, ye wad see something—

Tickler (*aside*). Preposterous vanity!—ha! ha! ha! ha! hah!

North. Come, James, you must not talk thus when you go out into the town. It may pass here, but the public will laugh at you. You have no occasion for this sort of trumpeting neither, no, nor for any sort of trumpeting. Sir, you have produced an unequal, but, on the whole, a most spirited poem. Sir, there are passages in this volume that will kindle the hearts of our children's children. James Hogg, I tell you honestly, I consider you to be a genuine poet.

Hogg (*sobbing*). You're ower gude to me, sir, you're clean ower gude to me—I canna bide to expose mysell this way before ye a'. Gie me your haund, sir; gie me your haund too, Mr. Tickler. Och, sirs! och, sirs! (*Weeps.*)

North. Come, Hogg, you know old Grizzy has a bed for you, this time. You shall go home with me to James's Court. Come away, James. (*Aside.*) What a jewel it is, Timothy. (*Exeunt.*)

No. XIX.—MARCH, 1825.

Blue Parlour—Midnight—Watchman heard crying One o'clock.

NORTH—TICKLER—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—*The Middle Term asleep.*

North. The old gentleman is fairly dished. Pray, are you a great dreamer, James? Your poetry is so very imaginative that I should opine your sleep to be haunted by many visions, dismal and delightful.

Shepherd. I never dream between the blankets. To me sleep has no separate world.* It is as a transient mental annihilation. I snore, but dream not. What is the use of sleep at all, if you are to toss and tumble, sigh and groan, shudder and shriek, and agonize in the convolutions of night mayoralty? I lie all night like a stone, and in the morning up I go, like a dewy leaf before the zephyr's breath, glittering in the sunshine.

North. Whence are all your poetic visions, James, of Kilmeny,† and Hynde, and the Chaldee manuscript?

Shepherd. Genius,—genius, my dear sir. May not a man dream, when he is awake, better dreams than when sleep dulls and deadens both cerebrum and cerebellum? Oh, happy days that I have lain on the green hillside, with my plaid around me, best mantle of inspiration, my faithful Hector sitting like a very Christian by my side,

* Byron and Hogg were conflicting upon this point. In that most mournful as well as picturesque story of a life, entitled "The Dream," the former says:

"Our life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wild realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the Past,—they speak
Like Sibyls of the Future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows."—M.

† Hogg's Kilmeny, the gem of his "Queen's Wake," is one of the most fanciful, dreamy and delightful of modern poems, with its rhythm gliding on softly as a lover's barque, in the calm moonlight, upon a waveless lakelet.—M.

glowring far aff into the glens after the sheep, or aiblins* lifting up his ee to the gled hovering close aneath the marbled roof of clouds,—bonny St. Mary's Loch† lying like a smile below, and a softened sun, scarcely warmer than the moon hersel, adorning without dazzling the day, over the heavens and the earth—a beuk o' auld ballants,‡ as yellow as the cowslips, in my hand or my bosom, and maybe, sir, my ink-horn dangling at the button-hole, a bit stump o' pen, nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe, in my mouth, and a piece o' paper, torn out o' the hinder-end of a volume, crunkling on my knee,—on such a couch, Mr. North, hath your Shepherd seen visions and dreamed dreams; but his een were never stecked; and I continued aye to see and to hear a' outward things, although scarcely conscious at the time o' their real nature, so bright, wavering, and unsure-like was the hail livin' world, frae my lair on the knowe§ beside the clear spring, to the distant weather-gleam. (*The Shepherd drinks.*) This is the best jug I have made yet, sir.

North. Have you been writing any poetry lately, James? The unparalleled success of Queen Hynde must have inspired my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. Success! She's no had muckle o' that, man. Me and Wordsworth are aboon the age we live in—it's no worthy o' us; but wait a whyleock—wait only for a thousand years, or thereabouts, Mr. North, and you'll see who will have speeled‖ to the tap o' the tree.

North. Nay, James, you are by far too popular at present to be entitled to posthumous fame. You are second only to Byron. But tell me, have you written any thing since the Burning of Beregonium?

Shepherd. Do you wish to hear an Ode to the Devil?

North. Nothing more. Look fiendish, James, and suit the action to the word. You have not imitated Burns?

Shepherd. Me imitate Burns! Faith, no!¶—Just let me tak a caulker o' the Glenlivet before I begin spootin'. Noo for't. (*Puts himself in attitude, and spouts.*)

HYMN TO THE DEVIL.

Speed thee, speed thee!
Liberty lead thee!
Many this night shall hearken and heed thee.

* *Aiblins*—perhaps.—M.

† The Ettrick Shepherd's residence was close to this "bonny St. Mary's Loch lying like a smile below," upon which Wordsworth's swan

"Floats double,—swan and shadow."

There is far more than the luxurious *dolce far niente* of soft Italian life and leisure in this gentle description of a poet's day-dreams.—M.

‡ *Ballants*—ballads. § *Knowe*—rising ground. ‖ *Speel*—to climb.

¶ Except when avowedly imitating,—as in the Poetic Mirror, and his songs in the manner of olden minstrelsy,—Hogg was as original as any writer of his time.—M.

Far abroad,
Demigod,
What shall appal thee?
Javel, or Devil, or how shall we call thee?
Thine the night voices of joy and of weeping,
The whisper awake, and the vision when sleeping:
The bloated kings of the earth shall brood
On princedoms and provinces bought with blood,
Shall slubber, and snore, and to-morrow's breath
Shall order the muster and march of death:
The trumpets shall sound, and the gonfalons flee,
And thousands of souls step home to thee.
Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

The warrior shall dream of battle begun,
Of field-day and foray, and foeman undone;
Of provinces sacked, and warrior store,
Of hurry and havoc, and hampers of ore;
Of captive maidens for joys abundant,
And ransom vast when these grow redundant.
Hurray! for the foray. Fiends ride forth a-souling,
For the dogs of havoc are yelping and yowling.
Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Make the beadsman's dream
With pleasure to teem;
To-day and to-morrow
He has but one aim,
And 'tis still the same, and 'tis still the same.
But well thou know'st the sot's demerit,
His richness of flesh, and his poorness of spirit;
And well thy images thou canst frame,
On canvas of pride, with pencil of flame:
A broad demesne is a view of glory,
For praying a soul from purgatory:
And, oh, let the dame be fervent and fair,
Amorous, and righteous, and husband beware!
For there's a confession so often repeated,
The eyes are enlightened, the life-blood is heated.
Hish!—Hush!—soft foot and silence,
The sons of the abbot are lords of the Highlands.
Thou canst make lubbard and lighthead agree,
Wallow a while, and come home to thee.
Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Where goest thou next, by hamlet or shore,
When kings, when warriors, and priests are o'er?
These for thee have the most to do,
And these are the men must be looked unto.
On courtier deign not to look down,
Who swells at a smile, and faints at a frown.
With noble maid stay not to parle,
But give her one glance of the golden arle.
Then, oh, there's a creature thou needs must see,
Upright, and saintly, and stern is she!

'Tis the old maid, with visage demure,
With cat on her lap, and dogs on the floor;
Master, she'll prove a match for thee,
With her psalter, and crosier, and Ave Mari.
Move her with things above and below,
Tickle her and tease her from lip to toe;
Should all prove vain, and nothing can move,
If dead to ambition, and cold to love,
One passion still success will crown,
A glorious energy all thine own!
'Tis envy; a die that never can fail
With children, matron, or maiden stale.
Show them in dreams from night to day
A happy mother, and offspring gay;
Show them the maiden in youthful prime,
Followed and wooed, improving her time;
And their hearts will sicken with envy and spleen,
A leprous jaundice of yellow and green:
And though frightened for hell to a boundless degree,
They'll singe their dry periwigs yet with thee.
Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Where goest thou next? Where wilt thou hie thee?
Still there is rubbish enough to try thee.
Whisper the matron of lordly fame,
There's a greater than she in splendor and name;
And her bosom shall swell with the grievous load,
And torrents of slander shall volley abroad,
Imbued with venom and bitter despair:
O sweet are the sounds to the Prince of the Air!
Reach the proud yeoman a bang with a spear,
And the tippling burgess a yerk on the ear;
Put fees in the eye of the poisoning leech,
And give the dull peasant a kick on the breech.
As for the flush maiden, the rosy elf,
You may pass her by, she will dream of herself,
But that all be gain and nothing loss,
Keep eye on the men with the cowl and the cross;
Then shall the world go swimming before thee,
In a full tide of liberty, license and glory.
Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Hail, patriot spirit! thy labors be blest!
For of all great reformers, thyself wert the first
Thou wert the first, with discernment strong,
To perceive that all rights divine were wrong;
And long hast thou spent thy sovereign breath,
In heaven above and in earth beneath,
And roared it from thy burning throne,
The glory of independence alone;
Proclaiming to all, with fervor and irony,
That kingly dominion's all humbug and tyranny
And whoso listeth may be free,
For freedom, full freedom's the word with thee!
That life has its pleasures—the rest is a sham,
And all that comes after a flim and a flam!

Speed thee, speed thee!
Liberty lead thee!
Many this night shall hearken and heed thee.
Hie abroad,
Demigod;
Who shall defame thee?
King of the Elements! how shall we name thee?

North. Delicious, James—delicious! That's above Barry Cornwall.*

Shepherd. Him, indeed! Why, Mr. North, he daur na mair speak o' the deevil in that gate, than tak the Sun by the horns when he has entered Taurus.

North. Admirably spoken, most astronomical of Chaldeans.

Shepherd. I ken as muckle about the heathen mythology as Barry Cornwall does; but wha ever hears me taking ony of their names in vain? It is a great sign o' weakness in ony poet o' the present day to be rinnin' awa back into antiquity, when there's sae strong a spirit of life hotchin' ower yearth and sea in this very century.

North. Barry Cornwall is one of my pet poets—quite a love; he is so free from every thing like affectation. I see, in the Autographs of the Living Poets, in Watts's Souvenir, first, Barry Cornwall, and immediately after that immortal name, B. W. Procter—no more like each other than a pea and a bean. What think you of that? Who is B. W. Procter? This is rather too much.

Shepherd. It's just maist intolerable impertinence. What right has he to tak up the room o' two autographs for his ain share? But wha's C. Colton? I see his name in the Literary Souvenir.

North. Author of Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; a work that is advertised to be in the thirteenth edition, and I never have seen any man who has seen a copy of it.† I begin to doubt its existence.

* Bryan Walter Procter (whose *nom de plume* is Barry Cornwall) was Byron's schoolfellow at Harrow. In 1815 he published a small volume of Dramatic Sketches. In 1821 his tragedy, "Mirandola," more poetic than dramatic, was acted at Covent Garden Theatre. He wrote a narrative poem called "Marcian Colonna," and a mythological story entitled "The Flood of Thessaly." In 1830 his song of The Sea (set to music by Chevalier Neukomm and sung by Henry Phillips) won immediate and immense popularity, and song-writing seems to be his forte. He also wrote a very middling "Life of Edmund Kean." Through the influence of Basil Montagu, whose daughter he married, Mr. Procter, who is a barrister, received the lucrative office of Commissioner of Lunacy, which (1854) he still holds.—M.

† "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words," was an octavo, published by Longman, in London, in 1820. Byron, who had no great opinion of it, used to transpose the words composing its name, and call it "Few Things in Many Words." As the work has been republished and is well known in America, I give some particulars of the author, partly from personal knowledge, partly from "The Working-Man's Way in the World," written by one who knew him well in England and France. Caleb C. Colton was an Englishman, so well educated that he obtained a fellowship in King's College, Cambridge. Entering the Church, he obtained a benefice in Devonshire, and wrote a satirical poem called "Hypocrisy," which was said to have been an appropriate subject, for he would preach an eloquent and sin-denouncing sermon on the Sabbath, moving his hearers to tears, and gallop off the next morning with jockeys, blacklegs, or dicers to the race-course, the cock-fight, or the gaming-table. In another poem, called "Napoleon,' he violently declaimed against the Exile of St. Helena. Called on to attend the sick-bed of a boon companion, he attempted to administer the consolation of prayer, but, with oaths and curses, the invalid blasphemed religion, which he said, like the lives of its

Shepherd. Nae beuk ever went into a real, even-down, *bonny fide* thretteen edition in this world, forbye the Bible, Shakspeare, and John Bunyan. It's a confounded lie—and that's "mony things in few words."

North. Colton is a clergyman and a bankrupt wine-merchant, an E. O. player, a dicer, and friend of the late W. Weare, Esq., murdered by that atrocious Whig, Jack Thurtell.

Shepherd. Hu!s!

North. Poz. Ever since his disappearance, laudatory paragraphs about this living and absent poet, evidently sent by himself to the gentlemen of the press, have been infesting the public prints—all puffs of Lacon! Let him show himself once more in London, and then I have a few words to whisper publicly into the ear of the Rev. C. Colton, author of Hypocrisy, a Satire, &c.

Shepherd. What for are you lookin' so fierce and fearsome? But let's change the subject. Wad ye advise me to read Highways and By-ways?

North. Yes, James. They are very spirited and amusing volumes, written by a gentleman and a scholar. Grattan is a fine fellow—a Whig, to be sure—but every man has his failing—and I cannot but like him for his very name.*

Shepherd. I thocht he would be a good author, for I saw him abused like a tinkler in that feckless fouter, Taylor.

professors, was a lie, and called on Colton to admit the truth of what he said. He was not so lost as to deny the Revelation which he had to preach, and the dying drunkard's last breath cursed him as a hypocrite and recreant. The horror of this death-bed smiting on Colton's mind, he determined to reform, preached a sermon in which he solemnly announced his purpose of leading a new life, and firmly held his purpose for some months, during which he wrote "Lacon." Gradually he resumed many of his old and evil habits, and crowned all, in the way of winning public contempt, by publishing a pamphlet entitled "A Plain and Authentic Narrative of the Stampford Ghost," in which he endeavored to prove that the mysterious rappings at a house at Stampford Peverell, near Tiverton, were the work of supernatural agency! Leaving Devonshire, he was made Vicar of Kew-cum-Petersham, in Surrey, and being thus brought within a short distance of London, plunged into its excesses. At the gaming-table, and in other and worse haunts of vice, Colton made the acquaintance of John Thurtell, who was subsequently hanged for the murder of William Weare, at Gill's Hill, in Hertfordshire. When this dark deed was done, Colton was not to be found, and suspicion arose that Thurtell's gang had robbed and killed him also. It transpired that he had fled from his creditors, and he was duly gazetted, albeit a clergyman, as a wine-merchant. He resided in New-York for some time, was deprived of his benefice in 1828, and finally went to live at Paris, where he devoted himself to gambling, which he pursued on a system invented by himself, and based upon mathematical principles. Shortly before the Revolution of 1830, Colton had won and laid by the sum of £25,000, and then abandoned gambling. In his own "Lacon" he had written thus: "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven." Strangely enough, Colton perished by his own hand. He had lived too fast, and his excesses coming against him at last, a surgical operation, attended with no danger, was considered necessary to restore his health. Dreading the pain, and careless of life, he blew his brains out while on a visit to a friend at Fontainebleau, in 1832. He had abilities far above what men usually possess, but was wholly devoid of religious feeling, principle, and faith.—M.

* Thomas Colley Grattan, an Irishman, and author of several popular works of fiction, and a tragedy called "Ben Nazir," produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1827, and unsuccessful, in consequence of Kean, who was to have taken the principal character, either not having learned the language of the part, or having wholly forgotten it. Mr. Grattan was British Consul at Boston for several years, and, on his resignation, had interest sufficient to obtain his son's nomination to the same office.—M.

North. Of course—he writes for Colburn.

Shepherd. Hech, sirs! but that's awfu' mean—but I was jalousin' as much. Oh! Mr. North—my dear freen', I was sorry, sorry when Knight's Quarterly Magazine took a pain in its head, and gied a wamle ower the counter in the dead-thraws.* It was rather incomprehensible to me, for the maist part, wi' its Italian literature, and the lave o't; but the contributors were a set o' spunkie chiels—collegians, as I understan', frae Cambridge College. What's become o' them now that their Journal is dead?

North. I think I see them, like so many resurrection men, digging up the Album.† Yes, Hogg, they are clever, accomplished chaps, with many little pleasing impertinencies of their own, and may make a figure. How asinine, not to have marched a levy *en masse* into Ebony's *sanctum sanctorum!*

Shepherd. I never thocht o' that before. So it was. But then ye behave sae cavalierly to contributors! It's a horrible thing to be buried alive in the Balaam-Box!

North. By the way, James, that Ode to the Devil of yours makes me ask you if you have seen Dr. Hibbert's book on Apparitions?

Shepherd. Ghosts?—no. Is't gude?

North. Excellent. The Doctor first gives a general view of the particular morbid affections with which the production of phantoms is often connected.

Shepherd. What—the blude and stomach?

North. Just so, James. Apparitions are likewise considered by him as nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions.‡

Shepherd. Does the Doctor daur to say that there are nae real ghosts? If sae, he needna come out to Ettrick. I've heard that failo-

* *Dead-thraws*—last agonies.—M.

† Taylor's was the London Magazine. Mr. Grattan contributed largely to Colburn's New Monthly, which gave his portrait. In Knight's Quarterly Magazine (called after Charles Knight, now one of the editors of Shakspeare) Macaulay, Praed, Moultrie, and other authors, first appeared in print. Macaulay's splendid lyric on the Battle of Ivry (in the War of the League) was one of his earliest contributions. This admirable periodical completed only three volumes, which are rarely to be obtained, even at a high price, in England. Nearly the same band of contributors attempted to revive it as "The Album," but that was more short-lived than even the Quarterly Magazine. Nearly all these writers were contemporaries at Cambridge, and possessed vivacity and versatility, as well as talent, to a very large extent.—M.

‡ In "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," by Sir Walter Scott, published in 1830, this theory was partially elaborated. In Scott's Diary, under date December 12th, 1825, we have the following: "An odd optical delusion has amused me these last two nights. I have been of late, for the first time, condemned to the constant use of spectacles. Now, when I have laid them aside, to slip into a room dimly lighted, out of the strong light which I use for writing, I have seen, or seemed to see, through the rims of the same spectacles which I have left behind me. At first the impression was so lively that I put my hands to my eyes, believing I had the actual spectacles on at the moment. But what I saw was only the eidolon or image of said useful servants. This fortifies some of Dr. Hibbert's positions about spectral appearances." In the Letters on Demonology is a description of a deception of sight which made Scott fancy, from a *deceptio visus*, that he saw a figure of Lord Byron stand in the hall at Abbotsford: on approaching it the figure resolved itself into the various materials of which it was composed; namely, a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall.—M.

sophers say there is nae satisfactory evidence of the existence of flesh-and-blude men, (rax me ower the loaf, I want a shave,) but o' the existence o' ghosts and fairies I never heard before that the proof was counted defective. I've seen scores o' them, baith drunk and sober.

North. Well, Hogg *versus* Hibbert. Sam very ingeniously points out that, in well-authenticated ghost stories, of a supposed supernatural character, the ideas which are rendered so unduly intense, as to induce pectral illusions, may be traced to such fantastical agents of prior belief as are incorporated in the various systems of superstition, which for ages possessed the minds of the vulgar.

Shepherd. There may be some sense in that, after a'. What mair does the Doctor say?

North. Why, James, my friend Hibbert is something of a metaphysician, although he pins his faith too slavishly on some peculiar dogmas of the late Dr. Brown.*

Shepherd. Metafeesics are ae thing, and poetry anither; but Dr. Brown was a desperate bad poet, Mr. North, and it would tak some trouble to convince me that he knew muckle about human nature, either the quick or the dead.

North. James, you are mistaken. However, my friend Hibbert well observes, that since apparitions are ideas equalling or exceeding in vividness actual impressions, there ought to be some important and definite laws of the mind which have given rise to this undue degree of violence. These he undertakes to explain, and he does so—with the qualification I mention—ingeniously, and even satisfactorily.

Shepherd. That's a'thegither aboon my capacity. What would become of the Doctor's theory, if he had ever sleepit a' night, three in a bed, wi' twa ghosts, as I hae done? They were baith o' them a confunded deal mair vivid than ony bygone actual impressions, or sensations, or ideas, or any ither words of that outlandish lingua. Can an idea nip a man's thees† black and blue, and rug out a handfu' o' hair out o' the head o' him? Neither Dr. Brown nor Dr. Hibbert will gar me believe ony thing sae unwise-like.

North. The last object, James, of the Doctor's ingenious dissertation was to have established this:—That all the subordinate incidents connected with the phantoms, might be explained on the following general principle: that in every undue excitement of our feelings, (as, for instance, when ideas become more vivid than actual impression,) the operations of the intellectual faculty of the mind sustain corresponding modifications, by which the efforts of the judgment are rendered proportionably incorrect.

* Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, died in 1820, and was succeeded by John Wilson. His reputation, which rests on his treatise "On the Philosophy of the Human Mind," was not *greatly* increased by his poem, "The Paradise of Coquettes."—M.

† *Thees*—thighs.—M.

Shepherd. And does Dr. Hibbert make that weel out?

North. No. He very truly and prudently observes, that an object of this nature cannot be attempted but in connection *with almost all the phenomena of the human mind.* To pursue the inquiry, therefore, any farther, would be to make a dissertation on apparitions the absurd vehicle of a regular system of metaphysics.

Shepherd. That would be maist ridiculous, indeed. Neither could the Doctor, honest man, hope to accomplish such a task before he was an apparition himself. But the beuk must be a curious ane, indeed, and you must gie me a reading of it.

North. I will. The second edition, I hear, is printing by Oliver and Boyd, with a somewhat new and much-improved arrangement of the metaphysical matter.

Shepherd. Sir, I wish there was ony waukening o' Mr. Tickler. It's no like him to fa' asleep. Whisht! whisht! Hear till him! hear till him!

North. Somnium Scipionis!

Tickler (*asleep*). It was creditable to a British public. Poor, dear little soul, she has been cruelly treated altogether. My sweet Miss Letitia Foote, although I am now rather—

Shepherd. Isna the wicked auld deevil dreamin' o' that play-actress!

North. Why, our excellent Tickler is still the same perfect gentleman even in his dreams. Did you ever hear, James, of such unnatural wickedness as that of the parents of this beautiful sinner? Her own father made her own mother play Romeo to her Juliet, when she was a girl just entered into her teens!

Shepherd. Mercy me! I wonder the roof o' the barn did not fall and smother them: and can you believe what the newspapers said, that the parents conneeved at her being Cornel Barclay's miss?* If

* This part of the dialogue relates to a sad and scandalous transaction of the time. Maria Foote was the daughter of an officer in the army, said to be descended from Samuel Foote, the dramatist and actor. Before her birth, which took place in 1798, Miss Foote's father quitted the army and became manager of Plymouth Theatre, where, at the immature age of twelve, she appeared as Juliet to his Romeo. She performed well, and took several new parts the following year. Mr. Foote relinquished theatrical management, became a hotel-keeper at Exeter, failed, and took his daughter to London. She was then sixteen, and very lovely. In May, 1814, on her appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, she made so favorable an impression that she was engaged at a liberal salary. The parts assigned her were not good, but her name in the bills always drew good houses. At that time there was a "man upon town" named Colonel Berkeley, natural son of the late Earl of Berkeley, who had immense landed property in the West of England, great influence at Cheltenham, considerable ability as an amateur actor, and unbridled passions. He offered to play for Miss Foote's benefit at Cheltenham, in 1815; the offer was accepted, and the pecuniary results were large. Conceiving a passion for the young actress, and finding her virtue strong, Berkeley turned to her parents, and is generally believed to have paid a large sum of money for their complicity in his seduction of their daughter! He succeeded with her, by giving her a solemn promise that he would marry her the moment he could do so without injuring his hope of the Earldom of Berkeley, to establish a right to which he was then making strong efforts before the House of Lords. He did not obtain the Earldom, nor did he wed the lady. They lived together for some years, and had several children, of whom two daughters survive—one of them married to the junior partner in the London auctioneering firm of Fairbrother, Clarke, and Lye; the other unmarried, and called Miss Gordon. A very rich and somewhat foolish young gentleman, named Hayne—usually spoken of, from the remarkable color of his favorite coat, as "Pea-green Hayne"—fell in love

so, I hope there's naething heterodox in conjecturing that their names are baith down, in round text, in the deevil's doomsday-beuk. But there's the mair excuse and pity for the puir lassie. What paper was't that said she was ruined past a' redemption?

North. The Times. But the mean eunuch lied. There is redemption both here and hereafter for a child betrayed by her parents into the embraces of an artful and accomplished seducer. Miss Foote loved him—was faithful to him—was never extravagant,—in her worse than orphan condition was contented to be recognised as his mistress,—did what she could to support her parents by her talents on the stage,—and finally cooled in her affection towards her seducer, to whom she had always been true, only when she discovered that his whole conduct was one continued deception, and that the best years of her life were wearing hopelessly away in anxiety, difficulties, and evils, enough to sicken the strongest, and freeze the warmest heart.

Shepherd. These are just my sentiments. As for Barclay and Hayne, who cares about them? The Cornel is a man of the world, and there may be some excuse for him, perhaps, if the truth were all known. Mr. Hayne seems a sumph. Miss Fit is weel rid o' them baith.

North. My Pea-green Friend, who is apparently a good-hearted fellow, and supposed himself in love, would have tired of his wife in a fortnight, and taken again to the training of White-headed Bob.* Miss Foote has been deservedly pardoned by the public voice,—and, suppose we drink her health, poor soul. Miss Foote!

Tickler (*dormiens*). Three times three. Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Shepherd. That's fearsome. Only think how his mind corresponds wi' his friends, even in a dwam o' drink,—for I never saw him sae fou since the King's visit! I'll just pu' the nose o' him, or kittle it wi' the neb o' my keelavine pen. (*Sic facit.*)

Tickler (*awaking*). The cases are totally different. But, Hogg, what are you staring at? Why, you have been sleeping since twelve o'clock. That scoundrel Kean deserves to be kicked. Do you wish to know why?

Shepherd. Not I. I have no particular curiosity. I am quite will-

with Miss Foote, while she was under the protection of Colonel Berkeley, and made proposals of marriage to her, which she communicated to the Colonel, who advised her to accept them. By this time Berkeley had made Mrs. Bunn (wife of the notorious Alfred Bunn, of managerial fame) occupant of his domicile. Miss Foote then quitted him, and prepared for her marriage. Mr. Hayne, however, who was cognisant from the first of her peculiar position, declined to marry her. A verdict awarding her £3,000 was the result of her appeal to a court of justice, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage. In 1831 the late Earl of Harrington married the still handsome Miss Foote, and her conduct as a wife was most creditable. In 1851 she became a widow and a dowager countess. Colonel Berkeley, successively created Baron Segrave and Earl Fitz-Hardinge, remains unmarried at the age of sixty-eight, and is now (1854) considered a "most honorable man!"—M.

* These transactions took place before Mr. Dickens's time, else one might fancy that Mr. Toots and The Game Chicken, in "Dombey and Son," were pen-portraits of Pea-green Hayne and his attendant satellite, White-headed Bob, the pugilist.—M

ing to believe that he deserves to be kicked, without further delay or inquiry. But I say, you were sleeping the noo.

Tickler. There is nothing in his offence, as it was proved in court, to distinguish it, by its enormity, from others of that kind. On the contrary, there have been many hundred cases of *crim. con.* far worse, in all respects whatever, than that of Kean.

North. Madam Cox had manifestly long been a Liberal; and Alderman Cox ought to sit to Cruickshank for the *beau ideal* of a cuckold.*

Tickler. As an amour it was not only unlady-like and ungentleman-like, but unusually low, vulgar, coarse, filthy, and loathsome. Therefore Kean, in strutting forwards with his bandy legs, before all the people in London, upon a stage, three days after an exposure that should have made his very posteriors blush, and that too in the character of one of the kings of England, ought to have been pelted with missile fruits, native and foreign, till forced to take shelter in some accustomed cellar. The appearance of the little beast was a gross insult to human nature; and, since he persisted in going through his part, he should have been made to do so tarred and feathered.

Shepherd. What can ye expec frae a play-actor?

Tickler. What can I expect, James? Why, man, look at Terry, Young, Mathews, Charles Kemble, and your friend Vandenhoff, and then say that you expect good players to be good men, as men go; and likewise gentlemen, as gentlemen go, in manners, and morals, and general character, and behaviour, private and public. Why not? It is more difficult in such a situation, but by no means impossible.

North. Come, no balaam, Tickler. The short and long of it is, that Kean, in daring to exhibit himself at this time, exhibited himself as an impudent, insolent, brazen-faced, and unprincipled bully, without one good feeling of any kind whatever; and this is true, although it has been asserted by one of the liars in The Times.

Shepherd. I hae some thocht o' writing a play—a Pastoral Drama.

North. What, James! after Allan Ramsay—after the Gentle Shepherd?

Shepherd. What for no? That's a stupid apothegm, though you said it. I wad hae mair variety o' characters, and inceedents, and passions o' the human mind in my drama—mair fun, and frolic, and

* The well known Kean-and-Cox affair occurred some time previous to this date, but the trial in which Kean was mulcted in damages for adultery came off early in 1825. Alderman Cox was a wealthy London citizen, who was smitten with such admiration of Kean as to insist on the actor constantly frequenting and sleeping in his house. Mrs. Cox was rather young, plump and pretty, somewhat coarse in mind, and very fond of admiration. The Alderman foolishly threw his wife and his friend too much together. Then came opportunity and importunity, and the result was—guilt. The lady, it was proved, was fond of accompanying Kean in masculine attire, and many of his *bill.ts d'amour* commenced with calling her by the pet name of "Little Breeches." Kean's popularity sensibly declined after the disclosure of his conduct in regard to Mrs. Cox. The English nation, as Byron said, have periodical fits of stunning morality, in which they immolate a victim, and Kean had a narrow escape.—M.

daffin*—in short, mair o' what you, and the like o' you, ca' coorseness;—no sae muckle see-sawing between ony twa individual hizzies, as in Allan; and, aboon a' things, a mair natural and wise-like catastrophe. My peasant or shepherd lads should be sae in richt earnest, and no turn out Sirs and Lords upon you at the hinder end o' the drama.† No but that I wad aiblins introduce the upper ranks intil the wark; but they should stand abeigh frae the lave of the characters,—by way o' contrast, or by way o' "similitude in dissimilitude," as that haverer Wordsworth is sae fond o' talking and writing about. Aboon a' things, I wus to draw the pictur o' a perfect and polished Scotch gentleman o' the auld schule.

North. Videlicit—Tickler!

Shepherd. Him, the lang-legged sinner!—Na, na;—I'll immortalize baith him and yoursell in my "Ain Life,"—in my yawtobeeography. I'll pay aff a' auld scores there, I'se warrant you. Deevil tak me, gin I haena a great mind—(*a pause—jug*)—to hawn you down to the latest posterity as a couple o'——

North. James!—James!—James!

Shepherd. Confound thae gray glittering eyne o' yours, you warlock that you are!—I maun like you, and respeck you, and admire you too, Mr. North; but, och, sirs! do you ken, that whiles I just girn, outbye yonder, wi' perfect wudness when I think o' you, and your chiels about you, lauchin at, and rinnin down me, and ither men o' genius——

North. James!—James!—James!

Tickler. Dig it well into him—he is a confounded churl.

Shepherd. No half sae bad as yoursell, Mr. Tickler. He's serious sometimes, and ane kens when he is serious. But as for you, there's no a grain o' sincerity in a' your composition. You wadna shed a tear gin your Shepherd, as you ca' him, were dead, and in the moulds.‡

Tickler (*evidently much affected*). Have I not left you my fiddle in my will? When I am gone, Jamie, use her carefully—keep her in good strings—and, whenever you screw her up, think of Timothy Tickler—and——(*His utterance is choked.*)

North. James! James! James!—Timothy! Timothy! Timothy!—Something too much of this. Reach me over that pamphlet; I wish to light my cigar. The last speech and dying words of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles!§

* *Daffin*—foolish playfulness.

† Allan Ramsay's pastoral play of "The Gentle Shepherd" deserves Hogg's censure, for it has the fault of being in rhyme, which is not the language of common, to say nothing of pastoral, life. The *dénouement*, accurately described in the text, is forced and unnatural. He scarcely merits the title of "the Scottish Theocritus." Born in 1685, he died in 1758. Commencing life as a barber, he deviated into authorship, and book-writing led to bookselling. He was the founder of Circulation Libraries in Scotland. His poems and fables exhibit more ability than genius.—M.

‡ *Moulds*—the grave.

§ Mr. Bowles, albeit described by Byron (in English Bards) as

"The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers,"

Shepherd. What! a new poem? I houp it is. Lisle Bolls is a poet o' real genius. I never could thole a sonnet till I read his. Is the pamphlet a poem?

North. No, Shepherd. It is prose;—being a farther portion of Botheration about Pope.

Shepherd. I care little about Pop—except his Louisa and Abelard. That's a grand elegy; but for coorseness it beats me hollow. The subject is coorse. "A helpless lover bound and bleeding lies,"—that is a line, which, if I had written it in the Spy, would hae lost me five hundred subscribers.*

North. Mr. Bowles, in his edition of Pope, committed himself, I think, on one point of essential importance. He did not do justice to Pope's character as a man. My friend Bowles (for I love and admire him) has therefore proved somewhat restive and obstinate when taxed with this misdeed. He will not eat in a single word,—no, not even a syllable,—not so much as the least letter in the alphabet; and, being a most able and accomplished man, he comes forth a controversialist, and lays about him with a vigor and skill highly conciliatory and commendable. But he was originally in the wrong respecting Pope's personal character; and in the wrong will he be until doomsday.†

Tickler. Most assuredly. Who cares a single curse about this,

exercised an important influence upon English literature. In 1789, he published a volume of sonnets, which so much attracted the notice and won the admiration of Coleridge, when a school-boy, that he transcribed all of them, more than once, for himself and others—the *res angustæ domi* not permitting him to buy. He subsequently wrote a large quantity of poetry, besides touching upon antiquities and theology in prose, and became Canon of Salisbury and Rector of Bremhill in Wiltshire. This last location made him neighbor to Thomas Moore, with whom he became very intimate. Editing Pope's works, he got involved in a controversy with Lord Byron, and, in one of his replies, wittily adopted the motto, "He who plays at *bowls* must expect rubbers." He died in 1850, at the age of eighty-eight. One of his best poems was a generous tribute to the memory and genius of Byron, his old antagonist.—M.

* One of Hogg's literary speculations was a nondescript weekly periodical called "The Spy," published at Edinburgh, and actually living through an entire year. It was more distinguished for strong than delicate language.—M.

† In the English Bards, as early as 1809, was this allusion to Bowles's edition of Pope:—

"Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
If chance some bard, though once by dunces feared,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candor which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire."

The Lord Fanny of these lines was Lord Hervey, much satirized by Pope. Curll, the bookseller, was one of the heroes of the Dunciad. Mallet was hired by Lord Bolingbroke to traduce Pope, after the poet was dead, out of revenge for his retaining a few copies of Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," which the author had ordered to be destroyed.—M.

that, or t'other trifle? Can a man of surpassing intellect and genius not indulge himself in a little peevishness or variableness of humor, without being taxed with hypocrisy, insincerity, and other base and odious qualities or affections? How the devil came it about, that a true poet, like Bowles, should have scrutinized and judged the character of such a man as Pope in that cold, calculating, prying and unindulgent spirit, which might have been expected from some brainless and heartless proser?

North. Not knowing, can't say.

Tickler. Pope was one of the most amiable men that ever lived. Fine and delicate as were the temper and temperament of his genius, he had a heart capable of the warmest human affection. He was indeed a loving creature!

North. Come, come, Timothy, you know you were sorely cut an hour or two ago—so do not attempt Characteristics. But, after all, Bowles does not say that Pope was unamiable.

Tickler. Yes, he does—that is to say, no man can read, even now, all that he has written about Pope, without thinking on the whole somewhat indifferently of the man Pope. It is for this I abuse our friend Bowles.

Shepherd. Ay, ay,—I recollect now some havers o' Bolls' about the Blounts, Martha and Theresa, I think you call them. Puir wee bit hunched-backed, windle-strae-legged,* gleg-e'ed,† clever, acute, ingenious, sateerical, weel-informed, warm-hearted, real philosophical, and maist poetical creature, wi' his sounding translation o' Homer's works, that reads just like an original War-Yepic,‡—his Yessay on Man, that, in spite o' what a set of ignoramus o' theological critics say about Bolingbroke§ and Crousass, and heterodoxy and atheism, and like havers, is just ane o' the best moral discourses that ever I heard in or out o' the pulpit,—his Yepistles about the Passions, and sic like, in the whilk he goes baith deep and high, far deeper and higher baith than many a modern poet, who must needs be either in a diving bell or a balloon,—his Rape o' the Lock o' Hair, wi' all these sylphs floating about in the machinery o' the Rosicrucian Philosophism, just perfectly yelegant and gracefu', and as guid, in their way, as ony thing o' my ain about fairies, either in the Queen's Wake or Queen Hynde,—his Louisa to Abelard is, as I said before, coorse in the subject-matter, but, O sirs, powerfu' and pathetic in execution—and sic a perfect spate

* *Windle-strae*—crested dog's-tail grass. † *Gleg-e'ed*—sharp-eyed.

‡ "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but do not call it Homer," was an eminent author's opinion on this translation. Its success, however, greatly irritated Addison, (who was satirized for it, soon after, in the poet's character of Atticus,) and brought Pope a clear profit of £5,324, a very large sum in 1720, when it was published.—M.

§ Lord Bolingbroke, to whom Pope's "Essay on Man" was inscribed, left David Mallet a sum of money to edit his manuscripts, which declared his opposition to revealed religion. Dr. Johnson, in allusion to this, spoke of him as "A scoundrel, who charged a pop-gun against Christianity; and a coward, who left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to fire it off."—M.

of versification! His unfortunate lady, wha sticked herself for love wi' a drawn sword, and was afterwards seen as a ghost, dim-beckoning through the shade—a verra poetical thocht surely, and full both of terror and pity——

North. Stop, James—you will run yourself out o' breath. Why, you said, a few minutes ago, that you did not care much about Pope, and were not at all familiar with his works—you have them at your finger ends.

Shepherd. I never ken what's in my mind till it begins to work. Sometimes I fin' mysel just perfectly stupid—my mind, as Locke says in his Treatise on Government, quite a *carte blanche*—I just ken that I'm alive by my breathing—when, a' at ance, my sowl begins to hum like a hive about to cast off a swarm—out rush a thousand springing thochts, for a while circling round and round like verra bees—and then, like them, too, winging their free and rejoicing way into the mountain wilderness, and a' its blooming heather—returning, in due time, with store o' wax on their thees, and a wamefu' o' hinny* redolent of blissful dreams gathered up in the sacred solitudes of Nature. Ha! ha! ha! ha! is na that Wordsworthian and sonorous? But we've forgotton wee Pop. Hae you ony mair to say anent him and Bolls?

Tickler. Bowles also depreciates his genius.†

North. No, no, no!

Tickler. Yes, yes, yes!

Shepherd. Gude save us, Mr. Tickler, you're no sober yet, or you wad never contradic Mr. North.

Tickler. Bowles also depreciates his genius. What infernal stuff all that about nature and art! Why, Pope himself settles the question against our friend Bowles in one line:

"Nature must give way to Art."

North. Pope's poetry is full of nature, at least of what I have been in the constant habit of accounting nature for the last three-score and ten years. But (thank you, James, that snuff is really delicious!) leaving nature and art, and all that sort of thing, I wish to ask a single question: what poet of this age, with the exception, perhaps, of Byron, can be justly said, when put into close comparison with Pope, to have written the English language at all?

Shepherd. Tut, tut, Mr. North; you need nae gang far to get an answer to that question. I can write the English language,—I'll no say as well as Pope, for he was an Englishman, but——

North. Well I shall except you, James;—but, with the single excep-

* *Wamefu' o' hinny*—bellyful of honey.—M.

† Byron's opinion of Pope's genius, on the other hand, was very exalted. He placed him above the poets of the time of Queen Anne, and all who followed.—M.

tion of Hogg, from what living poet is it possible to select any passage that will bear to be spouted (say by James Ballantyne himself, the best declaimer extant*) after any one of fifty casually taken passages from Pope? Not one.

Tickler. What would become of Bowles himself, with all his elegance, pathos, and true feeling?—Oh! dear me, James, what a dull, dozing, disjointed, dawdling, dowdy of a drawl would be his Muse, in her very best voice and tune, when called upon to get up and sing a solo after the sweet and strong singer of Twickenham!

North. Or Wordsworth—with his eternal—here we go up, up, and up, and here we go down, down, and here we go roundabout, roundabout!—Look at the nerveless laxity of his Excursion!† What interminable prosing! The language is out of condition; fat and fozy, thick-winded, purfled and plethoric. Can he be compared with Pope? Fie on't! no, no, no!—Pugh, pugh!

Tickler. Southey—Coleridge—Moore?

North. No; not one of them. They are all eloquent, diffusive, rich, lavish, generous, prodigal of their words. But so are they all deficient in sense, muscle, sinew, thews, ribs, spine. Pope, as an artist, beats them hollow. Catch him twaddling.

Tickler. It is a bad sign of the intellect of an age to depreciate the genius of a country's classics. But the attempt covers such critics with shame, and undying ridicule pursues them and their abettors. The Lake Poets began this senseless clamor against the genius of Pope.‡ You know their famous critique on the moonlight scene in his translation of the Iliad?

North. I do. Presumptuous, ignorant trash! But help yourself, Tim, to another jorum. What is the matter with your cigar? Draw it through your lips. It is somewhat arid. You will never be a smoker.

Tickler. Not I, indeed. There, that is better. Admirable old Roscoe has edited Pope well, and he rebuts Bowles manfully and successfully.§

North. He does so. Yet, after all, Bowles is the livelier writer. Here's their healths in a bumper. (*Bibunt Omnes.*)

Shepherd. I care far less about Pope, and the character and genius

* James Ballantyne, (Scott's schoolmate, printer, partner, friend, and critic) is eulogized by Lockhart as one of the best readers he ever heard.—M.

† Byron's brief critique on a

"Frowsy poem, called The Excursion,
Written in a manner that is my aversion,"

will readily be remembered here.—M.

‡ The actual Lake Poets were Wordsworth and Southey, who lived by the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Coleridge was altogether of another class.—M.

§ William Roscoe's edition and life of Pope appeared in 1824, and though it appreciates the genius of the poet and defends his character as a man, scarcely merits the eu'ogy here given. The biography is well intended, but feebly executed.—M.

of Pope, than I do about our own Byron. Many a cruel thing has been uttered against him, and I wish, Mr. North, you would vindicate him, now that his hand is cauld.

North. I have written a few pages for my Feb. Number, which, I think, will please you, James. Pray, what do you consider the most wicked act of Byron's whole wicked life?

Shepherd. I declare to God, that I do not know of any one wicked act in his life at all. Tickler there used to cut him up long ago—what says he now?

Tickler. The base multitude, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, got up brutal falsehoods concerning his private life, and these they mixed up and blended with their narrow and confused conceptions of his poetical productions, till they imagined the real living, flesh-and-blood Byron, to be a monster, familiarly known to them in all his hideous propensities and practices. He was, with all his faults, a noble being, and I shall love Hobhouse as long as I live.* What it is to be a gentleman!

North. The character of one of the greatest poets the world ever saw, in a very few years, will be discerned in the clear light of truth. How quickly all misrepresentations die away! One hates calumny, because it is ugly and odious in its own insignificant and impotent stinking self. But it is almost always extremely harmless. I believe, at this moment, that Byron is thought of, as a man, with an almost universal feeling of pity, forgiveness, admiration, and love.† I do not think it would be safe, in the most popular preacher, to abuse Byron now,—and that not merely because he is now dead, but because England knows the loss she has sustained in the extinction of her most glorious luminary.

Shepherd. I hae nae heart to speak ony mair about him—puir fallow. I'll try the pickled this time—the scallopped are beginning to lie rather heavy on my stomach. Oysters is the only thing maist we canna get at Altrive. But we have capital cod and haddock now in St. Mary's Loch.

Tickler. James! James! James!

Shepherd. Nane o' your jeering, Mr. Tickler. The naturalization of

* Hobhouse, now (1854) one of the oldest of Byron's friends, ably and warmly defended him in a long and chivalrous article in the Westminster Review, after his death. This was the more creditable in him as, in all probability, some particularly good-natured friend may have made him acquainted with Byron's sarcastic doggerel, which will be found in one of the notes to Vol. I. of the present edition of the "Noctes."—M.

† What Byron himself has happily termed "the late remorse of love," filled the public mind, in England, when tidings came of his early death,—occurring as it did when he had thrown himself into a new career, battling with sword and pen for the freedom of that Greece which he had loved early and long. The noble article written by Scott, on hearing of Byron's death, and published in Ballantyne's *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, may be said to have given a voice to the regret which smote the universal mind of mankind at the loss which literature and liberty had sustained. It was regretfully felt, and tardily acknowledged, that Byron had been too harshly treated by public opinion, in 1816, when it drove him out of his native land. Too late for the exile came the reaction.—M.

sea fishes into fresh-water lochs, was recommended some years ago in the Edinburgh Review,* and twa-three o' us, out by yonner, have carried the thing into effect. We tried the oysters too, but we could mak naething ava' o' them—they dwindled into a kind o' wulks, and were quite fushionless, a' beards and nae bodies.

Tickler. I thought the scheme plausible at the time. I read it in the Edinburgh, which I like, by the way, much better as a zoological than a political journal. Have you sent a creel of codlings to the editor?

Shepherd. Why, I have felt some delicacy about it, just at present. I was afraid that he might think it a bribe for a favorable opinion of Queen Hynde.

North. No—no. Jeffrey has a soul above bribery or corruption.† All the cod in Christendom would not shake his integrity. You had, however, better send half a hundred rizzered haddocks§ to Tom Campbell.‖

Shepherd. My boy Tammy will never choke himsell wi' my fish-banes, Mr. North. I care for nae man's good word, unless it be your ain, sir; howsumever, to speak truth, I cannot but think it verra paltry and mean-like in the author o' the Pleasures of Hope, never once in his born-days, in that Magazine o' his, to hae said a single ceevil, or kind, or britherly word about me. What think ye?

North. I think it to the last degree contemptible. Greater men than he, James, have done you justice. North, Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, &c. &c. &c.

Shepherd. I'm no compleenin'. Thank God, I ken my ain worth, as a man and a poet—aud let mankind, or the women folk either, judge between Kilmeny and Reullura.¶ It's for his own sake, no for mine, that I could hae wished he had spoken kindly of a brother poet who have had mickle to struggle against, but have got to the tap o' the tree at last—thanks to my ain speeling.

North. Tom is fickle and capricious—and ever was so; but he has a fine, a noble genius.

* Despite this sneer, the naturalization of sea-fishes in fresh-water lochs is now (1854) in course of operation in Europe.—M.

† Jeffrey was often unjust, as a critic, but never dishonest. His integrity was beyond challenge or doubt. Notwithstanding the perpetual attacks upon Jeffrey by Blackwood's Magazine, its principal writers were on friendly terms with him, and no men did more justice to his personal merits than Wilson and Lockhart. Party politics made the chief points of difference between him and them.—M.

‡ *Rizzered*—half-dried and half-salted fish.—M.

§ From 1821 to 1831, the *New Monthly Magazine* was nominally edited by Thomas Campbell, the poet. He occasionally contributed short poems, with prose papers upon classical literature but the actual work was done by Cyrus Redding, (who has enriched our literature with copious and interesting Reminiscences of the poet,) with assistance, in the critical and dramatic portion, from the late Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, then commencing his career as a lawyer.—M.

¶ Reullura was one of Campbell's minor poems, so "bitter bad," that one cannot help wondering how he could have written it, or have allowed it to get into print. Campbell appears to have lost all sustained power of composition very early. His Pleasures of Hope was published in 1799, at the age of twenty-two, and between that time and 1809, when "Gertude of Wyoming" appeared, his best lyrics were composed. He seemed to dread the chance of being told that any recent production was inferior to his earlier and happier efforts, so that it was shrewdly said by Scott, "Thomas Campbell's afraid of the author of the Pleasures of Hope."—M.

Shepherd. I'm no dispooting that, Mr. North. No doubt, his Theodoric is a grand, multifarious, sublime poem; although, confound me, gin the warst fifty lines in a' Queen Hynde are nae worth the hail vollumm. If ever there was even down cheatery in this world, it is in axing eight shillings for a parcel o' auld bits o' poems that hae been in a' the magazines and newspapers, and Cabinets and Mirrors, and so forth, in the kingdom. I'm sure if I had a pension from government of £200 a year, like Tam Campbell, I wad never play the public sic-can a shabby trick.*

North. Why, as to that, James, I cannot quite agree with you, my dear Shepherd. There are always some golden points in the clay of Campbell's poetry, which are rinsed out by the running waters of my criticism; and even his newest trifles in verse will read tolerably enough, when interspersed with judgment throughout his various volumes.

Hogg. Weel, man—let us drink his health; and, if you please, standing, with all the honors.

North. Excuse me, gentle Shepherd. A gouty foot, a rheumatic knee, ten tumblers, and threescore and ten years, impose upon me a sedentary habit. As for shouting, remember the hour—nay, there is no occasion for looking at your watch; as soon as the boiler is empty, we depart. (*Mr. Campbell's health is drunk cordially.*)

Shepherd. Wha's conceit was the boiler?

Tickler. Your humble servant's. Ambrose goes to bed regularly at twelve, and Richard half an hour after. Occasionally, as at present, old friends are loath to go—so, not to disturb the slumbers of as worthy a family as is in all Scotland, I ordered the boiler you now see, at Begby and Dickson's, St. Andrew's Square. It holds exactly six common kettlefuls. Strike it with the poker. Ay, James, you hear by the clearness of the tinkle that it is nearly low water.

Shepherd. Deil ma care. I ken where the pump is in the back green—and, if the wall's fanged, I'll bring up a gush wi' a single drive. If no, let us finish the spirits by itsel. I never saw the match o' this tall square fallow o' a green bottle for hauding spirits. The verra neck o' him hauds spirits for a jug, before you get down to his shouthers; and we'se a' three be blin' fou or we see the crystal knob inside o' the doub o' him peering up among the subsiding waters of Glenlivet.

North. I have bequeathed you Magog in my settlement, James. With it, and Tickler's Cremona, many a cheerful night will you spend, when we two old codgers have laid off life's pack—

* From 1806 until his death in June, 1844, Campbell had a pension of £200 a year, out of the public revenue of England. He owed this to the kindness of Charles James Fox, when minister. Campbell cannot have realized less than £7,000 by his poetry. His prose was also well paid for, and during the ten years of his connection with the New Monthly, he had a salary of £500 a year. Contrast this wealth (for such it was) with the poverty of Burns and the life-long struggles of Hogg.—M.

At our feet a green grass turf,
And at our head a stone.

Shepherd. You and Mr. Tickler are very gude in leaving me things in your wull: but I prefer something in haun—

North. Then, my dear friend, there is a receipt for your last article—the Shepherd's Calendar.*

Shepherd. Twa tens! Come noo, sirs, let me pay the reckoning.

Tickler. We have not, I think, drunk the King's ministers to-night. Allow me to give them.

Hogg. Wi' a' my heart. That man Canning will be the salvation of the cuntra.†

North. There never was any period, certainly, in which the Parliament of the United Kingdoms assembled under circumstances more interesting than the present. In times of war, no doubt, the topics submitted to discussion may often be, in one point of view, of a more dazzling character—nay, they sometimes have been, singly considered, of more paramount and overwhelming importance. But in times when the empire is involved in a great conflict with external force, it is absolutely in vain to expect that questions not immediately connected with that conflict, should in Parliament command any more than a subordinate measure of attention from those who are actually intrusted with the government of the country. The opposition members compel any subjects they please into discussion; but seldom, very seldom, is the discussion thorough or satisfactory. Intellect does not meet intellect here on fair terms. Ministers make speeches, no doubt, but the real *aside* is, always, "wait till the national existence, or, at least, honor be safe, and then we will go with you on an equal footing into the consideration of questions affecting only particular points of her domestic machinery." Is not this true, Tickler?

* The Shepherd's Calendar was a series of papers, afterwards collected in two volumes, contributed by Hogg to Blackwood. They are very amusing, and contain many curious illustrations of the habits and instincts of animals wild and tame.—M.

† At this time (1825) George Canning was Foreign Secretary, in the British Ministry of which Lord Liverpool was head. Brought up at the feet of William Pitt, he adhered to that statesman's principles for a long time. Gradually, his mind expanded into liberality. He warmly advocated the necessity and justice of Roman Catholic Emancipation, but strongly resisted all attempts to obtain Parliamentary Reform, and not only voted for but defended The Six Acts, which were passed in 1817, with the avowed purpose of restoring the liberty of the press, and the right of holding public political meetings. In 1822, when he had accepted the lucrative office of Governor General of India,—a sort of honorable exile,—the suicide of Lord Londonderry (better known as the Lord Castlereagh who carried the Irish Union) opened a more congenial office to Canning, whose foreign policy was liberal and decided, effecting, among other things, the secession of England from what was called "The Holy Alliance." While Lord Liverpool was nominally Prime Minister of England, the actual power of that position was virtually wielded by Canning, who was the only liberal man in a Cabinet usually consisting of twelve to sixteen persons. Lord Liverpool was so weak a man that he confessed that, during the fourteen years of his Premiership, he never opened his letters in a morning without dread that they would bring him disastrous news, and thought the current year happily passed if it had glided on without a foreign war, a domestic rebellion, or a national bankruptcy! In April, 1827, on Lord Liverpool's serious illness, Canning became Prime Minister, which office he held for four months and four days, his death taking place on the 8th of August, 1827. His conduct and character, while holding the reins of government, are referred to, in the proper course of time, in a subsequent note.—M.

Tickler. Certainly; go on with what you were saying. I like to hear you speak right on without that botheration of the eternal cigar. This vice, sir, is the bane of all real flow of talk.

North. Nonsense—nonsense. The war has been over now for ten years; it took not a few years to bring us back to feel a state of peace as natural to us after a war of such duration; it took a considerable time to bring back the habits, the interests, the feelings even, of various classes, into their proper channels. All this has now been done. The population of Britain is throughout employed, tranquil, happy, and contented. Agriculture and trade are flourishing. Direct taxation, in all probability, will ere long have ceased to exist at all here.* Everything in Britain is peace, industry, and plenty. Now is the time for the serious and deliberate discussion of civil and domestic questions, and full advantage seems to be taken of the happy time by ministers who now can concentrate upon these questions the same great talents that formerly distanced all their antagonists, when exerted on topics of another description—and who, exerting these great talents with their accustomed honesty and integrity, bid fair ere long to chase their adversaries out of the new field as triumphantly as they had routed them on the old.

Hogg. Verra bonny talk, Mr. North; but what say you to the divisions in the Cabinet? The house that is divided against itself cannot stand. That's the text, Christopher.

Tickler. I am really very sorry for the thing, but I see no likelihood of an end to it.

North. And I don't wish to see any, that's my say.

Tickler. A paradox!—what's your meaning?

North. My meaning is plain and simple enough, Mr. Tickler. I assert, that if the government of this country is to be in the hands of any thing worthy of the name of a Cabinet, (intellectually considered,) and not in the hands of a single minister, a real *premier;* and if the members of the Cabinet are to be honest men, (that is to say, Tories,) it is absolutely impossible that there should not exist great differences of opinion within that Cabinet, in relation to questions such as must mainly occupy the attention of the Government and the Parliament of an empire such as this, in times, and under circumstances like the present. And, sir, I farther assert, that no Cabinet could long maintain its hold upon public respect, if the existence of such difference of opinion were not well known all over the country.†

* The doctrine of later years is widely different. Direct taxation appears to be preferred in England, and was recognised, in the fullest manner, by Sir Robert Peel's imposition of the Income and Property tax, in 1842, which his successors have continued and augmented.—M.

† At present (1854) the English Ministry consists of statesmen who hold conflicting opinions upon many important questions, though they agree on the general principles upon which the country is governed. In the times of George the Third, the practice was to have a ministry composed of persons with very little difference of opinion. During the Regency and reign of George the Fourth, this rule was not strictly adhered to, for the Marquis Wellesley, as well as

Tickler. Explain—explain.

Hogg. Yon was a queer apothegm.

North. Patience a moment, gents. The country must be represented in the Cabinet, quite as effectually as in the Parliament, otherwise the country will not have confidence in it. We all know very well that questions such as are now in agitation, are questions in regard to which very great differences of opinion do, and must, prevail in the country—in the real sound part of the population. We all know that opposite interests exist in regard to every one of them; and though we are all aware that no great public good can be done without sacrifices of some sort, we are also aware that no great public good can be done, until, through deliberate and sincere discussion, the minds of those by whom the sacrifices are to be made, are satisfied that they must be made. Now men can never be persuaded that questions of this sort are capable of undergoing that measure of real discussion and investigation which they ought to receive ere Government is pledged to any one side, in any one of them, in any Cabinet but a divided Cabinet. We must be convinced, that in regard to Ireland, for instance, the feelings not of one, nor of two, but of all the really great classes of honest population—of honest interest—of honest feeling—(for I say nothing of the real *enemies of the country*, and their monkey tricks)—we must be satisfied that all these are virtually represented within the Cabinet; otherwise we cannot be convinced that the measure which Government purposes in regard to Ireland is the proper measure best adapted to conciliate the opinion and meet the views of the greatest number among the parties who have, and must have, different interests and feelings as to the matter in question—the measure that comes nearest to the greatest number of the various measures which these parties severally propose and advocate.

Tickler. Why, certainly these are dictator times.

North. Not they; not they, truly. Calmness and prudence must preside now. Public opinion is, after all, the court of first and the court of the last resort. We do not expect differences of opinion to cease either in or out of the Cabinet; but we expect that the elements of public opinion, however various, shall be virtually represented in the Cabinet—we expect that the Cabinet shall, like a band of skilful chemists, sit in judgment upon those elements as they separately exist, and decide what is the *testium quid* that will offer least violence to the greatest number of these elements; and this being done, we then

Canning, held ministerial office, though on the main point of Catholic Emancipation they were opposed to their colleagues. Canning's own Cabinet included liberal Tories as well as acknowledged Whigs. When the Duke of Wellington was Premier, in 1828, he repudiated the idea of "open questions."—that is, of leaving some essential point of policy on which a minister might vote against his colleagues. Therefore, when Mr. Huskisson, Colonial Secretary, voted on a borough-disfranchisement bill against the Cabinet view of the question, and made a feint of offering his resignation, if required, the Duke took him at his word and ousted him from office.—M.

expect that Parliament shall sanction, and the country approve the measure, which has found favor, not with the opinion of any one intellect, however elevated, but with the candor and wisdom of a set of honest men, who have labored to understand the interest and the opinions of all, and to conciliate the interest and the opinions of as many as they could—who never could have done this unless there had really existed great differences of individual opinion among themselves—and who, in their own conduct in regard to the preparation of their measure, have set an example of that spirit of mutual forbearance and mutual concession which they expect to see imitated in the conduct of the Parliament at large, when their measure is discussed in the Parliament; in the conduct of the nation at large, when their measure comes to be carried into execution.

Hogg. Eh, man! what for are you no in the House yoursell? Ye wad let them hear sense on baith sides o' their heads, I'm thinking.

Tickler. Well said, James. The upshot then is, Christopher, that you would rather have what Eldon, Canning, Wellington, Liverpool, Peel, Robinson, and Huskisson, agree in considering the most practically prudent thing, than what any one of them thinks the thing most in unison with the dictates of absolute or abstract wisdom.*

North. Even so. And the nation thinks exactly as I do.

Hogg. I wonder ye dinna resign your ain big chair, then, and let us have a divided administration of the Magazine.

North. You could not have chosen a more unfortunate simile, Hogg. Sir, my Cabinet is completely a divided one. I look on myself as the Liverpool of it—you, Tickler, are decidedly the Canning—the Adjutant is our Peel and our Wellington both in one—Y. Y. is our Eldon——

Hogg. And me? what am I?

North. You are Lord Melville—we leave you the Scotch department, and when my boats are got into order at Buchanan Lodge, you shall have the Admiralty too. Are you a good sailor, Shepherd?

Hogg. I dinna ken—I never tried yet muckle, except on fresh water.

Tickler. I should rather consider Hogg as the representative of the country interests in general.

North. I have no objections to arrange your seats as you like best yourselves. I hope, however, that, differing upon particular matters as we do, and always must do, we shall always continue to be one in heart and in hand as to the real points.

Hogg. Whilk are?

North. The religion of our fathers—the institutions of our fathers—the edification of the public—and our own emolument.

* This is the true *rationale* of English government.—M.

Tickler. A capital creed. Do you conform, Hogg?

Hogg. Are ye gaun to raise the price of a sheet, this Lady-Day, Mr. North?

North. My dear Hogg, what would you have? You are rolling in wealth—are you not?

Hogg. Ay; but I wad like fine to be ower the head a'thegither than. That's my apothegm.

North. Let me see—well, I think I may promise you a twenty gallon tree this next Whitsunday, by way of a douceur—a small perquisite.

Hogg. Twenty gallons, man, that does not serve our house for sax weeks in the summer part of the year, when a' the leeterary warld is tramping about.* But ne'er heed—mony thanks to your kind offer, sir.

North. You must come down to my "happy rural seat of various view," James, on your spring visit to Edinburgh—Buchanan Lodge.

Shepherd. Wi' all my heart, Mr. North. I hear you've been biggin'† a bonny Lodge near Larkfield yonder, within the murmur of the sea. A walk on the beach is a gran' thing for an appetite. Let's hear about your house.

North. The whole tenement is on the ground flat. I abhor stairs; and there can be no peace in any mansion where heavy footsteps may be heard overhead. Suppose, James, three sides of a square. You approach the front by a fine serpentine avenue, and enter, slapbang, through a wide glass-door, into a green-house, a conservatory of every thing rich and rare in the world of flowers. Folding doors are drawn noiselessly into the walls, as if by magic, and lo! drawing-room and dining-room, stretching east and west in dim and distant perspective, commanding the Frith, the sea, the kingdom of Fife, and the Highland mountains!

Shepherd. Mercy on us, what a panorama!

North. Another side of the square contains kitchen, servants' room, &c.; and the third side my study and bed-rooms,—all still, silent, composed, standing,obscure, unseen, unapproachable, holy. The fourth side of the square is not—shrubs and trees, and a productive garden, shut me in from behind, while a ring fence, inclosing about five acres, just sufficient for my nag and cow, form a magical circle, into which nothing vile or profane can intrude. Odoherty alone has overleaped my wall,—but the Adjutant was in training for his great match, (ten miles an hour,) and when he ran bolt against me in Addison's Walk, declared upon honor that he was merely taking a step across the

* The Ettrick Shepherd was greatly victimized, at his forest farm, by literary and other visitors, who, often with small or no claims upon him, enjoyed his hospitality and society, without considering the expense and time which he was cheated out of by this free-and-easy system.—M.

† *Biggin'*—building.—M.

country, and that he had no idea of being within a mile of any human abode.* However, he stayed dinner—and over the Sunday.

Shepherd. Do you breed poultry, sir?—You dinna? Do't then. You hae plenty o' bounds within five yacre. But mind you, big nae regular hen-house. You'll hae bits o' sheds, nae doubt, ahint the house, amang the offishes, and through amang the grounds; and the belts o' plantations are no very wide, nor the shrubberies stravagin awa into wild mountainous regions o' heather, whins and breckans.

North. Your imagination, James, is magnificent, even in negatives. But is all this poetry about hen-roosts?

Shepherd. Ay. Let the creturs mak their ain nests, where'er they like, like pheasants, or patricks,† or muirfowl. Their flesh will be the sappier, and mair highly flavored on the board, and their shape and plummage beautifuller far, strutting about at liberty among your suburbs. Aboon a' things, for the love o' Heevin, nae Cavies! I can never help greeting, half in anger half in pity, when I see the necks o' some half-a-score forlorn chuckies jooking out and in the narrow bars o' their prison-house, dabbing at daigh and drummock. I wonder if Mrs. Fry‡ ever saw sic a pitiful spectacle.

North. I must leave the feathers to my females, James.

Shepherd. Canna you be an overseer? Let the hens aye set their-sells; and never offer to tak ony notice o' the clockers. They canna thole being looked at, when they come screeching out frae their het eggs, a' in a fever, with their feathers tapsetowry, and howking holes in the yearth, till the gravel gangs down through and aff among the plummage like dew-draps, and now scouring aff to some weel-ken'd corner for drink and victual.

North. You amaze me, James. You are opening up quite a new world to me. The mysteries of incubation——

Hogg. Hae a regular succession o' clackins frae about the middle o' March till the end o' August, and never devour aff a haill clackin at ance.

* Buchanan Lodge, so called from the head of old George Buchanan, (the Scotch historian and poet,) was an *eidolon* of North's imagination, often referred to in these dialogues, but existing only in the mind. Wilson was a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the grounds of which is carefully preserved Addison's walk, which the future author of "The Spectator" was wont to frequent, when a student, and this would account for imagining a place so named in his own *Château en Espagne*.—M.

† *Patricks*—partridges.—M.

‡ Elizabeth Fry, a benevolent Quaker, (related to the Buxton and Gurney families,) who died in 1845, aged sixty-five, and merited the name of "the female Howard," from her unceasing and successful exertions to improve the condition of imprisoned criminals in London, and to effect their reformation by kindness, instruction, and sympathy. It has been truly said, "She took the gauge of misery, not as a matter of curiosity and philosophical speculation, but with the hope of relieving it. The lips that had been seldom opened but to blaspheme their Maker, were taught to praise him; the hands hitherto employed in theft were employed in honest labor; infants, in a doubly-lamented sense, born in sin and bred in vice, were snatched from a destruction which had appeared irresistible, and put into a train of improvement; the gloomy mansion, which had lately been a scene of horror only to be excelled by those more dreadful future mansions to which it was conducting them, changed its face; the loathsome prison, which had witnessed nothing but intoxication and wildness, and heard no sounds but those of reviling and of imprecation, gradually became a scene of comparative decency, sobriety, and order."—M.

Aye keep some three or four pullets for eerochs, or for devouring through the winter; and never set aboon fourteen eggs to ae hen, nor indeed mair than a dizzen, unless she be a weel-feathered mawsie, and broad across the shoulders.

North. Why, the place will be absolutely overrun with barn-door fowl.

Shepherd. Barn-door fowl! Hoot away! You maun hae a breed o' gem-birds. Nane better than the Lady-legg'd Reds. I ken the verra gem-eggs, at the first pree, frae your dunghill—as different as a pine-apple and a fozy turnip.

North. The conversation has taken an unexpected turn, my dear Shepherd. I had intended keeping a few deer.

Shepherd. A few deevils! Na—na. You maun gang to the Thane's;* or if that princely chiel be in Embro' or Lunnon, to James Laidlaw's and Watty Bryden's in Strath-Glass, if you want deer. Keep you to the How-towdies.

North. I hope, Mr. Hogg, you will bring the mistress and the weans to the house-warming?

Shepherd. I'll do that, and mony mair besides them.—Whare the deevil's Mr. Tickler?

North. Off. He pretended to go to the pump for an aquatic supply, but he long ere now has reached Southside.†

Shepherd. That's maist extraordinar. I could hae ta'en my Bible oath, that I kept seeing him a' this time sitting right forenent me, with his lang legs and nose, and een like daggers; but it must hae been ane o' Hibbert's phantasms—an idea has become more vivid than a present sensation. Is that philosophical language? What took him aff? I could sit for ever. Catch me breaking up the conviviality of the company. I'm just in grand spirits the nicht—come here's an extempore lilt.

Air,—Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad.

1.

If e'er you would be a brave fellow, young man,
Beware of the Blue and the Yellow,‡ young man;
If ye wad be strang,
And wish to write lang,
Come join wi' the lads that get mellow, young man.
Like the crack o' a squib that has fa'en on, young man,
Compared wi' the roar o' a cannon, young man,
So is the Whig's blow
To the pith that's below
The beard o' auld Geordie Buchanan, young man.

* The Earl of Fife, already noticed (vol. I.) as visiting Christopher in his Tent, in 1819.—M.

† As Buchanan Lodge was North's imaginary mansion, Southside was Timothy Tickler's fancied place of residence.—M.

‡ A blue coat and yellow vest was the costume of the London Whig Club, half a century since, in its glory; and when the Edinburgh Review was commenced, the first number (published Oct. 25, 1802) appeared in the blue paper cover with yellow back, which it yet retains. This was to mark its identification with and advocacy of Whig politics.—M.

2.

I heard a bit bird in the braken, young mar,
It sang till the Whigs were a' quaking, young man,
And aye the sad lay
Was, Alack for the day!
For the Blue and the Yellow's forsaken, young man.
The day is arrived that's nae joking, young man,
'Tis vain to be murmuring and mocking, young man:
A Whig may be leal,
But he'll never fight weel,
As lang as he dadds wi' a docken, young man.

3.

O wha wadna laugh at their capers, young man?
Like auld maidens, fash'd wi' the vapors, young man
We have turned them adrift
To their very last shift,
That's—*puffing the Radical papers, young man.*
If ye wad hear tell o' their pingle,* young man,
Gae list the wee bird in the dingle, young man;
Its note o' despair
Is sae loud in the air,
That the windows of heaven play jingle, young man.

4.

I'll give you a toast of the auldest, young man;
The loyal head ne'er was the cauldest, young man:
"Our King and his Throne,
Be his glory our own,"
And the last of his days aye the bauldest, young man.
But as for the loun that wad hector, young man,
And pit us at odds wi' a lecture, young man,
May he dance cutty-mun,
Wi' his neb to the sun,
And his doup to the General Director,† young man.

North. A perfect Pistrucci!‡

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, and I'll sing you ane o' the bonniest sangs you ever heard in a' your born days. I dinna ken that I ever wrote a better ane mysel'. It is by a friend o' mine—as yet an obscure man—Henry Riddell§—t'ither day a shepherd like my sel'—but now a student.

* *Pingle*—difficulty.—M.

† This is a mysterious allusion to that part of the town where executions take place.

‡ Pistrucci was an Italian *improvisatore* who had excited the admiration of the London *literati* by the readiness and ability with which he composed poems, delivered *vivâ voce*, upon subjects taken at hap-hazard from a great many suggested in a numerous company. Theodore Hook is the only Englishman of our time who had any large share of this peculiar talent or accomplishment, and his compositions were airy, light, and apropos to the occasion, place, and company present. He would seat himself at a piano, and extemporize by the hour, on the peculiarities of those around him, wittily introducing circumstances which had occurred and words which had been spoken in his presence and hearing.—M.

§ Henry Riddell did not eventuate into a regular poet. He became a preacher.—M.

Song, to the Air of "Lord Lennox."

1.

When the glen all is still, save the stream from the fountain;
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather to roam;
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting his love to return to her home;
There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild-wood,
Where violets and daisies sleep saft in the dew;
Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heavens' own orient blue.

2.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming;
Thy cheek shall be fann'd by the breeze of the lawn;
The angel of love shall be 'ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O, Mary! no transports of Heaven's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meeting to me;
For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest hopes are all gather'd to thee.

North. Beautiful indeed, James. Mr. Riddell is a man of much merit, and deserves encouragement. The verses on the death of Byron, published a week ago by my friend John Anderson, show feeling and originality. But would you believe it, my beloved Shepherd, my eyes are gathering straws.

Re-enter TICKLER.

Shepherd. There's Harry Longlegs.

Tickler. I felt somewhat hungry so long after supper, and having detected a round of beef in a cupboard, I cut off a segment of a circle, and have been making myself comfortable at the solitary kitchen-fire.

North (*rising*). Come away, my young friend—give me your arm, James. That will do, Shepherd—softly, slowly, my dearest Hogg—no better supporter than the author of the Queen's Wake.

Shepherd. What a gran' ticker is Mr. Ambrose's clock! It beats like the strong, regular pulse of a healthy house. Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Hear till her gee'ing the warning. I'll just finish these twa half tumblers o' porter, and the wee drappie in the bit blue noseless juggy. As sure's death, it has chapped three. The lass that sits up at the Harrow'll hae gane to the garret, and how'll I get in?

(*Sus canit*)—O let me in this ae night,
This ae ae ae night, &c.

With a' our daffin, we are as sober as three judges with double gowns.

Tickler. As sober!

Shepherd. Dear me, Mr. North, what's that in your coat-pouch?

North (*subridens illi*). Two numbers of Maga, you dog. The London trashery has had hitherto the start of me in the market. Our next number is for April—and April showers bring May-flowers.

(*Mr. Ambrose looks out in his nightcap—wishing good night with his usual suavity. Exeunt—Tickler in advance, and North leaning on the Shepherd.*)

No. XX.—MAY, 1825.

Sederunt,—North, Tickler, Mullion, O'Doherty.

Time—The Gloaming.

Mullion (*singing*).

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She's draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye!
O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry,
She's draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye!

Enter Hogg (*singing*).

Coming through the rye.

Mullion *and* Hogg (*first and second*).

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Chorus—O, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming down the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken?
O, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Hogg. Leez me on ye—ye're aye at the auld wark, lads.

North (*after a general shake*). Take a chair, my good fellow. Have ye dined?

Hogg. Only once; but I think I can make a fend till supper-time. Whare's the Bailie?*

Mullion. I have just been reading his letter of apology. He is too busy to trust himself here to-night. The month is advancing, you know.

* William Blackwood, the proprietor of Maga, had been made one of the Bailies, or Corporation Magistrates, of Edinburgh.—M

Hogg. And a bonny-like month it has been. I hae a month's mind to gie the Bailie a touzle when we foregather. Him turned ane o' the Pluckless too!—Oh fie! Oh fie! What will this warld come to?

Odoherty. What do you allude to?—I have not seen Ebony these two or three days; but the last time we met, he was well-mounted and seemed in high feather every way.

Hogg. Muntit!—Him, and a' the lave o' them, should munt the creepie chair, I trow, for what they've been doing. Votin' their freedom to that hallinshaker Brougham!—Deil mean them!

Tickler. Come, I believe our good friend did as much as a single individual could well do. But the Provost and all were agreed about the thing.*

Hogg. O, vera weel; if he protested, that's another matter—I am dumb.

North. Heaven bless us, James!—You rusticals make a wonderful fuss among yourselves about smallish concerns. Was all this fiery face of yours about giving Mr. Brougham the freedom of the city of Edinburgh?—Poh! nonsense, James.

Hogg. Nonsense yoursel', Mr. North. It was a black-burning shame, it was; and that I'se stand to, tho' ye should a' take the ither gait. (*Aside.*) There's something in the air, surely.

North. Ha, ha, ha! What a rumpus about nothing! Brougham and the bailies!—Ha, ha, ha!—Make your tumbler, James. You'll come to your wits by and by.

Hogg (*aside*). I think ye've won past yours, my carle!

Mullion (*aside*). Hush, James. North's quizzing all the while, man.

Hogg. I dinna understand some folk's ways. What gin ye're only just jeering at me a' this time, Mr. North?

North. Not just so neither, my dear. I confess that in one point of view, I take this business in quite as serious disgust as yourself; but the ludicrous of it, the merely ridiculous, predominates.

Mullion. Not over the pleasant.

Odoherty. As if the sense of ridicule interfered in any way with the sense of disgust.

Tickler. In me, for one, the Whigs have the knack of exercising both of them in most harmonious unison.

Hogg. I can laugh as weel as ony body at the silly doings of harmless creatures o' ony species. But I cannot laugh at speeders, or vermin, and dirt o' that order. I hate the Whigs.

* The freedom of the city of Edinburgh had been voted to Henry Brougham, who was born on September 19, 1778, at 19 St. Andrew's Square, in that city. Some of the ultra-Tories were very angry at the payment of this compliment to the parliamentary leader of the liberal party. A public dinner was given to him, at which he made the boast, "These hands are clean," which he afterwards recurred to at Edinburgh banquet to Lord Grey, in 1834.—M.

North. There's the mistake. Now I, for my part, only despise them; and I find no difficulty in despising them, and smiling at them at the same time. You are with me, Timothy?

Tickler. To the backbone. But, after all, this is merely a dispute about vocables, or at best about the feelings of different moods. Many's the time and oft, I'll be sworn, that Jamie Hogg's honest hatred melts, or swells, if you like that better, into as balmy and soul-soothing a calm of noble contempt, as even Christopher, The Imperturbable, would desire to be indulged with in a summer day.

Odoherty. Ay, or a winter night either, which is a much better thing.

Hogg. That's as it may happen, Captain. But ye see, Mr. North, ye should really have mair consideration for folk frae the landwards. Dear me, man, I dinna see a newspaper every day, like you in the town. I just get some ae bit account o' ony thing that's been gaun on, and maun either take my yeditor's opinion, whilk I would be sorry to do, or make up ane for mysel'. I thought this had been a business that had set a' Edinburgh in a perfect low. Sae did Watty Brydone, and a' Yarrow water, for that matter.

Tickler. Come, come, Christopher—after all, 'tis we that are in the wrong. Believing as you did, you were quite right, James, in feeling as you did. You could not be expected to divine the utter humbug of all this, especially as the Scotch papers seem to have given in to the mystification, *uno ore.* There's even James Ballantyne now, does not even he publish a supplement—a supplement, forsooth!—on purpose to give the world of the Weekly Journal a more plenteous bellyfull of this Brougham balaam?—You take in that paper, Jamie?

Hogg. Ay, my nevoy sends't out to huz. And we've the New Times too;* but then we only get them once a week; and than they're sic a bundle, that I canna take heart to begin wi't amaist. Aught or nine papers a' at ance! It's ower meikle for ony ordinar stamach. The Journal's as meikle as I can weel manage. I read naething else about the Brougham matter however.

Tickler. My dear friend, you must buy the "Report from Authority"—the regular concern—the pamphlet. Your library will be incomplete, if you don't.

North. My dear Hogg, we have joked enough about all this. The truth is, that I perfectly agree with you. I think the bailies were asses to offer Brougham their freedom, I think Brougham was an ass to take it—I think the Whigs were mean rogues to give out that the dinner was not to be a political one, and that the few Tories whom

* Edinburgh Weekly Journal, edited by James Ballantyne. The New Times, a London daily paper, edited by Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart, in opposition to The Times. Stoddart was the "Dr. Slop" of the Hone-and-Cruikshank caricature-pamphlets during Queen Caroline's *émeute*, in 1820-21.—M.

they took in were magnificent asses for their pains; the whole affair was a *bêtise* from beginning to end, and the only difficulty is to say who was the greatest *bête*.

Hogg. What's bait?

North. Beast, Hogg, beast.

Hogg. Od, man! if ye but kenn'd hoo I like to listen to you when you speak plain sense and plain English, ye wad neither quiz folk nor haul in a Latin word, (or a Greek ane, gude kens whilk yon was,) when your ain mither-tongue would serve the turn; but I'm no meaning to interrupt you—haud on, haud on, haud on, sir,—it does me gude to hear you.

Odoherty. Curse the bailies!

Tickler. Amen!
Mullion. Ditto!
Hogg. Thou hast said it! } (*Simultaneously.*)

North. Come, come, you're too severe—pass the bottle, secretary. The bailies are good men and true; they have but made—no heel-taps, Timothy—a blunder for once. *Humanum est.*

Tickler. Mere cowardice, sir—I beg your pardon, the word now-a-days is conciliation.

Hogg. Con*silly*ation, an ye like, Southside.

Tickler. A fairish emendation, i'faith.

Odoherty. Pro *Porkson* dehinc, lege, meo periculo, *Porson.*

Hogg. Hoots! hoots! haud ye to the bailies, Mr. North. Silly bodies!

North. Why, yes—in sober truth, James, what does all this sort of thing come to? Brougham is a clever fellow certainly, and a gutter-blood, and I for one should have had, in one view, no objection at all to the magistrates of Edinburgh paying him a compliment of more value than this. But what is the return? Any thanks? Any gratitude? Not at all, Hogg—nothing of the kind. He and his crew have insulted these people all their lives, and they will continue to insult them. Who can be fool enough to suppose that a piece of parchment, with the *Nisi Dominus Frustra* upon it, will alter in any respect the old settled aversions of the sulkiest creature that ever growled? Not I, for one.

Hogg. Nor me, for anither.

Tickler. Depend upon it, nothing ever meets with gratitude which is felt and known, or at the lowest penny suspected, to be extracted from fear.

North. Certainly not. The bailies are Tories. Brougham will comb their ears whenever he can.

Mullion. I take it, they wanted to buy his forbearance in relation to some paltry little job—I don't mean *job* in its bad sense—that they have in hand—their *improvements* bill, for example.

North. That's too bad. No, no, I consider this doing of theirs as just one of the doings, and sayings too, in which the Tories as a body seem at this present to be indulging to a pretty considerable extent. But I submit that the compliment in this case was paid—the submission vouchsafed, that is—not to Brougham personally, but to the Whigs of Edinburgh itself as a body. The provost and bailies thought more of your James Gibsons, your Cockburns, Jeffreys,* and so forth, than of any body so much out of their own sphere as Master Brougham.

Hogg. And what for should ony body think about *them?*

North. Indeed, my dear fellow, it is easier to put such questions than to answer them. The fact is, that the Tories don't stick together for each other, and till they learn to do so, they will individually, and even as knots, remain to a certain extent at the mercy of the other faction—that faction whose geese are always swans—that faction who have chosen to vote all their idiots clever men, and all their clever men great men.

Hogg. I am a simple man, I allow; but I confess I really would like to hear what it is that they say Brougham has done.

North. My dear, he has done nothing; that they admit. But he has said a great deal, and that they wish us to take as good coin.

Tickler. He *has* done something, Kit; but I won't interrupt you just yet.

Odoherty. I don't know any thing he ever *did* except about the poor Queen; and that I thought might as well have been left out of the account.

North. The talk at present afloat about Brougham's gigantic mind, awful powers, terrific eloquence, crushing vituperation, withering sarcasm, &c., &c., &c., is, you may rely upon it, the merest gabble.

Tickler. Agreed.

North. A clever man—and a clever speaker—who denies that? But he is *great* in nothing. Neither in intellect, nor in character, nor even in eloquence. The man's soul is prosaic—his character nothing—his eloquence, all that they talk of as the grand part of it, is mere vulgar slang and rabid rhodomontade.

Hogg. His soul prosaic?—That's news. Wha ever said he was a poet?

North. No, no, you mistake me, James. I mean to say that his soul wants all the noblest and highest points. He is a cold, rancorous, sour, disappointed man, and hatred is his ruling passion. He is a mere beast of prey—and more of the Tiger than the Lion, I guess. He never makes any impression, sir, when he is really met. Nobody would

* James Gibson, afterwards Sir James Gibson-Craig, was a Writer of the Signet, very wealthy, who led the Edinburgh Whigs for many years. Henry Cockburn, a Scottish judge, author of the Life of Jeffrey, died in April, 1854.—M.

characterize Canning as an *awful* orator, and yet he squeezes the life out of Brougham The Thunderer whenever he has a mind.

Tickler. Would that were oftener! Canning is too fine a gentleman for some parts of his office—too delicate—too contemptuously squeamish. Londonderry, whose speaking was nothing to Canning's, did Brougham's business, on the whole, better.*

North. Much. Whenever Canning pleases, he makes Brougham look and feel extremely ridiculous—and there is an end of him for the nonce. But Lord Castlereagh treated him with high, settled, imperturbable scorn, and Brougham could never look at him without trembling. You pay a club-armed savage too much respect when you run him through with a beautifully polished lance. He bleeds, runs, and sulks. But the mace is the true weapon for him!

Tickler. Was it not fine to hear Harry Cockburn, or some such Castiglione, telling a parcel of Auld Reekie riff-raff, that Brougham had taught the world in what way despots should be talked of in a British Senate?

North. Ay, indeed. Robbers, ruffians, and Gentlemen of Verona! These are fine flowers of speech.

Odoherty. And great is the heroism of uttering them, about folks a thousand miles off, and a million of miles above one.

Tickler. Thersites was a hero.

Mullion. I confess I was scarcely prepared to find Brougham audacious enough to play the thunder-claimer over again, so soon after that squabash of Canning's; for that surely was a squabash.†

Tickler. Yes, so it seemed. But you see Canning had not, after all, laid in his whipcord deep enough.

Mullion. Why, what would you have had him say?

Tickler. What would I have had him say! Sir, I would have had

* The Marquis of Londonderry, for many years a Cabinet Minister, committed suicide in August, 1822, and by no means merited this eulogy. As an orator he was contemptible. He used a vast number of words, but, to strike a balance, had a very limited quantity of ideas. He would deliver a speech without any legitimate beginning, middle or end; full of unnecessary parentheses; stretched out by verbose repetitions; crowded with intangible propositions; and made ludicrous by absurd images. Moore has preserved a few, (like flies in amber,) such as, "And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges." or, another—thus versified:

"The level of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction kicks the *beam*."

To contrast Londonderry with Brougham, in any respect except personal appearance, (for the former was remarkably handsome,) would be to compare "General Tom Thumb" with Andrew Jackson.—M.

† The "squabash" occurred in this wise. In July, 1823, when Canning was Foreign Secretary, Brougham made a speech in Parliament in which he stigmatized him as having exhibited the most incredible specimen of monstrous trickery for the purpose of obtaining office, which the whole history of political tergiversation could afford. Canning started up and exclaimed, "I rise to say that is false." The Speaker interfered. A duel was anticipated. A motion was made that both members should be taken into custody, but was withdrawn on their respectively promising the House that it should go no farther. The next year, having met at the Eton Montem, (a saturnalia of the Eton scholars,) they shook hands, amid the applause of thousands of admiring spectators, and, in 1827, Canning had Brougham's great aid.—M.

him crack no jokes about any such puppy. I would have had him fix his eye—heavens, what an eye it is! (*if he knew it!*)—on this Brougham and say,—The honorable member claims the merit of having instructed the ministers of England how to serve her in peace. Why does not the same sage and hero claim the merit of *the* peace itself? God knows, he had been calling on us long and long enough to make peace with France. We partook in his thirst for peace—we beat our enemies, and then we had it. We did not follow the advice of our master, to crouch before the footstool of Bonaparte—we knocked down throne, and footstool, and all—and then we got what we wanted. There is seldom much dispute in this world, as to what is absolutely *good*. We all agreed in wishing for peace at the time when he thundered submission in our ears. We all wished for extension of trade—repeal of taxes—and acknowledgment of South American independence, as early as the beneficent character of these things became apparent to this gentleman's enlightened glance. But we had to do that which he had only to talk about. We had to overcome the obstacles and difficulties which he had but to sneer at. This is the way I would have treated him had I been one of his *pupils!*

Odoherty. One man says, it would be a fine thing to have an instrument by which we could see the stars; another, who may, perhaps, be supposed to have formed the same notion at least as soon, happens to invent a telescope. And Galileo is the *pupil!*

North. Why, after all, Canning said something not very unlike all this. The short and the long of it is this—

Tickler. The difference between the Broughams and the Ministers, whose capacity they sneer at, and whose merits they claim, is exactly the same as that between a dream and a reality—or rather, between madness and genius. Sir, I have no toleration for all this egregious humbug. But it was well fitted, no doubt, for the swallow of the rag and tag who, I understand, constituted all but a very small minority in this dinner-party in George's Street.

Mullion. Why, I take it for granted they have placarded, for our behoof, as many names as they durst well show;—and these are not many.

Odoherty. Nor great. One young Lord—Glenorchy,—a good fellow.

Mullion. Whom, by the way, I was amused to see talked of the other day, in one of the London papers, as one of the *few literary characters* in the House of Commons.

Odoherty. Very good;—then there's an honorable somebody Haliburton, whom nobody ever heard of before—and Sir Harry, honest man—and Raith—and then, plump, you come at once upon a few talking barristers, and feeing writers—and there's your roll of magnates.

Tickler. I beg your pardon, Sir Morgan. You have forgot your friend Mr. Leslie.*

Odoherty. O, very true—I had overlooked the Professor.

Hogg. Deil tak the blethering skytes, the Embro lawwars—I wonder what they think themselves—Scotland here and Scotland there! Is a' Scotland in the Parleament Close, I wonder?

Tickler. Why, it would seem as these gentry thought so; but, seriously, it is a pleasant thing to see such a failure as this. "Dinner in Scotland in honor of Henry Brougham, Esq., of Brougham Hall, M. P."!!! And, after all, the concern to turn out to be a mere meeting of the clanjamphrey!†

North. One is pleased to find our nobility and gentry showing a proper respect for themselves. But, indeed, what could have been expected?

Mullion. How could gentlemen parade themselves where they were to hear such orators as the Jeffreys, &c., are not now-a-days ashamed to hunt in couples with? Cranstoun, you see, stayed away. A bad headache.

North. He had the same, if you recollect, at the Pantheon.

Tickler. Yes, yes, Cranstoun is an aristocrat to the backbone.‡ All the water in Clyde will never wash his blood out of his veins, nor his pride out of his heart neither.

North. No, nor his cold scorn out of his clear blue eye, when it chances to rest upon a spouting mechanical.

Tickler. Ay, or even whether there was no mechanical in the case. Imagine Cranstoun—or, since he *was* there, imagine Ferguson of Raith—one of the completest gentlemen in Britain—imagine his feelings when Cockburn, after having called for a bumper to THE KING, and another to the Duke of York, said, "Now, *gentlemen*, a *raäl* bumper!" and so gave Squire Brougham of Brougham Hall.

Odoherty. Pleasant and genteel.

Tickler. Such weaver wit must have delighted the galleries. Quite Cockburnian!

Odoherty. Brougham approves of the Greek eloquence. This would suit his fancy, no doubt.

Hogg. He was aye a very vulgar speaker that Hairy Cobren. I could never thole him wi' his precentor-like drawl—and his pronoonciashin—it's clean Coogate.§ But faith there's few o' thae lads ony great deacons at that depairtment. There's Jeffrey himsel, wi' his

* Afterwards Sir John Leslie, who discovered the connection between heat and light, and invented the differential thermometer. From 1806 to 1819 he was Mathematical Professor in Edinburgh University, and, in the latter year, succeeded Playfair in the chair of Natural Philosophy. He was the first to convert water and mercury into ice. As a dreaded liberal, Blackwood strongly opposed him. Leslie died in 1832.

† *Clanjamphrey*—mob; tag-rag and bob-tail.—M.

‡ Afterwards a Scottish Judge, as Lord Cranstoun.—M.

§ The Cowgate was the lowest and vulgarest locality in the Old Town of Edinburgh.—M.

snipp, snepp, yirp, yerp—the body pits me in mind o' a mouse cheepin.

Odoherty. Ha! ha!

Tickler. Clever fellow, as he undoubtedly is, what a blockhead, after all, is Brougham, when you come to think of any thing like prudence. Here you have these idiots drinking him in thunders as the leader of the Opposition—and him nolo-episcopari-ing that with a most amiable degree of simplicity—and then, at the same meeting, every one of the three estates of this empire is openly and ferociously insulted. A pretty leader for the real old Gentlemen Whigs of England, if there be any of them remaining.

North. Ay, truly, Tickler.

Tickler. Let us see how the account stands. First of all, Parliamentary reform is given by an obscure Edinburgh bookseller, and drunk with three times three—the whole speech being one libel upon the House of Commons as now existing. Then we have Brougham himself openly, and without disguise, calling the House of Lords a "den" of corruption—declaring in round unequivocal terms, that the majority of Peers who voted the Queen guilty, did so "against their own feelings," and "in violation of their own avowed principles, merely because their master commanded them." Nay, you have him spouting about "ALL *the arms of* EACH *of the powers and princedoms of the state, united with* ALL THE POWERS *of* DARKNESS *and* INFAMY *against* INNOCENCE *and* LAW." These, I think, are the man's *ipsissima.* Now, what does this really come to? Is it more or less than this "LEADER of the Opposition" expressing his belief that the majority of the Peers of Britain are the meanest, most cowardly, lying slaves in the world—personally so—each man a liar and a scoundrel in his secret heart—dead to all honor—lost to every principle that makes the character of a man respectable? Why, sirs, we all understand that people in Parliament vote with their party now and then, upon general political questions, without having examined the matter and made up their opinion strictly from and for themselves. But this had nothing in common with such cases as these. Here, sirs, was a solemn court of justice, a tribunal gravely constituted for judicial, strictly judicial, purposes. Here was the highest court of justice in Britain called upon to decide upon evidence, whether an individual lady had, or had not, been guilty of a certain crime. And here is a man who coolly—years after—expresses his conviction, that the greater number of the judges who composed that court were capable of laying their hands upon their breasts, and solemnly saying GUILTY, when their hearts prompted to NOT GUILTY—capable of ruining a woman, a lady, a queen—of ruining her by declaring her to have forfeited the honor of her sex—merely because *their master* commanded them so to do. Is this the

language of one whom the Whigs of England recognise as their leader? I think not, indeed!

Odoherty. Ay, and consider what that word *master* means too. Is not this meant for the King? Does not Brougham distinctly accuse his Sovereign of being capable of wishing and commanding such injustice?*

North. Perhaps, by *master*, he meant only the minister. But that, after all, in the circumstances of this particular case, comes to nothing. It is, and it must be, universally felt to be a distinction without a difference.

Tickler. And yet this is a man whom people talk of as fit to be a Minister of England! Sir, this man has irretrievably, by that one speech, had he never uttered another in his life, ruined himself in the eyes of all who are capable of weighing things, and their results, with calmness and candor. No gentleman of England, be he Whig or not, can say henceforth that this man could be the confidential servant of George IV.

Odoherty. As to the Duke of York, they have taken pretty good care to settle the matter as to him in the last Edinburgh Review.

North. And as if this were not enough, we have moreover all through this meeting, from beginning to end, a deliberate system of abuse, rancorous, foul, contemptuous abuse, kept up against the Church of England—here is another fine chord for the leader of an *English* opposition to dwell upon.

Tickler. Ay, and we have seen a Mr. Somebody—I forget his name—a foul-mouthed little Edinburgh shopkeeper, however—suffered to insult the Bench of Bishops directly and without circumlocution. God pity these people. I wish the Bishop of Chester had a seat in the House of Commons.†

North. I wish half a score like him had with all my heart. But the Bishop himself has come in good hour and day into the House of Lords. Ah! gentlemen, ye will soon see how Blomfield will tell there. Already that pert goose Lord King knows his master. Already Lord Holland feels the bit too.

Odoherty. It gives me pleasure to observe, that the real old aristocracy of the House of Lords keep well aloof from this system of attack upon the Church. The people who rail at the Bishops, and even sneer, as it seems, at them, on the score of want of hereditary rank—who

* George IV. was not particularly scrupulous respecting his wife, Queen Caroline, whom he first neglected and then persecuted. The employment of suborned spies on her actions, and of perjured witnesses on her trial, showed nothing like a sense of honor. When Sir Edmund Nagle waited on him, in May, 1821, to announce the death of Napoleon, he said, "I have to acquaint you with the death of your worst enemy." The king jumped up in his bed (as lightly as his vast corpulence would permit) and exclaimed, "Eh! when did *she* die?"—M.

† This was Dr. C. J. Blomfield, who has been Bishop of London since 1828, and has shown himself (albeit as arbitrary as Laud) a man of strong sense and clear eloquence.—M.

are they? Not your high old Barons of England, Mr. North—no, no—but *novi homines*, sir—your Hollands—your Kings—people who have scarcely, in the proper sense of the term, a single drop of noble blood in their veins.*

North. Why, there is, after all, a great deal of truth in what my good old acquaintance Sir Egerton Brydges says in his last book about our Modern Peerage. I wish he would write an essay on the subject. We want exceedingly something like a lucid, intelligible, popular analysis of the real history and pretensions of our titled families. The peerage books, &c., are all mere trash, got up from the contributions of the people themselves—just like our own old Nisbetts, Douglasses, and so forth. Nobody knows whether any given word of theirs be, or be not an utter lie, unless they give an authority, which they are all of them particularly shy of. I shall write Sir Egerton anent this—or rather, I shall ask his crony Kempferhausen to do it for me.† (*Rings, and orders supper.*)

Hogg. Weel, I own I'm just as weel pleased wi' our ain Kirk. At ony rate there was nae whipping and scourging at her at this dinner. That's ae good thing, however. Eh, sirs, what oysters!

Odoherty. Why, Hogg, do you good Presbyterians really believe that the same people who are now attacking the Church of England, would not make short work with the Kirk of Scotland too, if they had once carried the greater object?—Sir Henry Moncrieff is a good man, which I hope almost all your clergymen are;‡ and he is, moreover, a gentleman, and a man of the world, which, I take it, few of them have much pretension to be; but surely, surely, the Reverend Baronet might as well keep what you call "a calm sugh" upon certain points.

Tickler. Deluded dupes that these men are! The Church Establishment of Scotland would not stand one single hour after the downfall of that of England. Why, the greater part even of the Scotch aristocracy and landed men, (the infinitely greater part of them,) are not members of the Kirk of Scotland at all. They are, as all their forefathers were, Episcopalians. They yield, as their ancestors did, to the voice of the majority of the gross population; and they have every reason to be well satisfied with the excellent character and services of the Presbyterian clergy. But it is surely rather too much of a joke to suppose that two-thirds, at least, of the landlords in Scotland, being

* Lords Holland and King were the constant assailants, in the Upper House, of the plethoric Church Establishment in England, which Bishop Blomfield as constantly defended.—M.

† Sir Egerton Brydges, who unsuccessfully claimed the peerage of Lord Chandos, of Sudeley, and was a well-known English writer for nearly half a century, actually edited Collins's Peerage. He was a great friend of R. P. Gillies, the German scholar, (and the Kempferhausen of Blackwood,) and affected to think him the best poet of the day.—M.

‡ Sir Henry Moncrieff, a baronet of very ancient date, and a minister of the Scottish Church. He succeeded the Rev. Dr. Erskine (whom Hurd pronounced to be the deepest divine he ever knew after Warburton) in the chieftainship of the Whig party of the Kirk of Scotland, and was alike powerful in the General Assembly and the pulpit. His son, James Moncrieff, was one of the most distinguished members of the Scottish bar.—M.

really members of the English Church themselves, and having witnessed the overthrow of their own Church—the Church of their own affections and reverence—would, after that event, on any terms, consent to the existence of any Presbyterian *Establishment* here in poor little Scotland.

North. I don't believe that the majority of even Sir Henry's own side of the Kirk entertain any feelings but those of aversion and suspicion in regard to the present assailants of the Church of England. Many of what are called the wild men, are as sensible, learned, and judicious men, as any among their adversaries; and I am glad to see, that in the late tumults about Pro-Catholic and Anti-Catholic petitions, in their Presbyteries, Synods, &c., the most sturdy Anti-Catholicism has been evinced here and there by these Ultra-Presbyterians, who have in this way shown themselves to be animated with the real spirit of their Presbyterian predecessors.

Tickler. Glad!—Why so?—I thought you had been rather Pro-Catholic yourself, North.

North. Why, Tickler, there are two or three words to that. I hate Catholicism, sir. I consider it as a base and degrading superstition—hostile to the progress of nations in knowledge, in virtue, and in all that deserves the name of religion. I certainly consider it as a religion which every honest *Presbyterian* is bound to hold in especial horror; and I hate to see bodies of men deserting their old character. But when you come to talk of *me*, Tickler, why, I fairly own that there are many things to be taken into view ere one determines what ought to be done about the Irish and English Catholics, as matters now stand.*

Hogg. Oh hang a' Papists!—I hate the very name o' them.

Tickler. Nonsense, Hogg; you know nothing of the matter.

Odoherty (*aside*). *Multum dubito*—I vote with the Chaldean.

North. Nobody can have a greater respect for many individuals of the Catholic body, dead and living too, than myself. But this is nothing to the point. The fact is this, Tickler—the Catholic religion was dethroned, both in England and in Scotland, in spite of the adherence of the greater part of the population at the time; *because* it was felt by the intelligence of the nation to be a bad religion, and, above all, dangerous to the civil well-being of the state. Now, what was done? Strong penal laws were enacted; and in the course of no great space of time, the Catholic population of Scotland dwindled into a cipher, and that of England into all but a cipher. Well, the Catholic religion was

* In the Parliamentary session of 1825, a measure for the relief of Roman Catholics was brought in, with the consent of the Government, and was passed by the Commons. But, in the House of Lords, on April 21, 1825, the Duke of York (heir presumptive to the crown) made a speech in which, declaring his hostility to the Catholic claims, he averred his fixed resolve never to abate it, and affirmed this avowal, as of an oath, by the solemn words, "So help me God." On this, the Lords threw out the measure;—but this result could not have been known in Scotland when this "Noctes" was written.—M.

dethroned in Ireland on precisely the same grounds; and penal laws of exactly the same kind (I speak as to the principle of the thing, not as to minute particulars) followed the erection of a Protestant Church Establishment in that island. These laws were bad laws, if you will. I don't mean to defend them, or to go into any argument about them, *pro* or *con*. But whatever they were, they had a strong, a prodigious effect—that no one will deny. Under the influence of their operation, the most intelligen classes of the Irish population came, ere long, to belong almost exclusively to the Protestant Church. Little or nothing remained with the proscribed faith, but the dregs of the people. Such was the situation of affairs when the penal laws began to be repealed, and I beg you to consider for a moment what the consequence has been. The Catholic population, quiet and peaceable so long as the penal statutes remained in unbroken vigor, have followed up each concession by a new, a louder, a more turbulent manifestation of discontent.

Odoherty. How could it be otherwise?—The first retrograde step the legislature took conceded the principle of the whole business.

North. Exactly—and therefore that first step was wrong. But though you, as a sturdy Orangeman, Odoherty, will not easily concur with me, the conclusion I draw from the whole history of the affair, most assuredly is, that it is idle to stand out now for a few comparatively trifling points, after the great body and pith of the penal laws have been broken through and dissipated. You have suffered them to get a great deal too much; that is *absolutely* true. But it by no means follows that you should not, *therefore*, give them a little more. I consider, in short, what they have been bothering us about of late years as mere baubles, compared with what they have been suffered to take possession of. You have unbound the brute—will he do you the less harm because you won't take off the collar to which the chain *used to be* attached? No, no—we have gone too far. *Jacta est alea.*

Tickler. If it be necessary either to advance or to retrograde, I for one should vote for the latter alternative.

Odoherty. Your hand, Tickler. I would rather clap on the chain again, than attempt to soothe an animal, whose blood all experience has shown to be essentially and irreclaimably savage.

North. You push my argument—and my poor figure especially—a great deal farther than I meant. But let us drop the unpleasant subject. Dr. Mullion, the bottle is with you, sir.

Tickler. Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose a toast—fill "a raal pumper," as this Mr. Cockburn hath it. I give you, John, Earl of Eldon, Chancellor of England—at this moment, with God's good grace, the best bulwark of the law, the faith, and the constitution of our country. Long may he continue to fill the high station he has held so long and so honorably! Long may the solid weight of this great and venerable man's intellect and character be found stemming the flood

of envious innovation—that foul flood, that would fain be bloody too, if it could—The Lord Chancellor!

Omnes (*rising*). The Lord Chancellor!*—God bless him!!! (*Three times three.*)

Hogg (*sings*).

"I'll maybe live to see the day
That hounds shall get the halter,
And drink his health in usquebae,
As I do now in water"—hem!

Mullion. What, Hogg! have you finished your mutchkin† already, single-handed too! Well, well! (*rings, and acts upon the Shepherd's hint.*)

North. There—all right now, James. Toss off a glass of the neat article, and tune your pipes for a song proper. What will ye give us?

Odoherty. No more of those old Jacobite trash, I hope.

Hogg. Weel, weel, let me mak my tumbler first. I'll sing you a sang of my ain, Sir Morgan, baith words and music; but before I do that, I think I may gie my toast too; and after a' that's been said, I'm gaun to give you just Mr. Brougham himself—for there's nae dog sae black that it has ne'er a white hair on't—and he's a jolly lad, a tway-night chiel, even by his ain account o't. In that capacity I beg leave to propose Mr. Brougham's health, and lang may he continue to set ae gude example to the lean-sided deevils, that he's ower clever, and ower jovial, too, to belang rightly to—Henry Brougham!‡

Omnes. Mr. Brougham! (*all the honors.*)

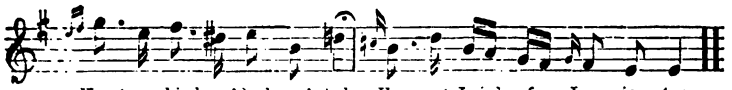
Hogg (*sings*).

THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.

* The Earl of Eldon. He was the most constant, persevering, and intolerant opponent of the Catholic claims.—M.

† *Mutchkin*—an English pint, three of which made a Scots' pint. On the other hand twenty English pence (two cents each) made one Scotch pound.—M.

‡ So strong is nationality in Scotland that the Tories, while bitterly abusing Brougham's ultra-liberal politics, were greatly (and justly) proud of him—as their countryman.—M



He that swears is but so so;
He that lies to hell must go;
He that falls in bagnio,
Falls in the devil's frying pan.
Wha was't ne'er pat aith to word?
Never lied for duke nor lord?
Never sat at sinfu' board?
The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just;
He that prays is ne'er to trust;
He that drinks to drauck his dust,
Wha can say that wrang is done?
Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclined,
Never pray'd sin' he can mind?
Ane whose drouth there's few can find,
The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

I like a man to tak' his glass,
Toast a friend or bonny lass;
He that winna is an ass—
Deil send him ane to gallop on!
I like a man that's frank an' kind,
Meets me when I have a mind,
Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
Like the Laird o' Lamington.

North. Thank you, James, Never heard you in better voice. By the way, Mullion, you said there was a poem in praise of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in your bag. I wish to hear it—now's your time.

Mullion. In the anonymous bag, sir?—O yes, I recollect it—(*reads.*)

LAUDES ROBINSONIANÆ.

Hail, Robinson!* by whose indulgent care
I drink my port at half-a-crown a bottle;
Nor, after that is done, need now to spare
Two more of claret, just to cool my throttle;

* Frederick Robinson (afterwards Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon) was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1828. Immediately before the commercial crisis which is called The Panic of 1825, he boasted of the great prosperity of the country, derived, he said, from the vast number of Joint-Stock Companies, which (he argued) showed a superabundance of wealth. Shortly after came all but a national bankruptcy, whereupon Cobbett gave him the sobriquet of "Prosperity Robinson." In 1827, he was Colonial Secretary under Canning, and to enable him to act as Ministerial leader of the House of Lords, was created Viscount Goderich. Cobbett, close at his heels, then nicknamed him "Goosey Goderich." Becoming Premier at Canning's death, the reins soon fell from his incapable hands, and he was succeeded, early in 1828, by the Duke of Wellington. From 1841 to 1846, he occupied a comparatively unimportant office in Peel's Cabinet.—M.

Though Hume impute this consummation rare
To his harangues on figures and sums tottle,
With me his vile conceit shall ne'er prevail
To cheat thee of thy praise—All hail! all hail!

Here I would fain persuade my Cockney friends,
In reading this effusion, to refrain
From spouting it aloud; such practice tends
To mar the meaning—for I scarce would deign
*To malt**—you know my friend Sir William sends
Girls to the deuce, with whom such habits reign,—
And, in your mouth, my ode could scarcely fail
To prove a lucubration on *Hall ale.*

Ale, to be sure, was not to be despised,
When claret cost five times its weight in copper,
And economic policy advised
Occasional employment of the stopper
Between each round; but, now 'tis unexcised,
A moment's pause were very far from proper,
And who, that could drink claret by the pail,
Would ever deign to name the name of ale?

"These are my sentiments," as Peter says,
After a speech upon the general question;
That's my opinion, which whoe'er gainsays,
Just let him try which best promotes digestion;
Or if, ma'am, towards ale your fancy strays,
It is a thing I'm sorry I've distrest you on,
Affairs of taste we needn't come to scratches on,
But if you *will* have ale, apply to Aitchison.

I only beg leave strongly to object
To the vile practice, much I fear too common
With some, who are so blind and incorrect,
As to take both, which can agree with no man:
These soon begin the claret to reject;
No wonder! e'en the stomach of a Roman
Such horrible commixtures would inflame,
And then the worst is, claret gets the blame.

But all this by the by—I now return
To the right subject of my lucubration;
I had been showing how we ought to spurn
At Hume's attempt, for his *mis*-calculation,
The praises due to Robinson to earn—
To whom alone this truly grateful nation
Will give the meed of honor justly due,
And not to Hume and his convicted crew.

* *To malt*, an elegant expression for drinking beer. The tasteful baronet was heard to say, "'Pon my soul, an uncommon fine girl—but, by heaven, she *malts!*"

For me, I neither know, nor wish to know,
A word about the science of finance;
But think it is not difficult to show,
If taking duties off the wines of France
Has made the price of claret fall so low,
A truth which causes topers' eyes to glance,
Lest by the measure the Exchequer loses,
We ought to drink Lafitte in double boozes.

The thing is plain—I ask you if it isn't
Our duty, both in policy and gratitude,
Tending to cheer our palates at the present,
And to preserve the nation's glorious attitude?
And would it not, d'ye think, be very pleasant
To Robinson to know we do so? That it would!
Therefore, at once get doubly larger glasses—
Or fill them twice as often—or you're asses.

Up, up, then, sparkling ruby! that's the thing.
Dear Robinson! Indulgent Chancellor!*
Thy praises ever grateful will I sing—
Nor only sing—for henceforth I will pour,
Duly as my libation to my King,
One tip-top overflowing brimmer more
To thee, my boy! and thus promote the sale—
And please myself and thee—Dear Robinson! All hail.

North. Very fair verses. Don't lose them, Mullion.

Odoherty. A fit conclusion to the Laird of Lamington. You are certainly a very decent Bacchanalian Bard, Shepherd; but I am sorry to have bad news to tell you, man. You are no longer at the top of that tree—a new competitor, James—a terrible fellow, sir; O Jemmy, prepare for the worst! Yes, it is, it is true—you are dethroned!

Tickler. Are you puffing yourself, Sir Morgan?

Odoherty. Pooh! pooh! we must all knock under now, man. Hear it, O Hogg of Ettrick, and give ear, thou Timothy of Southside! Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys, has turned over a new leaf, and is become the jolliest of all jolly dogs, the very type of the tippling principle—a perfect incarnation of "god Bacchus."

Hogg. What! him that used to haver sae about tea, slops, and butter and bread? Him that brought down Jupiter frae the clouds to take his four-hours at Hampstead out of a crockery cup, with his "Hebe," and "She be," and "Tea be," and I kenna what mair awfu' drivels?

Odoherty (*solemnly*).

"The same—the same—
Letters four do form his name."

* In 1824, Robinson abated the duties on rum, French wines, leather, &c.—M.

North. O don't bother us with the Cockney to-night. Leave him to Z.* All in good time.

Tickler. Where is the General?

North. Why, I had not heard from him for some time, but ye'll find him taking up India at last in our next Number. I believe he's at his box in Surrey at present.

Tickler. By the way, Hogg, talking of boxes, what the deuce is the meaning of this new doing? I perceive an advertisement about my dear Altrive in the newspapers. Why, do you really mean to let the Cottage? Impossible!

Hogg. Possible—probable—fact, Mr. Tickler, and what for no? But I had forgotten,—'tis a lang time since ye were up to Yarrow. Ye see the business is this—I have that great muckle farm o' the Duke's now, on the other side of the water, Mont Benger, and there's a very snod steading on it, and I maun be there ilka day early and late in the simmer-time, and it's just past a' telling the inconvenience of keeping house at Altrive, and tramp, tramping there. Besides, what's the use o' having the twa houses on my haunds? I expect a braw rent, I can tell you.

Odoherty. Why, let me see (*reading*). "Accommodation for four or five Sportsmen and their domestics."—This sounds well.

Hogg. Ay, there's the mistress's chaumber, and the bairns' room, and the tway box-beds i' the drawing-room, and the lasses' laft, and the crib in the trance, and the laft ower the gig. What wad ye hae, Sir Morgan?

Odoherty. Me? oh! I'm like yourself, Hogg—I can sleep any where.

Mullion. And "the use of THE LIBRARY," Hogg!—I see you have put that bait on your hook too.—Pray, how many books have you?

Hogg. I've ane o' the best collections in the parish now, Mr. Secretary. I have, let me see, I have the Mountain Bard, that's ane; the Forest Minstrel, that's tway; the Pilgrims, that's three; the Dramas, that's tway volumes, five in a'; the Maudor, sax; the Wake, seven; (I have tway copies o' her;)—the Brownie, nine; the Perils o' Man, twall; the Perils o' Woman, fifteen; the Evening Tales, seventeen; the Confessions o' a Justified Sinner, achteen; Queen Hynde, nineteen; Hogg on Sheep—that's the score; and they's a' my ain warks, forby pamphlets and periodicals, the Spy amang them—and the Jubilee—dear me, I dinna mind half o' them—and than, there's maist a' the Sherra's beuks,† baith verse and prose, kent and suspeckit—and there's Gray's works—I mean James Gray, and the ither Gray too, I have his Elegy—and Wordsworth's Ballants—and Willison Glass—and Tanna-

* Nearly all of Maga's bitter attacks upon Leigh Hunt, as head of "the Cockney School of Poetry," were signed "Z." They were very personal and very satirical; but Hunt's affectations and mannerisms (as the Irishman said when he struck a bald pate put out of the slit of a tent at a fair) were "too tempting" to be passed by.—M.

† Scott was the Sheriff.—M.

bul—and Shakspeare—maist feck o' him, however—and Allan Cunningham—and the Bemerside Bard—and Milton's Paradise—and the Jacobite Relics—deil's i' me, I hippit them clean—and Ballantyne on Siddons—and George Thomson's sangs complete—and Byron—a hantle o' him, man—and a great bundle of Blue and Yellow, and Quarterlys, and Blackwoods, a' throughither. What wad ye hae? is nae that a braw leebrary?

Mullion. I sit corrected—and so, I am sure, does Sir Morgan. You also, I think, mention that the situation is "the very best that can be met with for angling."—Is not this rather bold?

Hogg. Come out, and try yoursell. Odd, man, ye're no the length of a kail-yard frae bonny Yarrow—and Saint Mary's Loch's within less than half a mile—and there's the Craig-Douglas Burn, too, a noble trouter.—What wad folk luck for?

North. Well, James, I highly approve of your prudence in letting the cottage. And Tickler, my dear fellow, say now, don't you think we might e'en do worse than become the Shepherd's tenants ourselves? What say you, Mullion?—You, Sir Morgan?

Tickler. Off.

Mullion. Ditto.

Odoherty. Do you board the tenants, too, Hogg?—And, by the by, what's the rent?

Hogg. Ha! ha! ha!—Rent frae you, my braw lad!—Na, na, Captain. Ye's be welcome to Mont Benger, but deil a fit into Altrive.

(*Clock strikes one.*)

North. I am an older man than Mr. Cockburn*—and, in short, 'tis time to be going. Mullion, you'll settle the bill.—Good night.

(*Exeunt* NORTH *and* TICKLER. *Manent cæteri.*)

* Henry Cockburn, author of the Life of Lord Jeffrey. He was one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland when he died, (April 26, 1854,) and it was truly said that he had "adorned the bar of Scotland by his eloquence, the bench by his sagacity, and the society of Edinburgh by his playful and affectionate disposition." He was a nervous writer as well as a striking speaker, and his legal pursuits were accompanied by a strong taste for literature, and an enlightened appreciation of the fine arts.—M.

No. XXI.—SEPTEMBER, 1825.

Blue Parlor.—NORTH *and* TICKLER.

North. With what admirable ingenuity hath our Ambrose contrived to procure a perpetual play of Zephyr, even during the summer noon, in this Sanctum Sanctorum!

Tickler. What a scientific thorough-draught! How profound these shadows! Not a leaf is withered on that beautiful geranium! never was that flowering myrtle more "brightly, deeply, beautifully green." Week after week that carnation tree displays new orbs of crimson glory. Saw ye ever, North, such a tiger-lily, so wildly, fiercely beautiful like its forest brother, the animal, that terrifies the desert with his glittering and gorgeous motions, as he bounds over brake and jungle in famine or in play?

North. Timothy, Timothy, Timothy! First Timothy?

Tickler. Too poetical? Why, that red champagne has stirred up all the ethereal particles that mysteriously constitute the soul; and, as Jeffrey said to Coleridge, "Why, sir, my whole talk is poetry."

North. Whoever wishes to know what poetry is, to know it clearly, distinctly, and permanently, let him read Barry Cornwall's article thereon in the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

Tickler. That young gentleman deserves a dressing at your hands or mine, North, for he often runs a muck now; not in the Malay, however, but Cockney fashion, and the pen must be wrested out of his lily hand.

North. The image is not unamusing; a slight, slim poetaster mincing a muck among the great English bards! I love Barry; for he writes pretty—very pretty verses—and has an eye for the beautiful—but in the character of critic——

Tickler. He courts the world's applause, by endeavoring to imitate Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, the London Magazine, himself, Johnny Keats, and the morning papers; and in such slang he jargons the characters of Shakspeare and Milton. It is, indeed, despicable to see the old Blue and Yellow reduced to such drivelling as this.—But what are you reading, North?

North. The account of the lion-fight at Warwick; a most brutal

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business—hideous and loathsome.* But why confuse such infamous cruelty with such a cheerful pastime as pugilism? Would you believe it, that the editor of the New Times has discontinued those admirable accounts of all the great fights that made his paper as much prized in the sporting as it has long been in the political and fashionable world? I do not find that he has shut his columns to those grossly indecent quack advertisments, that render newspapers unfit to lie on the breakfast-table of an honest family. Is this consistent?

Tickler. Very silly. By so doing, he disappoints a vast number of his subscribers. What right has he to disappoint five hundred country gentlemen, all anxious to know the character and result of any battle?

North. None. They take his paper, to be sure, for other and higher reasons; but they are entitled to find in its columns full and particular accounts of all such contests, for, right or wrong, they form part of our national pastimes, create a prodigious interest among all classes, and a man looks and feels like a ninny on going into company in utter ignorance of that event which furnishes the sole conversation of that one day.† I trust this hint will be taken.

Tickler. Confound all cruelty to animals!—But I much question the efficacy of law to protect the inferior creation against the human. Let that protection be found in the moral indignation of the people. That Irish jackass, Martin, throws an air of ridicule over the whole matter by its insufferable idiotism. I hope to see his skull, thick as it is, cracked one of these days; for that vulgar and angry gabble with which he weekly infests the police-offices of the metropolis, is a greater outrage to humanity than any fifty blows ever inflicted on the snout of pig, or the buttocks of beeve; blows which, in one and the same breath, the blustering and blundering blockhead would fain prosecute, punish, and pardon.

North. It is not possible to define cruelty to animals so as to bring it within the salutary operation of law. That being the case, there should be no law on the subject. I am an old, weak man now, but I was once young and strong; and this fist, Timothy, now with difficulty folded into a bunch of fives,—for these chalk-stones forbid,—has levelled many a brute in the act of unmercifully beating his horse, his ass, or his wife. Every man ought to take the law into his own hands on such occasions. Thus only can the inferior animals walk the streets of London in any degree of security.

*A fight between an English bull-dog and a lion called Nero, belonging to a travelling exhibition. The lion fought shy, and firmly declined measuring his strength or courage with the dog.—M.

†The London newspapers, with the exception of Bell's Life, (wholly devoted to sporting,) had grown squeamish on the score of publishing accounts of pugilistic prize-fights. Previously, even The Times itself used to devote several columns to a narrative of one of these encounters.—Mr. Windham, the distinguished statesman, who had twice been a Cabinet Minister, used to contend that the intrepidity of Britons could best be encouraged by cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and pugilism, which he called national sports.—M.

Tickler. Pray, Mr. Richard Martin, did you ever try to drive a pig? or to keep a flock of sheep, or a drove of cattle together, in the midst of the riot, tumult, and confusion of Smithfield? It is no such easy job, I can tell you; and nothing short of a most impertinent and provoking puppy must that person be, who stops short a drover in all his agonies of exasperation, for merely banging the hide of an overfed ox, about to join the colors of another regiment.

North. Why don't they murder him at once?*

Tickler. Oh, he cannot expect to sit in another Parliament. I presume you know that he is to be Chancellor of the University of London?

North. I do. University of London! With what an air of pride will a young man look about him, in a company of poor Oxonians and Cantabs, who may have just finished his education in the University of London!

Tickler. Tims, I am told, is to be a Professor. Yet, joking apart, I am sorry there is to be no theological chair. I had intended occupying it, and had even sketched out a course of lectures; but understanding that Odoherty was a candidate, I retired before the claims of the Adjutant.

North. The Adjutant! Do you mean to tell me that the Standard-Bearer is a Unitarian? Impossible! Odoherty could never have intended to accept the chair.

Tickler. On the whole it is better, perhaps, that he is to be appointed Professor of Gymnastics? Clias does not mean to oppose him, and therefore, for the Adjutant's sake, let us drink success to this institution: "Sir Morgan Odoherty, and the University of London;" *with all the honors. Hip, hip, hip—&c. &c.*

North. Young persons, my good friend, will, no doubt, get information of various kinds at the said London University; but it will always be a vulgar, coarsish sort of an academe.† True it is, that the expense of a complete and gentlemanly education at Oxford or Cambridge is a serious thing, and must deter many parents from sending their sons thither, but such education as this metropolitan school will supply, never will be considered as a satisfactory substitute for the other, either

* Richard Martin, then M. P. for Galway, (in which county he owned such vast estates, that from his lodge-gate to his dwelling-house was said to be twenty miles,) had taken the dumb creation under his especial care, and succeeded in carrying an Act of Parliament to prevent and punish cruelty to animals. This statute continues in operation, and is frequently acted upon.

† In 1825, London University was established, on the suggestion of Thomas Campbell, the poet, heartily supported by Brougham and the Liberal party. After much struggling, it succeeded. The original institute is now called University College, London, with Lord Brougham as President, and a large array of Professors in Arts, Laws, Medicine, and Surgery. London University Hospital is in connection with its school of medicine, now one of the best in England. There is also an "University of London," now established by the Crown, with the power of granting degrees in Arts and Laws to candidates holding certificates of having studied at any of the other Universities, or at University and King's Colleges in London, and at about thirty other educational institutions in England and Ireland. This University, of which the Earl of Burlington is Chancellor, has among its Examiners for degrees some of the ablest men in London —M.

by the heads of families, or the young gentlemen themselves; and it is plain that the students must be of a low grade in society. Be it so it is well. Let its real character be understood, and many of the objections to the scheme will fall to the ground; just as many of the expectations of its utility will do, now absurdly exaggerated and misrepresented.

Tickler. No Divinity—no Polite Literature—no Classics! What a menagerie it will be of bears and monkeys! a nursery for contributors to the Westminster Review.

North. Pray, Tickler, have you read Milton's Treatise on Christianity?*

Tickler. I have; and feel disposed to agree with him in his doctrine of polygamy. For many years I lived very comfortably without a wife; and since the year 1820, I have been a monogamist. But I confess there is a sameness in that system. I should like much to try polygamy for a few years. I wish Milton had explained the duties of a polygamist; for it is possible that they may be of a very intricate, complicated, and unbounded nature, and that such an accumulation of private business might be thrown on one's hands, that it could not be in the power of an elderly gentleman to overtake it; occupied too, as he might be, as in my own case, in contributing to the Periodical Literature of the age.

North. Sir, the system would not be found to work well in this climate. Milton was a great poet, but a bad divine, and a miserable politician.

Tickler. How can that be? Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things.

North. Wordsworth often writes like an idiot; and never more so than when he said of Milton, "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!" For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet.

Tickler. What! That Wordsworth whom Maga cries up as the Prince of Poets?

North. Be it so; I must humor the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England; whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

Tickler. I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

* This was a posthumous work by Milton, discovered in the State Paper Office, shortly before, and published by desire of George IV. In this treatise, Milton argues as an Unitarian.—M.

North. And yet with his creed, what might not a great poet have done? That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion! That in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling, common to all the race, the subject-matter of poetry is to be sought and found! That enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate men's hearts, are the sources of song! And what pray has he made out of this true and philosophical creed? A few ballads, (pretty at the best,) two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half a dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below; and Crabbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.*

Tickler. Good. And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

North. Well, well; let them have their own way awhile. I confess that the "Excursion" is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense, as well as the sound. The remaining 7300 are quite ineffectual. Then what labor the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a single man!†

Tickler. Wipe your forehead, North; for it is indeed a most perspiring thought. I do not know whether my gallantry blinds me, but I prefer much of the female to the male poetry of the day.

North. O thou Polygamist!

Tickler. There is Joanna Baillie. Is there not more genius, passion, poetry, in the tragedy of Count Basil, than in any book of Wordsworth?

North. Ten times.

Tickler. There is Mrs. Hemans. Too fond, certes, is she of prattling about Greece and Rome, and of being classical, which no lady can hope to be who has never been at one of the English public schools, and sat upon the fifth form. But is there not often a rich glow of imagery in her compositions, fine feelings and fancies, and an unconstrained and even triumphant flow of versification which murmurs poetry?

* "Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires;
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest,
Though nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

So sang Byron. Subsequently, Maga declared that Ebenezer Elliott, "The Corn Law Rhymer," emphatically deserved the high title of Poet of the Poor. The Rev. George Crabbe, the poet, himself of lowly origin, made accurate studies of nature in humble life, sometimes coarse, often repulsive, but always original. He died in 1832, aged seventy-eight.—M.

† The reader may recollect Byron's couplet,

"A flimsy, frowsy poem, called 'The Excursion,'
Written in a manner which is my aversion."—M.

North. There is.

Tickler. Is not L. E. L. a child of genius, as well as of the Literary Gazette; and does she not throw over her most impassioned strains of love and rapture a delicate and gentle spirit, from the recesses of her own pure and holy woman's heart?

North. She does.

Tickler. And was not Tighe an angel, if ever there was one on earth, beautiful, airy, and evanescent, as her own immortal Psyche?*

North. She was.

Tickler. And what the devil then would you be at with your great bawling He-Poets from the Lakes, who go round and round about, strutting upon nothing, like so many turkey-cocks gobbling with a long red pendant at their noses, and frightening away the fair and lovely swans as they glide down the waters of immortality?

North. With Fahrenheit at 80 in the shade I praise the poetry of no man. You have carte blanche to abuse every body, Tickler, till the thermometer is less ambitious.

Tickler. Wordsworth is a poet—but unluckily is a weak man. His imagination shows him fine sights, but his intellect knows not how to deal with them, so that they evanish in glittering and gorgeous evaporation.

North. Just so, Tickler—and then how ludicrously he overrates his own powers. This we all do, but Wordsworth's pride is like that of a straw-crowned king in Bedlam. For example, he indited some silly lines to a hedge-sparrow's nest with five eggs, and, years afterward, in a fit of exultation, told the world, in another poem equally childish, that the Address to the Sparrow was "one strain that will not die!" Ha! ha! ha! Can that be a great man?

Tickler. Had that man in youth become the member of any profession, (which all poor men are bound to do,) he would soon have learned in the tussle to rate his powers more truly. How such a man as Jeffrey, with his endless volubility of ingenious argumentation, would have squabashed him before a jury! Suppose him Attorney-General in the Queen's trial, stammering before Brougham, who kept lowering upon him with that cadaverous and cruel countenance, on a sudden instinct with a hellish scorn! Or opposed in Parliament to the rapier

* Joanna Baillie, author of Plays of the Passions, and other dramas, with Metrical Legends, and a prose vindication of the Unitarian creed. Sir Walter Scott, who greatly esteemed her, superintended the production of her "Family Legend" at Edinburgh Theatre, where it was very successful.—Felicia Dorothea Hemans, whose Records of Woman, Forest Sanctuary, and minor lyrics have placed her high on the list of modern poets.—Letitia Elizabeth Landon, (Maclean by marriage,) born in 1802, died in Africa in 1838. She published a volume of poems in 1821, called The Fate of Adelaide, and from that time until her death was known by her numerous and usually beautiful poems in the Literary Gazette and various magazines, as well as in nearly all the annuals, and by several separate works in prose and verse. Unhappy love formed the staple of her effusions for several years, but she had learned to think, and had studied to express her feelings with the requisite concentration, when she died.—Mrs. Tighe, an Irish lady, author of a clever poem, called "Psyche," in the Spenserean stanza, and published after her premature death.—M.

of Canning, that even while glancing before the eye, has already inflicted twenty disabling wounds! Or editor of the Poetical, Philosophical, and Political Journal, and under the influence of a malignant star, opposed, *vi et armis*, to Christopher North, the Victor in a Thousand Fields!

North. Ay, ay, Tickler—my dear Tickler—he would have found his level then—but his excessive vanity——

Tickler. Contrasted with the unassuming, and indeed retiring modesty—I might say bashfulness—of your mind and manners, sir, the arrogance of the stamp-master——

North. Hush—no illiberal allusion to a man's trade.

Tickler. I ask pardon. No person more illiberal on this very point than our lyrical ballad-monger. His whole writings, in verse and prose, are full of sneers at almost every profession but his own—and that being the case——

North. Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

Tickler. Very.

North. Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost sonorously—but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare. The atmosphere is becoming every moment more oppressive. How stands the Therm.?

Tickler. Ninety. But then when his martial soul is up, and up it is at sight of a spear-point or a pennon, then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me,—and, coward and civilian though I be,—yes, a most intense and insuperable coward, prizing life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loth to shed one single drop of blood either for my King or country,—yet such is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourishing it round my head, cry,

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

"Were the last words of Marmion!"

North. Bravo—bravo—bravo!

Tickler. I care not a single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and seats him accordingly above or below

the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment, with costs.

North. How you can jabber away so, in such a temperature as this confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

Tickler. Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it; for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half-canto of slumber.

North. Did you ever meet any of the Lake Poets in private society?

Tickler. Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out-of-the-worldish look about him, that puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a Methodist preacher.

North. I have seen Chantrey's bust.

Tickler. The bust flatters his head, which is not intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure, are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.*

North. Is he not extremely eloquent?

Tickler. Far from it. He labors like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolaters, and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick.

North. Not during dinner surely?

Tickler. Yes—during breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper,—every intermediate moment,—nor have I any doubt that he proses all night long in his sleep.

North. Shocking indeed. In conversation, the exchange should be at par. That is the grand secret. Nor should any Christian ever exceed the maximum of three consecutive sentences—except in an anecdote.

Tickler. O merciful heavens! my dear North—what eternal talkers most men are now-a-days—all at it in a party at once—each farthing candle anxious to shine forth with its own vile wavering wick—tremu-

* What I chiefly noticed in Wordsworth was the leaning forward of his head, as if a large quantity of brain were weighing it down. The picture by Pickersgill, of which a fine engraving appeared in Moxon's six-volume edition of the Poems, in 1836, was very like him, not attempting to throw beauty or grace into features which were rather homely, but investing them with their natural and familiar expression of deep thought.—M.

lously apprehensive of snuffers—and stinking away after expiration in the socket!

North. Bad enough in town, but worse, far worse, in country places.

Tickler. The surgeon! The dominie! The old minister's assistant and successor! The president of the Speculative Society!* Two landscape painters! The rejected contributor to Blackwood! The agricultural reporter of the county! The Surveyor! Captain Campbell! The Laird, his son! The stranger gentleman on a tour! The lecturer on an orrery! The poet about to publish by subscription! The parson from Pitkeathly! The man of the house himself! My God! his wife and daughters! and the widow, the widow! I can no more, the widow, the widow, the widow!

(*Sinks back in his chair.*)

North. I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired. Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most excellent music—without a discord—full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine!†

Tickler. Add him to my list—and the band of instrumental music is complete.

North. What stuff is spoken about the oratory of pulpit and parliament!

Tickler. Brougham is a volcano—an eruption—a devouring flame—a storm—a whirlwind—a cataract—a torrent—a sea—thunder and earthquake. You might apply the same terms, with the same truth, to a Billingsgate fishwife.

North. Brougham's invective is formidable chiefly for its vulgarity. One hates, loathes, fears to be pelted with the mud and missiles of an infuriated demagogue—just as a gentleman declines the proffered combat with a carman, although conscious that in three rounds he would leave the ruffian senseless in the ring.

Tickler. That sometimes occurs—as in the case of Canning.

North. The straight hitting of the Foreign Secretary soon dorses your round-about hand-over-head millers, like Harry Brougham.

Tickler. Yet how the outrageous violence and fury, arms aloft, eyes agog, cheeks convulsed, and lips quivering, passes with the multitude for demonstration of strength and science!

North. Brougham never fights at points—he throws away his blows—and beyond all other men, lays himself open to fatal punishment; although he has weight, length, and reach, and generally enters the ring

* The Speculative Society of Edinburgh—a debating club, of which, in their youth, Scott, Jeffrey, and nearly all their distinguished contemporaries had been members. It was, in a manner, recognised by the University, which gave it rooms in the College. In 1819 (when it had much declined from its once high estate) Lockhart gave a quizzical account of one of its meetings, and made Dr. Peter Morris delighted to escape from the dullness of its orators.—M.

† "Charles Lamb," said Coleridge, alluding to the time when he officiated in an Unitarian chapel, "you should have heard me preach." "I never heard you do any thing else," was the response of gentle Elia.—M.

in good condition, and after long and severe training, yet has he lost every battle. His backers are never confident—yet in a casual turn-up, it must be allowed that he is an ugly customer.

Tickler. Notwithstanding the truth of all this, I am a great admirer of Brougham. He is unquestionably a man of great and versatile talents.

North. Yes—and to hear his lickspittles speak, you would think that a man of great and versatile talents was a miracle; whereas there are some thousands of them publicly acknowledged in England at this day. We hear of his wonderful literary talents—wherein exhibited?

Tickler. The Edinburgh Review.

North. Very well—many able papers in the Edinburgh Review, no doubt—which are his? Let us suppose all of them, and that the trash is Jeffrey's, Smith's, Mackintosh's, &c.; are the best of those papers astounding, prodigious, miraculous, prophetic of the Millennium? I read them without awe—my hair does not rise—my knees do not tremble. No cold sweat overspreads my aged frame—I read on—on—on—am pleased to see intuitively the fallacy of all he writes—and fall asleep with a calm conscience.

Tickler. He is a great mathematician.

North. So is his brother Billy, who was to have beaten Joshua King* at Cambridge, and come forth from the Senate House senior Wrangler, with "Incomparabilis" at his name. But on the day of trial he was found wanting—and showed himself no mathematician at all, although he too, it is said, writes his scientific articles in the Edinburgh Review. Yes! he is the Euclid of the Edinburgh.

Tickler. His Colonial Policy?

North. Speeches in the Speculative Society, and trial-essays for the Edinburgh Review—a foolish farrago—although on some subjects I prefer the ignorant sincerity of the boy there exhibited, to the instructed hypocrisy of the man in his late bellowings on Slavery and the Blacks.

Tickler. Then what say you to his Glasgow affair?

North. Why, as to his Inaugural Discourse, it is far from being a bad performance, but stiff, pedantic, and cumbrous. It was written, he tells the world, on the Northern Circuit; and his childish sycophant in the Edinburgh Review opens his mouth to a dangerous extent at this wonder of wonders, braying, that "it sounds like monstrous and shocking exaggeration, or fabulous invention."

Tickler. The short and the long of it is, then, that, when inquired into, Henry Brougham's literary and scientific pretensions sink into absolute nothingness, and that there are at this moment at least fifty thousand men in England equal to this prodigy in all the attainments of scholarship, and certainly not fewer than ten thousand his superior, incomparably, both in argument and capacity?

* William Brougham, late Master in Chancery. Dr. King, appointed President of Queen's in 1829.—M.

North. Doubtless, Tickler,—add his Bar practice and Parliamentary howling, and still he can be accounted for without the aid of "fabulous invention."

Tickler. He is a first-rate fellow in his way, and that I can say, without "monstrous or shocking exaggeration." But his stature does not reach the sky, although his head is frequently in the clouds. Copley is his master.*

North. That is a capital article on the Drama in the last number of Maga. It cuts up your dogmata, in your sprightly review of Doubleday's Babington, with civility and discretion.†

Tickler. Indeed! What I asserted in my sprightly review of Doubleday's Babington was simply this, that it was easier for a man of great poetical genius to write dramatic poetry than any other kind. In the course of my very sprightly review I remarked, that "with a powerful intellect, a vivid imagination, and a keen insight into human nature, particularly into its passions, where is the prodigious difficulty of writing a good tragedy?"

North. Why, I confess I see none.

Tickler. But hear our friend.—"To this I answer, None whatever; and when we shall find first-rate intellect, imagination, and knowledge of human passion combined, we shall have found the true writer of tragedy, and the true Phœnix besides."

North. And what say you in reply?

Tickler. I say, that I cannot but wonder at such a sentence from so clever a correspondent. Why, are not all the great poets that ever existed, such men as I have described? There was no description of a Phœnix, but of any one of some hundreds, or perhaps thousands, or tens of thousands of men and Christians. I did not argue the question at any great length; but I made out my point unanswerably, that epic poetry (for example) was more difficult than dramatic,—and that——

North. Come, come—nobody remembers one single word that either of you have said upon that, or any other subject. It is pleasant to know how immediately every thing said or done in this world is forgotten. Murder a novel, or a man, or a poem, or a child—forge powers of attorney without cessation during the prime of life, till old maids beyond all computation have been sold unsuspectingly out of the stocks in every country village in England—for a lustre furnish Balaam to a London Magazine, at thirty shillings per bray—in short, let any man commit any enormity, and it is forgotten before the first

* Sir John Copley, Attorney-General in 1825, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst—silvery-tongued as Belial. He has filled the office of Lord Chancellor under the administrations of Canning, Goderich, and Wellington, and twice under Peel. He was born in the United States (at Boston) in 1770.—M.

† "Babington," a play, by Thomas Doubleday, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who subsequently wrote a work on Population and a Monetary History of England.—M.

of the month! Who remembers any thing but the bare names—and these indistinctly—of Thurtell, and Hunt, and Fauntleroy, and Hazlitt, and Tims, and Soames, and Southeran.* Soap-bubbles all—blown, burst, vanished, and forgotten!

Tickler. Why, you might almost venture to republish Maga herself in numbers, under the smirk of a new series. I know a worthy and able minister of our church, who has been preaching (and long may he preach it) the self-same sermon for upwards of forty years. About the year 1802 I began to suspect him; but having then sat below him only for some dozen years, or so, I could not, of course, in a matter of so much delicacy, dare trust to my very imperfect memory. During the Whig ministry of 1806, my attention was strongly riveted to the "practical illustrations," and I could have sworn to the last twenty minutes of his discourse, as to the voice of a friend familiar in early youth. About the time your Magazine first dawned on the world, my belief of its identity extendee. to the whole discourse; and the good old man himself, in the delight of his heart, confessed to me the truth a few Sabbaths after the Chaldee.

North. Come, now, tell me the truth, have you ever palmed off any part of it upon me in the shape of an article?

Tickler. Never, 'pon honor; but you shall get the whole of it some day as a Number One; for, now that he has got an assistant and successor, the sermon is seldom employed, and he has bequeathed it me in a codicil to his will.

North. Tickler, you think yourself a good reader—there is Southey's new Poem, "The Tale of Paraguay."† Spout.

Tickler. I read well—although hardly a John Kemble or a James Ballantyne. I do not read according to rules, but I follow my feelings, and they never mislead me. Accordingly, I never read the same composition in the same way, yet each way is the right one. But judge for yourself.... Give me Southey.... (*Rises and reads.*)

> "He was a man of rarest qualities,
> Who to this barbarous region had confined
> A spirit with the learned and the wise
> Worthy to take its place, and from mankind
> Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
> Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
> But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;
> From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,
> And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honor'd name.

* There was much spiteful ingenuity in thus introducing Hazlitt, the critic, among Thurtell and Hunt, who had murdered William Weare, Henry Fauntleroy, executed for forgery, and Soames, transported for receiving stolen goods.—M.

† Southey's "Tale of Paraguay"—a poem which contained a few good passages. It was said of it that it was like an old woman's recipe—that it might be safely taken, for if it did little good, it would do no harm.—M.

"It was his evil fortune to behold
The labors of his painful life destroy'd;
His flock which he had brought within the fold
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd
By blind and suicidal power o'erthrown.
So he the years of his old age employ'd,
A faithful chronicler, in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

"And thus when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance; and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage;
And sure a willing ear she well might deign
To one whose tales may equally engage
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

"But of his native speech because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history;
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought.
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.

"Little he deem'd when with his Indian band
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
A poet then unborn, and in a land
Which had proscribed his order, should one day
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,
And shape a song that, with no fiction drest,
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
And sinking deep in many an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest."

North. Very bad—very bad.

Tickler. I offer to read you for a rump and dozen. Sir, which of us call you bad—the poet or the spouter?

North. Both, both—bad, bald, mean and miserable!

Tickler. Bald!—Can't help that. Would you have me wear a wig! But here's at it again. (*Reads.*)

"The moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burthen bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh

To help: but human help she needed none.
A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

"Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth, have crept,
And laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to chiding mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.

"This could not then be done; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey,
Still to be sought amid these regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food;
So still Quiara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chase pursued."

North. Conceived and brought forth in the true spirit of a howtie!—*

"Then slid into the stream, and *bathed, and all was done!*"

Tickler. Look at the passage, North, with your own eyes. You see it—so do I. Shall I ring the bell for Ambrose and other witnesses?

North. "What is writ is writ." But oh! how unlike the spirit of Byron! It is indeed pitiable.

Tickler. What the devil are you whimpering at?—Not a poet living who has not indulged in his drivel.

North. Oh! not surely to that degree!

Tickler. Yes; beyond the superlative. Then hear the people in Parliament. What ludicrous pomposity in the enunciation of old, decrepit, emaciated truths, walking arm-in-arm with skeleton falsehoods! Are there, I ask you, six men in the House of Commons who could support a part in our Noctes Ambrosianæ?

North. I intend shortly to try. We shall then see of what metal they are made.

Tickler. Who are the first men in England?—The spirits of the age?

North. I know none superior to our two selves. The world tires

* *Howdie*—a midwife. M.

speedily of every thing set before it, except the Magazine. All the other periodicals seem to sicken their subscribers. To conduct the state is, I verily believe, much easier than to conduct Ebony. The state goes on of itself. All that the ministry is expected to do, is not to stop the state. But we carry the Magazine on. A national bankruptcy would be nothing in comparison to our stopping payment.

Tickler. I know not whether your death, or that of the Great Unknown, would most fatally eclipse the gayety of nations.

North. Mine.

Tickler. List!—I hear Mullion, Hogg, and Odoherty.

(*Door bursts open, and they enter.*)

North. Glad to see you, gentlemen. Here, Tickler and I have been discussing Dick Martin and Wordsworth, Southey and Brougham, till we are fairly tired of the whole set.

Tickler. To change the subject, Mullion, will you give us a song?

Mullion. With all my heart. (*Sings.*)*

1.

When Panurge and his fellows, as Rab'lais will tell us,†
Set out on a sail to the ends of the earth,
And jollily cruising, carousing, and boozing,
To the oracle came in a full tide of mirth,
Pray what was its answer? come tell if you can, sir;
'Twas an answer most splendid and sage, as I think;
For sans any delaying, it summ'd up by saying,
The whole duty of man is one syllable—"DRINK."

2.

O bottle mirific! advice beatific!
A response more celestial sure never was known;
I speak for myself, I prefer it to Delphi,
Though Apollo himself on that rock fixed his throne;
The foplings of fashion may still talk their trash on,
And declare that the custom of toping should sink;
A fig for such asses, I stick to my glasses,
And swear that no fashion shall stint me in drink.

* Albeit put into Mullion's mouth, this song was written by Dr. Maginn.—M.

† See Rabelais' Pantagruel, Livre V. chap. xliv. After arriving at the oracle of the holy bottle, and asking its advice, "de la sacrée bouteille yssit ung bruit tel que font les abeilles naissantes de la chair dung jeune taureau occis et accoustre selon l'art et invention d'Aristeus; ou tel que faict une guarot desbandant l'arbaleste, ou, en esté, une forte pluye soubdainement tumblant. Lors feut ouy ce mot, TRINQ," which Bacbue the priestess' son interprets to be a panomphean, signifying Drink.—C. N. [Maginn was very fond of Rabelais, and once said that he thought the stories he told in Pantagruel were repeated in his early life to boon companions, and written down by him, in advanced years, rather to amuse himself than for fame. He (Maginn) had found that all the authorities cited in the trial chamber were correct and genuine. He believed, also, that Shakspeare must have been a close student of Rabelais, and that the first scene in "The Tempest" proved this; also, that Father John was Rabelais' pet character, and that with which he took most pains. There was no imitating Rabelais.—M.]

3.

And now in full measure I toast you with pleasure,
The warrior—
(*To* SIR MORGAN ODOHERTY, *who bows.*)
—the poet—
(*To* MR. HOGG, *who bows.*)
—the statesman—
(*To* MR. TICKLER, *who bows.*)
—and sage;
(*To* MR. NORTH, *who bows.*)
Whose benign constellation illumines the nation,
And sheds lively lustre all over the age;
Long, long may its brightness, in glory and lightness,
Shine clear as the day-star on morning's sweet brink!
May their sway ne'er diminish! and therefore I finish,
By proposing the health of the four whom I drink.

North, Hogg, Odoherty, Tickler. Thank ye—thank ye—Bravo! —Bravo!—A capital first-rate song.

North (*aside* to HOGG). A poor effusion that of Mullion's; I think he grows worse every day.

Hogg (*aside to* NORTH). Awfu' havers.* It maist gart me gie up my stomach.

Odoherty (*aside to* TICKLER). Stuff, by all that's bad.

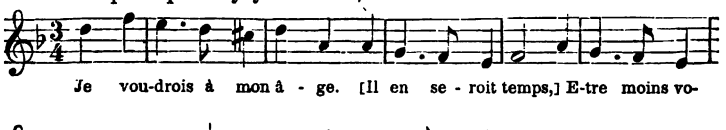
Tickler (*aside to* ODOHERTY). Stupid trash.

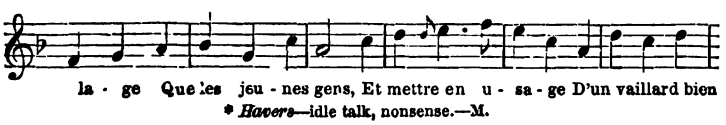
Mullion. I am glad it has pleased you all so much. Mr. North, I believe it is your turn.

North. Faith, Doctor, you know I seldom sing. However, I shall give you one which I used to hear a long time ago in Paris, when I was at the dear *petits soupers* of the divine Duchesse de ——. Pshaw!—no matter. It was written by Coulanges, when he was about eighty. And I heard it first sung by a man of the same age who had heard Coulanges himself singing it a very short time before he died.

Hogg. When was it that that Cool-onj ye speak o' dee'd?

North. Somewhere about the fifteen—I mean 1715, or perhaps 16. I heard it perhaps sixty years after, if not more.





* *Havers*—idle talk, nonsense.—M.

I think it fits my age, and Heaven forgive me! I am afraid, with such companions as you are, it but too well suits the character I, no matter how unjustly, have got in the world.

Hogg. Weel, weel, I was born a true Scot, and dinna care a bodle about sic clishmaclavers* o' ayont-the-water jauberin.

Tickler. Why, Hogg, Odoherty here says that he can translate extempore: ask him.

North. What say you, Sir Morgan; are you an Improvisatore?

Odoherty. No, sir; I am a thick-and-thin Tory; but I shall try. What are we to call it—Mr. North's Apology for presiding at Ambrose's in his seventieth year?†

Tickler (*aside*). Eightieth, I believe; but no matter.

Odoherty.

At *my* time o' day
It were proper, in truth,
If I *could* be less gay
Than your frolicsome youth,
And now, old and gray,
To plod on my way
Like a senior, in sooth.
I wish my old tricks
I could wholly forget;
But the apple here sticks,
Undigested as yet.
Let the good folks who will
With my plan disagree,

* *Clishmaclavers*—the height of nonsense.—M.
† Written by Dr. Maginn.—M.

They may scold me their fill,
If I only am free
To retain in full glee
All my good humor still.

Hogg. I canna say I like the harmony o' yer ditty, Captain.

Odoherty. More ungrateful that of you, Shepherd, after all the civil things I have said of the harmonious rhythm of your Queen Hynde, for which, I hope, I shall not have to account another day.

Hogg. I wush, my lad, that ye wad write a vollum yersell, and no be jockin' at the warks o' ithers. Ye wad find an unco difference between jeerin' at authors and bein' ane yersell.

North. Yes, Hogg, I confess there is a degree of unfairness in the critics of the present age. Who are the great reviewers—the persons whose literary opinions guide the British public? Jeffrey, John Coleridge, Odoherty—yet not one of these gentlemen ever wrote a book.

Hogg. Nae mair than yersell, Mr. North.

North. James, James, that is a sore subject. It is no matter what I wrote—time will tell all that—wait till my autobiography is published, and then it will be seen what effect my works have had upon the age. But I am anticipating. Your health, James, and song.

Hogg (*aside*). Auld baudron's back's up,* I see. (*To* MR. NORTH.) O, as for a sang, here goes. Wauken up Mr. Tickler.

Tickler (*wakes*). It's no use, Jamie, till your song is over, for that will inevitably put me to sleep; so let me nap till then, and then I'll stay awake for the remainder of the evening.

(*Relapses into slumber.*)

Hogg. Some people's intellects are sairly malshackered by age.

(*Sings.*)

Air—Auld Langsyne.

There's nought sae sweet in this poor life
As knittin' soul to soul;
And what maist close may bind that knot?
The glass and bowl!
The glass and bowl, my boys,
The glass and bowl;
So let us call, for this is out,
Anither bowl.

Chorus, ye neerdoweels, chorus.

Chorus.—The glass and bowl, &c.

We never paddled in the burn,
Nor pull'd the gowan droll—

Odoherty. The gowan droll!† What is there droll about a gowăn? The gowan fine, you mean.

* *Baudron*—a cat.—M. † *Gowan*—the daisy.—M.

Hogg. Sir Morgan Odoherty, if ye be Sir Morgan, ye'll hae the goodness to make sangs for yersell, and no for me. It was, nae doubt, "gowans fine," in Burns, for he wanted it for a rhyme to "Auld langsyne." Now I want it to rhyme to "bowl," a word far different. And besides, the gowan is a droll-like sort of crater as ye wad see in a field.

Odoherty. I beg your pardon. Proceed, Shepherd.

Hogg.

We never dabbled in the burn,
Nor pull'd the gowan droll,
But often has the sun's return
Surprised our bowl.
Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, my boys,
Our glass and bowl;
So let us call, as this is out,
Another bowl.

And aft did we the merry catch
And cheering ditty troll,
And hooted mony a whiggish wretch
About the bowl.
Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, &c.

And, therefore, hills betwixt may rise,
And though ocean water roll,
Yet we'll ne'er forget the lads who met
About the bowl.
Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, &c.

And whan yer poet's dead and gane,
And laid beneath the moul',
Let those who sing his memory, drink
About the bowl.
Chorus.—The glass and bowl, my boys,
The glass and bowl;
So let us call, for this is out,
Another bowl.

North (*much affected*). Thank ye—thank ye, James. Long distant be that day! It will, in the course of nature, be your duty to lay me in the grave, and then I hope, as Southey says to Savage Landor, you will remember your friendship for me, when the paltry heats and animosities of the day are forgotten.

Odoherty. In the 99th,* they fined any body who spoke of the death of a comrade, a dozen of wine. I propose the same law for our club.

North. Tickler, let us leave these youths to settle the fine and the bill. (*Exeunt* North *and* Tickler.)

* In the Memoir of Odoherty, published in Blackwood in 1818, he was represented as having been Ensign and Adjutant in the 99th Foot.—M.

No. XXII.—OCTOBER, 1825.

North. Let us have some sensible conversation, Timothy. At our time of life such colloquy is becoming.

Tickler. Why the devil would you not come to Dalnacardoch? Glorious guffawing all night, and immeasurable murder all day. Twenty-seven brace of birds, nine hares, three roes, and a red deer, stained the heather, on the twelfth, beneath my single-barrelled Joe—not to mention a pair of patriarchal ravens, and the Loch-Ericht eagle, whose leg was broken by the Prince when hiding in the moor of Rannoch.

North. Why kill the royal bird?

Tickler. In self-defence. It bore down upon Sancho like a sunbeam from its eyrie on the cliff of Snows, and it would have broken his back with one stroke of its wing, had I not sent a ball right through its heart. It went up, with a yell, a hundred fathom into the clear blue air; and then, striking a green knoll in the midst of the heather, bounded down the rocky hill-side, and went shivering and whizzing along the black surface of a tarn, till it lay motionless in a huge heap among the water-lilies.

North. Lost?

Tickler. I stripped instanter—six feet four and three quarters *in puris naturalibus*—and out-Byroning Byron, shot, in twenty seconds, a furlong across the Fresh. Grasping the bird of Jove in my right, with my left I rowed my airy state towards the spot where I had left my breeches and other habiliments. Espying a trimmer, I seized it in my mouth, and on relanding at a small natural pier, as I hope to be shaved, lo! a pike of twenty pound standing, with a jaw like an alligator, and reaching from my hip to instep, smote the heather, like a flail, into a shower of blossoms.

North. Was there a cloud of witnesses?

Tickler. To be sure there was. A hundred stills beheld me from the mountain-sides. Shepherd and smuggler cheered me like voices in the sky; and the old genius of the solitary place rustled applause through the reeds and rushes, and birch trees among the rocks—paced up and down the shore in triumph——

North. What a subject for the painter! Oh! that Sir Thomas

Lawrence, or our own John Watson,* had been there to put you on canvas! Or, shall I rather say, would that Chantrey had been by to study you for immortal marble!

Tickler. Braced by the liquid plunge, I circled the tarn at ten miles an hour. Unconsciously I had taken my Manton into my hand—and unconsciously reloaded—when, just as I was clearing the feeder-stream, not less than five yards across, up springs a red deer, who, at the death of the eagle, had cowered down in the brake, and wafted away his antlers in the direction of Benvoirlich. We were both going at the top of our speed when I fired, and the ball piercing his spine, the magnificent creature sunk down, and died almost without a convulsion.

North. Red deer, eagle, and pike, all dead as mutton!

Tickler. I sat down upon the forehead, resting an arm on each antler—Sancho sitting, with victorious eye, on the carcass. I sent him off to the tarn-side for my pocket-pistol, charged with Glenlivet, No. 5. In a few minutes he returned, and crouched down with an air of mortification at my feet.

North. Ho! ho! the fairies have spirited away your nether integuments!

Tickler. Not an article to be seen!—save and except my shoes! Jacket, waistcoat, flannel-shirt, breeches, all melted away with the mountain-dew. There was I like Adam in Paradise, or,

> "Lady of the Mere,
> Sole—sitting by the shores of old romance."

North. Did not the dragon-flies attack you—the winged ants—and the wasp of the desert?

Tickler. A figure moved along the horizon—a female figure—a Light and Shadow of Celtic Life—and, as I am a Christian, I beheld my buckskin-breeches dangling over her shoulders. I neared upon the chase, but saw that Malvina was making for a morass. Whiz went a ball within a stride of her petticoats, and she deflected her course towards a wood on the right. She dropped our breeches. I literally leaped into them; and, like Apollo in pursuit of Daphne, pursued my impetuous career.

North. To Diana! to Diana ascends the virgin's prayer!

Tickler. Down went, one after the other, jacket, waistcoat, flannel-shirt,—would you believe it, her own blue linsey-woolsey petticoat. Thus lightened, she bounded over the little knolls like a bark over Sicilian seas; in ten minutes, she had fairly ran away from me hull-down, and her long yellow hair, streaming like a pendant, disappeared in the forest.

* Now Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.—M.

North. What have you done with the puir lassie's petticoat?

Tickler. I sent it to my friend Dr. M'Culloch to lie among his other relics.

North. The doctor is a clever man; but those four volumes of his are too heavy a load for the shoulders of the public.* Besides, the doctor does not always speak the truth. You have perhaps seen the "Examination" of his Tour?

Tickler. Shrewd, searching, sarcastic, severe. The examiner—said to be a literary gentleman of the name of Brown—gets the doctor's head into Chancery in the first round, and continues at grievous head-work during the contest, which is short, the doctor slipping through his arms exhausted. An ugly customer!

North. People writing up books from old worm-eaten weather-stained journals, must fall into many blunders—misstatements—misrepresentations. The examiner charges the doctor with wilful falsehood—and as he backs his charge with proofs most ably led, the doctor's character as a man of veracity does at this present moment stand in need of vigorous vindication.

Tickler. One piece of insolence he never can do away with. Throughout all the four volumes, he addresses himself with the most nauseating familiarity to Sir Walter Scott, as if the illustrious Baronet had been his bosom friend. "You and I, Sir Walter," is the order of the page.

North. That would sicken a horse.

Tickler. In narrating conversations with Highlanders, the aim of which dramas is to expose them to ridicule, he always represents them as employing the Lowland dialect. Why not assert they spoke French or Hebrew?

North. His attempts against wit are most atrocious. Heaven protect us, do you suppose he talks so in company?

Tickler. Any body that did not know the worthy doctor so well as I do, would, I think, guess him to be a monstrous miser. Every body, according to his account, is in league to cheat him—and one cannot read twenty pages of his work without figuring to one's self the doctor plodding along warily, with his hand in his breeches' pocket, securing his silk purse, made out of a sow's ear, from violation. Did he never reflect on the extreme poverty of the Highlanders in many remote moors and mountains, and understand the cause and character of their love of money? Is it less excusable in them than in himself?

North. If idle folks will wander over the Highlands, and get the natives to show them how to follow their noses through the wildernesses, ought they not to pay handsomely for being saved from perdi-

* This was a heavy, lumbering, geological Scottish tour, in four large volumes, by one Dr. McCulloch, in which he abused the country and its people in no measured language.—M.

tion, in bogs, quagmires, mosses, shelving lake shores, fords, and chasms?

Tickler. Undoubtedly; and if the orphan son of some old Celt, who perhaps fought under Abercromby,* and lost his eyes in ophthalmia, leave his ordinary work beside his shieling, be it what it may, or give up a day's sport on the hill or river, to accompany a Sassenach some thirty miles over the moors, with his bit nag too loaded with mineralogy and botany, and all other matter of trash, are five shillings, or twice five, a sufficient remuneration? Not they, indeed. Pay him like a post-chaise, fifteen pence a mile, and send him to his hut rejoicing through a whole winter.

North. Spoken like a gentleman. So, with boats, a couple of poor fellows live, and that is all, by rowing waif and stray Sassenachs over lochs, or arms of the sea. No regular ferry, mind you. Perhaps days and weeks pass by without their boat being called for—and yet grumble and growl is the go as soon as they hold out a hand for silver or gold. Recollect, old or young hunks, that you are on a tour of pleasure—that you are as fat as a barn-door fowl; and these two boatmen—there they are grinding Gaelic—as lean as laths;—what the worse will you be of being cheated a little?—but if you grudge a guinea, why, go round by the head of the loch, and twenty to one you are never seen again in this world.

Tickler. The Highlanders are far from being extortioners. An extraordinary price must be paid for an extraordinary service. But, oh! my dear North, what grouse-soup at Dalnacardoch! You smell it, on the homeward hill, as if it were exhaling from the heather; deeper and deeper still, as you approach the beautiful chimney vomiting forth its intermitting columns of cloud-like peat-smoke, that melts afar over the wilderness!

North. Yes, Tickler—it was Burke that vindicated the claims of smells to the character of the sublime and beautiful.

Tickler. Yes, yes! Burke it was. As you enter the inn, the divine afflatus penetrates your soul. When up stairs, perhaps in the garret, adorning for dinner, it rises like a cloud of rich distilled perfumes through every chink in the floor, every cranny of the wall. The little mouse issues from his hole, close to the foot of the bed-post, and raising himself, squirrel-like, on his hinder legs, whets his tusks with his merry paws, and smooths his whiskers.

North. Shakspearean!

Tickler. There we are, a band of brothers round the glorious tureen! Down goes the ladle into "*a profundis clamavi*," and up floats from that blessed Erebus a dozen cunningly resuscitated spirits. Old cocks,

* Sir Ralph Abercromby, a Scotchman, who rose to the rank of General, and finally was Commander-in-Chief of the expedition against the French in Egypt. Early in March, 1801, he defeated them at Aboukir, and again, in the same month, at Alexandria, where he was killed. His widow was made a peeress, with a pension of £2,000.—M.

bitter to the backbone, lovingly alternating with young pouts, whose swelling bosoms might seduce an anchorite!

North (*rising*). I must ring for supper. Ambrose—Ambrose—Ambrose!

Tickler. No respect of persons at Dalnacardoch! I plump them into the plates around *sans* selection. No matter although the soup play JAWP from preses to croupier. There, too, sit a few choice spirits of pointers round the board—Don—Jupiter—Sancho—"and the rest"—with steadfast eyes and dewy chops, patient alike of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger—dogs of the desert indeed, and nose-led by unerring instinct right up to the cowering covey in the heather-groves on the mountain-side.

North. Is eagle good eating, Timothy? Pococke the traveller used to eat lion—lion-pasty is excellent, it is said—but is not eagle tough?

Tickler. Thigh good, devilled. The delight of the Highlands is in the Highland-feeling. That feeling is entirely destroyed by stages and regular progression. The waterfalls do not tell upon sober parties; it is tedious in the extreme, to be drenched to the skin along high-roads—the rattle of wheels blends meanly with thunder—and lightning is contemptible, seen from the window of a glass-coach. To enjoy mist, you must be in the heart of it as a solitary hunter, shooter, or angler. Lightning is nothing unless a thousand feet below you, and the live thunder must be heard leaping, as Byron says, from mountain to mountain, otherwise you might as well listen to a mock peal from the pit of a theatre.

North. The Fall of Foyers is terrible—a deep abyss, savage rock-works, hideous groans, ghostlike vapors, and a rumble as if from eternity.

Tickler. The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly; and, recovering itself from that headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep bright foaming current. Then what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks! How cheerful laughs the cottage pestered by the spray! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin! The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the forest.

North. Yes, Tickler—what, after all, equals Nature! Here in Ambrose's—waiting for a board of oysters—the season has recommenced. I can sit with my cigar in my mouth, and as the whiff ascends, fancy sees the spray of Stonebyers, or of the falls of the Beauly, the radiant mists of the Dresne! I agree with Bowles, that Nature is all in all for the purposes of poetry—Art stark naught.

Tickler. Yet softly. Who planted those trees by that river side?—

Art. Who pruned them?—Art. Who gave room to their giant arms to span that roaring chasm?—Art. Who reared yon edifice on the cliff?—Art. Who flung that stately arch from rock to rock, under which the martens twitter over the unfeared cataract?—Art. Who darkened that long line of precipice with dreadful or glorious associations?—Art, polity, law, war, outrage, and history, writing her hieroglyphics with fire on the scarred visage of those natural battlements. Is that a hermit's cell? Art scooped it out of the living stone. Is that an oratory? Art smoothed the floor for the knee of the penitent. Are the bones of the holy slumbering in that cemetery? Art changed the hollow rock into a tomb, and when the dead saint was laid into the sepulchre, Art joined its music with the torrent's roar, and the mingled anthem rose to the stars which Art had numbered and sprinkled into stations over the firmament of heaven. What then would Bowles be at, and why more last words to Roscoe? Who made his ink, his pens, and his paper?—Art. Who published his books?—Art. Who criticised them?—Art. Who would fain have damned them?—the Art of the Edinburgh Review. And who has been their salvation?—the Art of Blackwood's Magazine.

North. Go on, I'll follow thee. Is a great military road over a mountain, groaning with artillery, bristling with bayonets, sounding with bands of music, trampling with cavalry, red, blue, and yellow with war-dresses, streaming it may be with blood, and overburdened with the standards of mighty nations, less poetical than a vast untrodden Andes, magnificent as may be its solitudes beneath the moon of stars? Is a naked savage more poetical than with his plume, club, war-mat, and tomahawk? Is a log of wood, be it a whole uprooted pine, drifting on the ocean, as poetical as a hundred-oared canoe? What more sublime than the anchor by which a great ship hangs in safety within roar of the whirlpool? Than the plummet that speaks of the rock-foundations of the eternal sea?

Tickler. What is the chief end of man?—Art. That is a clencher.

North. I cannot imagine, for the life of me, what Ambrose is about. Hush! there he comes. (*Enter* AMBROSE.) What is the meaning of this, sir?

Ambrose. Unfold.

(*Folding doors thrown open, and supper-table is shown.*)

Tickler. What an epergne!—Art—art! What would our friend Bowles say to that, North? "Tadmore thus, and Syrian Balbec rose."—(*Transeunt Omnes.*)

SCENE II.—*The Pitt Saloon.*

North. Hogg, with his hair powdered, as I endure!—God bless you, James—how are you all at Altrive?

Shepherd. All's well—wool up—nowte* on the rise—harvest staked without a shower,—potatoes like stones in the Meggat—turnips like cabbages, cabbages like balloons—bairns brawly, and mistress bonnier than ever. It is quite an *annus mirabilis.*

Tickler. James, my heart warms to hear your voice. That suit of black becomes you extremely—you would make an excellent Moderator of the General Assembly.†

Shepherd. You mistake the matter entirely, Tickler; your eye-sight fails you;—my coat is a dark blue—waistcoat and breeches the same; but old people discern objects indistinctly by candle-light,—or I shall rather say, by gas-light. The radiance is beautiful.

Tickler. The radiance is beautiful!

Shepherd. Why, you are like old Polonius in the play! I hate an echo—be original or silent.

Tickler. James!

Shepherd. Mr. Hogg, if you please, sir. Why, you think because I am good-natured, that you and North, and "the rest," are to quiz the Shepherd? Be it so—no objection—but hearken to me, Mr. Tickler, my name will be remembered when the dust of oblivion is yard-deep on the grave-stone of the whole generation of Ticklers. Who are you—what are you—whence are you—whither are you going, and what have you got to say for yourself? A tall fellow, undoubtedly—but Measure for Measure is the comedy in which I choose to act to-night—so, gentlemen, be civil, or I will join the party at Spinks'—and set up an opposition Magazine, that——

North. This is most extraordinary behaviour, Mr. Hogg, and any apology——

Shepherd. I forgive you, Mr. North—but——

North. Come—come, you see Tickler is much affected.

Shepherd. So am I, sir—but is it to be endured——

Tickler. Pardon me, James; say that you pardon me—at my time of life a man cannot afford to lose a friend. No, he cannot indeed.

Shepherd. Your hand, Mr. Tickler. But I will not be the butt of any company.

North. I fear some insidious enemy has been poisoning your ear, James. Never has any one of us ceased, for a moment, to respect you, or to hear you with respect, from the time that you wrote the Chaldee Manuscript——‡

Shepherd. Not another word—not another word—if you love me.

North. Have the Cockneys been bribing you to desert us, James?

* *Nowte, nout, nolt*—black cattle.—M.

† The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—a sort of parliament for the discussion and settlement of clerical questions and discipline, usually opened and closed by some peer, as the Sovereign's Lord High Commissioner. The actual President, chosen by the Assembly itself, is called Moderator.—M.

‡ Hogg was addicted (in his cups) to claiming the authorship of the Chaldee Manuscript, of which much more than the idea was his own.—M.

Shepherd. The Cockneys! Puir misbegotten deevils! (I maun speak Scotch agin now that I'm in good humor;) I would rather crack nuts for a haill winter's nicht wi' a monkey, than drink the best peck o' mawt that ever was brewed wi' the King himsel o' that kintra.

North. I understood you were going to visit London this winter.

Shepherd. I am. But I shall choose my ain society there, as I do in Embro' and Yarrow. Oh! Mr. North, but the Cockneys are vicious upon Scotland the noo—and mair especially upon your Magazine. You may hae seen a noble, gran', majestic cotch wi' four, or aiblins* sax bluid horses, wheeling awa so smoothly, and wi' sae little splutter, that it seemed to be rinning only at about seven miles an hour, when a' the while it was snooven at thirteen,—and a' at ance some half a score o' mangy mongrels come yelping frae a close, or court, whar they had been howkin' out food from the fulzie, and trying to bite the verra rims, and spokes, and axle-tree, and hoofs, half-hungry and half-angry, half-fearfu' and half-spitefu', some wi' cocket tails, but maist o' them wi' tails atween their legs, and wi' bleared e'en watching the whip at every flourish o' the gawcy driver, sittin' on his box like a throne o' state,—ane gets a clour on the head o' him frae a stane that gangs spinning aff the wheel—anither gets a stamp frae the hind-hoof o' Bucephalus—a third sprawls into the kennel, pursy and short-winded on garbage—a fourth staggering in his fright between twa passers by, after a caning from the one, is kicked by the other underneath a cobbler's stall—a fifth lies down, panting as if his heart would break in the macadamized mire of the approach to a great city, and pretends to be chawing a bone, whereas he is in truth licking his mangled paws —a sixth splutters off in quite an opposite direction, wi' a yell that rues the day in which he and eleven other cynics were born—while a seventh (stranger to the rest of the pack) comes jingling by with a kettle at his tail, and throws quite a martial air over the meeting from his instrumental music—an eighth——

North. Stop, James—stop. You have given me a pain in my side.

Shepherd. Will you pree this blumanch, Mr. North? It gangs slipping awa' down the hawse without let or impediment, and lies on the stomach as snaw on snaw, Mr. Tickler.

Tickler. God bless you, James—another lobster—scarcely killed yet—but sweet as kisses——

Shepherd. Kisses! Think shame o' yoursel'. You that micht be, and perhaps are, a great-great-great-grandfather, speaking o' kisses afore twa callants† like me and Mr. North!

North. By the by, Shepherd, have you ever observed that ladies—married ladies chiefly—who are more than ordinarily religious, are very fond of good eating?

* *Aiblins*—perhaps.—M. † *Callan, callant*—a young lad.—M.

Shepherd. Without religion a woman's just an even-doon deevil—wi' religion she canna, in spite o' her teeth, be ony thing else than an angel. But oh, sirs! gluttony and greed in God's maist glorious earthly creatures is fearsome!

North. I agree with Byron in thinking that a lady should be cautious what and how she eats—in presence of her lover or husband. Tripe, oysters, pork-chops, pease-soup, a lady should be shy of.

Shepherd. And rumbledethumps.

North. May I ask, with all due solemnity, what are they?

Shepherd. Something like Mr. Hazlitt's character of Shakspeare. Take a peck of purtatoes, and put them into a boyne—at them with a beetle—a dab of butter—the beetle again—anither dab—then cabbage—purtato—beetle and dab—saut meanwhile—and a shake o' common black pepper—feenally, cabbage and purtato throughither—pree, and you'll fin' them decent rumbledethumps.*

North. Speaking of Mr. Hazlitt—what think you of this charade?

> Pygmalion is proud o'er his cups to disclose
> Like a gem from Golconda my Twit at his nose;
> Bacchus Hunt through the kingdom of Cockaigne is reckon'd,
> In his bright yellow breeches, the Flower of my second;
> "Be my Whole," cries Kit North, "to the winds flung away,
> When my clans of Contributors rush to the fray."

Shepherd. I have it—I have it. It's a guid sharradd—but rather ower easy. Scabbards!—Scab, ye ken, and bards.†

Tickler. I hate personalities. Besides, why call that a scab which is only a pimple?

Shepherd. I wush the conversation would tak something mair o' a leeterary turn—or wax philosophical, or theological, or even political Has ony gude body o' Divinity been published since I was last at Ambrose's, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. No. A few volumes of Discourses, Sermons, Lectures, Charges, and so forth, but nothing worth taking with you to Yarrow, James. They want unction sadly.

North. In every sermon I have written—and the number is not few—I have carefully avoided subdivisions and practical conclusions. I have inspired a vital spirit through the whole composition. My

* In the north of Ireland, where parsnips are commonly substituted for cabbage, this dish is termed *colcannon*.—M.

† Hazlitt had written a strange volume, called "Liber Amoris, or the Modern Pygmalion," in which (evidently more than half distracted) he related how much he was enamored of, and ludicrously jilted by, the daughter of a tailor, in whose house he lodged. Maga always spoke of him as "pimpled Hazlitt," which, if true, was his misfortune, not his fault; it was untrue, but so constantly repeated that the public firmly believed it. Leigh Hunt, who had translated Redi's lively "Bacco in Toscana," (hence his title of Bacchus Hunt,) had been educated in Christ's Hospital, London, where the pupils wear an ancient garb, consisting of a long blue gown, with yellow breeches, and this last unhappy and peculiar garment was often alluded to, in Blackwood, in connection with Hunt as its wearer.—M.

sermons have always been exhortations—extreme length, thirty minutes. They have in general been successfully preached to crowded congregations—little sleep and no snoring—and have pleased both town and country.

Shepherd. Havers. Either you or Mr. Tickler would be an awfu' sight in a poopit—though I have seen some grim carls there, it maun be confessed, dreigh at the thocht, and dour at the delivery. But let me see, is there ony thing stirring in the poetical way? Alas! poor Byron.

North. People say, James, that Byron's tragedies are failures. Fools! Is Cain, the dark, dim, disturbed, insane, hell-haunted Cain, a failure? Is Sardanapalus, the passionate, princely, philosophical, joy-cheated, throne-wearied voluptuary, a failure? Is Heaven and Earth, that magnificent confusion of two worlds, in which mortal beings mingle in love and hate, joy and despair, with immortal, the children of dust claiming alliance with the radiant progeny of the skies, till man and angel seem to partake of one divine being, and to be essences eternal in bliss or bale,—is Heaven and Earth, I ask you, James, a failure? If so, then Apollo has stopt payment—promising a dividend of one shilling in the pound—and all concerned in that house are bankrupts.

Tickler. You have nobly—gloriously vindicated Byron, North, and in doing so, have vindicated the moral and intellectual character of our country. Miserable and pernicious creed, that holds possible the lasting and intimate union of the first, purest, highest, noblest, and most celestial powers of soul and spirit, with confirmed appetencies, foul and degrading lust, cowardice, cruelty, meanness, hypocrisy, avarice, and impiety! Yet, in a strong attempt made to hold up to execration the nature of Byron as deformed by all those hideous vices, you, my friend, reverently unveiled the countenance of the mighty dead, and the lineaments struck remorse into the heart of every asperser. You wrote a noble prose commentary on those verses of my friend Charles Grant*—although, perhaps, you never saw them—but congenial spirits speak one language on all great themes, in every age and in every country, separated though they may be by lands or seas, or by the darkness of centuries. Beautiful verses they are.

> Talents, 'tis true, quick, various, bright, hath God
> To Virtue oft denied, on Vice bestow'd;

* Charles Grant, born in 1783, was a Scotsman, whose father had been Chairman of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. He distinguished himself greatly at Cambridge University, and afterwards in Parliament, which he entered early. He was very eloquent, but very lazy. After having been successively Chief Secretary for Ireland, Vice President and President of the Board of Trade, and President of the Board of Control, (over Indian affairs,) he became Colonial Secretary in 1835, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Glenelg.—M.

Just as fond Nature lovelier colors brings
To deck the insect's, than the eagle's wings.
But then of Man, the high-born nobler part,
The ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Creative Fancy, lab'ring Thought intense,
Imagination's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song—
These, Virtue! these to thee alone belong!

Shepherd. Gude safe us, man, Mr. Tickler, but these be bonny, bonny verses. Wha's the composer?

Tickler. College—University—Cambridge—Prize verses, James.

Shepherd. The deevil they are!—that's maist extraordinary.

North. It is the fashion to undervalue Oxford and Cambridge Prize Poems—but it is a stupid fashion. Many of them are most beautiful. Heber's Palestine! A flight, as upon angel's wing, over the Holy Land! How fine the opening!

Reft of thy sons! amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
Where suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn travellers seek the scanty spring?
Where now the pomp that kings with envy view'd?
Where now the might that all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate,
No prostrate nations in thy temple wait,
No prophet-lords thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, or sweep the flood of song,
But meagre Want and haggard Hate are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivied shade.

Tickler. More than one of Wrangham's Prize Poems are excellent. Richard's Aboriginal Brutus is a powerful and picturesque performance—Chinnery's Dying Gladiator magnificent—and Milman's Apollo Belvidere splendid, beautiful, and majestic.

North. Macaulay and Praed have written very good prize poems.* These two young gentlemen ought to make a figure in the world. By the way, you would be glad to see, Tickler, that Knight's Quarterly Magazine is *rediviva?*

Tickler. I was so. May it flourish. It is an able and elegant miscellany. Methinks I see the Opium-Eater in last number. Having now connected himself with gentlemen, may his career be bright and prosperous, for he is a man of a million.

* The name of Bulwer must be added to this list. He wrote the prize poem at Cambridge, on Sculpture.- M.

North. His original genius and consummate scholarship speedily effected the damnation of Taylor and Hessey's Magazine, according to my prophecy.* All the other contributors looked such ninnies beside him, that the public burst out a-laughing in the poor Magazine's face. Then one and all of them began mimicking our friend, and pretended to be Opium-eaters. Now, the effect of the poppy upon the puppy is most offensive to the bystanders, and need not be described. A few grains more administered to the Ass's head in the Lion's skin, who forthwith opined himself to be an editor, and brayed upon the contributors, in the language of Shakspeare,

> Friends, countrymen, and Luddites,†
> LEND ME YOUR EARS,

Taylor and Hessey, hearing "the din of battle bray," fled from the field.

Tickler. I fear the commissariat department is at present badly conducted. The army is in great want of provisions.

Shepherd. Puir fallows! they seem sairly disheartened, and to have lost a' discipline. What's the use o' their aye tantararaing wi' the trumpet, and rat-a-tooing on the drum, when the troops are maistly a' without muskets or beggonets, have never got richtly out o' the awkward squad, keep trampin' on ane anither's heels, and aye cursin' and swearin' like so mony limners lugged alang by the poleish to Bridewell?

Tickler. Political Economy is not a subject for a Magazine. Its principles should be explained at once—brought continuously before the mind. They may be applied to important subjects of trade and polity in a Magazine, as they often have been in yours, North—but the elements of the science must be given in a volume. The Opium-Eater frittered away his philosophy of that science in detached papers that produced no effect on the public mind.

North. I agree with you perfectly. Would that we had his promised "Romance!" For, with all his logic, he is a man of imagination, and bating a little formal pedantry now and then, a master of the English language, God bless him.

Tickler. James, you are the worst smoker of a cigar in Christen-

* The London Magazine, in which De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-Eater originally appeared.—M.

† The Luddites (who took their name from Ludd, one of their leaders) were distressed artisans who originally sprung into activity from the high price of food, and during the uncertainty in public affairs on the assassination of Percival, the Prime Minister, in 1812. They were particularly hostile to machinery, which they believed to lessen the amount of manual labor. One of the few speeches made in Parliament by Byron was in defence of the machine-breakers, against whom it was proposed to make more stringent laws. To convict them, he said, it would require "twelve butchers for a jury and a Jeffreys for a Judge." In 1816, the Luddites reappeared, led on by Henry Hunt, Watson, and others, but were put down (after a short and sharp riot in London) by the police and military.—M.

dom. No occasion to blow like a hippopotamus. Look at me, or North—you would not know we breathed.

Shepherd. It's to keep mysel' frae fallin' asleep. I never heard you baith muckle mair stupider than you have been a' the nicht. A' my wonder is, how you contrive to keep up that Magazine. It's a waefu' sight to see a' the other Magas pining awa' in a kind o' green-sickness, just for want o' contributors, little bigger in boulk than the Living Skeleton now in London.* But there gangs our ain Maga, a strapping quean, wi' a satisfied ee, a lilting voice, and a step o' elasticity, and I say't without coorseness, she's perpetually in the family-way. But Maga's your honest wedded wife, Mr. North—and all her productions are legitimate. Hear till that auld watchman, crawing the hour like a bit bantam. What's the creetur screeching? Twa o'clock!! Mercy me—we maun be aff. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

* The living skeleton was a Frenchman, brought to England for exhibition, in 1824-5, and certainly a very curious *lusus naturæ*—apparently nothing but skin and bone.—M.

No. XXIII.—DECEMBER, 1825.

North, Shepherd, Tickler.

North. Thank Heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches, and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel Autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But Winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine too——

Shepherd. Thine too, skatin', and curlin', and grewin', and a' sorts o' deevilry amang lads and lasses at rockin's and kirns. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! O, Mr. North, beef and greens!

North. Yes, James, I sympathize with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating —serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labor—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis,* I feel myself immortal.

Shepherd. Butcher meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfec' ransom frae Martinmas to Michaelmas.

North. Paltry thought. Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot†—and, Mr. Ambrose, smash that

* *Haggies, haggis*—the pluck, &c., of a sheep, minced with suet, onions, &c., boiled in its stomach. This national dish (which much resembles a pair of boiled bag-pipes) has been consecrated by Burns, as

"Chieftain of the pudding race."—M.

† *Stot*—a bullock between two and three years old.—M.

half-ton lump of black diamond till the chimney roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius. Why so glum, Tickler?—why so glum?

Tickler. This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

North. Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

Shepherd. I never heard sic even-doun nonsense, Mr. Tickler, in a' my born days. I met a poor woman ganging alang the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o' bairns, ilka ane wi' a daud o' breed in the tae han' and a whang o' cheese i' the tither, while their cheeks were a' blawn out like sae mony Boreases, wi' something better than wun, and the mither hersell, a weel-faur'd hizzie, tearin' awa at the fleshy shank o' a marrow bane, mad wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are twa different things, Mr. Tickler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a day; but starvation is seen at night sitting by an empty aumry* and a cauld hearth-stane. There's little or nae starvation the now, in Scotlan'!

North. The people are, on the whole, well off. Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak. Dickson's mustard is superb.

Shepherd. I canna say that I a'thegither just properly understan' the system o' the puir laws; but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the precise amount?

North. Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debased, and brutal people?

Shepherd. Not they, indeed—they're a powerfu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir-laws had better be cut down, some twa-three millions, but no abolished. Thae Political Economy creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsells than gaberlunzies†—yet grudging a handfu' o' meal to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open haun should be stretched out o' the sudden, unasked and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wiseacre shakes his head in cauldrife‡ calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o' him on principle.

North. Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable.

Shepherd. Scarcely tenable? Wha'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we're fa'en into argument, and that's what I canna thole at meals. Mr. Tickler, there's nae occasion, man, to look sae down-in-the-mouth—every body kens ye're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melancholy.

* *Aumry, ambry, or almery*—a close cupboard for keeping cold victuals, bread, &c.—M.
† *Gaberlunzie*—a mendicant; a poor guest who cannot pay for his entertainment.—M.
‡ *Cauldrife*—chilly, susceptible of cold.—M.

Tickler. I have no appetite, James.

Shepherd. Nae appeteet! how suld ye hae an appeteet? a bowl o' Mollygo-tawny soup wi' bread in proportion—twa codlins, (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass,) the first gash o' the jiget—steaks—then I'm maist sure, pallets, and finally guse—no to count jeelies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' draught—twa lang shankers o' ale—noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin' at Mrs. Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth—gin ye had an appeteet after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsell, and your stamach as insatiable as the grave.

Tickler. Mr. Ambrose, no laughter, if you please, sir.

North. Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Heraclitus been contemporaries, it would have saved the shedding of a world of tears.

Shepherd. Just laugh your fill, Mr. Ambrose. A smile is aye becoming that honest face o' yours. But I'll no be so wutty again, gin I can help it. (*Exit* Mr. Ambrose *with the epergne.*)

Tickler. Mr. Ambrose understands me. It does my heart good to know when his arm is carefully extended over my shoulder to put down or to remove. None of that hurry-and-no-speed waiter-like hastiness about our Ambrose! With an ever-observant eye he watches the goings-on of the board, like an astronomer watching the planetary system. He knows when a plate is emptied to be filled no more; and lo! it is withdrawn as by an invisible hand. During some "syncope and solemn pause" you may lay down your knife and fork and wipe your brow, nor dread the evanishing of a half-devoured howtowdy; the moment your eye has decided on a dish, there he stands a plate in hand in a twinkling beside tongue or turkey! No playing at cross-purposes—the sheep's head of Mullion usurping the place of the kidneys of Odoherty. The most perfect confidence reigns around the board. The possibility of mistake is felt to be beyond the fear of the hungriest imagination; and sooner shall one of Jupiter's satellites forsake his orbit, jostling the stars, and wheeling away into some remoter system, than our Ambrose run against any of the subordinates, or leave the room while North is in his chair.

North. Hear the Glenlivet!—hear the Glenlivet!

Shepherd. No, Mr. North, nane o' your envious attributions o' ae spirit for anither. It's the sowl within him that breaks out, like lightning in the collied night, or in the dwawm-like silence o' a glen the sudden soun' o' a trumpet.

Tickler. Give me your hand, James.

Shepherd. There noo—there noo. It's aye me that's said to be sae fond o' flattery; and yet only see how by a single word o' my mouth

I can add sax inches to your stature, Mr. Tickler, and make ye girn like the spirit that saluted De Gama at the Cape o' Storms.

North. Hear the Glenlivet!—hear the Glenlivet!

Shepherd. Hush, ye haveril.* Give us a speech yoursell, Mr. North, and then see who'll cry, "Hear the Glenlivet!—hear the Glenlivet!" then. But haud your tongues, baith o' you—dinna stir a foot. And as for you, Mr. Tickler, howk the tow out o' your lug, and hear till a sang.

THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

Air—Driving the Steers.

2.

I fleeched and I prayed the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens† wi' me,
But though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was, "Laith will I be.
Ah, is it not cruel to press me
To that which wad breed my heart wae,
An' try to entice a poor lassie
The gate she's o'er ready to gae?

* *Haverils, haivrels, havrels*—half-witted persons.—M.
† *Braken, or bracken*—fern.—M.

3.

"I neither hae father nor mither,
Good counsel or caution to gie,
And prudence has whispered me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee.
I neither hae tocher nor mailing,
I hae but ae boast—I am free;
But a' wad be tint without failing
Amang the green brakens wi' thee."

4.

"Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
And try your ain love to beguile?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-style.
Your smile that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your sunny e'e-bree,
And the love-blinks aneath it sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me."

5.

There's joy in the blithe blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine;
But there's a delight will ne'er perish
'Mong pleasures so fleeting and vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain.

Tickler (*passing his hand across his eyes*). "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

North. Your voice, James, absolutely gets mellower through years. Next York Festival you must sing a solo—"Angels ever bright and fair," or "Farewell, ye limpid streams and floods."

Shepherd. I was at the last York Festival, and one day I was in the chorus, next to Grundy of Kirk-by-Lonsdale. I kent my mouth was wide open, but I never heard my ain voice in the magnificent roar.

North. Describe, James—describe.

Shepherd. As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh Heaven. Thousands upon thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, ay, even on the faces where the blush-roses o' innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise—for a shadow came ower frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence of their Great Maker. All eyne were fixed in a solemn, raised gaze,

something mournful-like I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw—I did not see the old massy pillars—now I seemed to behold the roof o' the Cathedral, and now the sky of Heaven and a licht—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendor that came through the high Gothic window, left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

North. Thank you kindly, James.

Shepherd. I understand the hint, sir. Catch me harpin' ower lang on ae string. Yet music's a subject I could get ga'en tiresome upon.

Tickler. So is painting and poetry.

Shepherd. Paintin'! na—that's the warst ava. Gang into an exhibition, and only look at a crowd o' Cockneys, some wi' specs, and some wi' quizzing-glasses, and faces without ae grain o' meaning in them o' ony kind whatsomever, a' glowering perhaps at a picture o' ane o' Nature's maist fearfu' or magnificent warks! Mowdiewarts!* they might as weel look at the new-harled gable-end o' a barn. Is't a picture o' a deep dungeon-den o' ruefu' rocks, and the waterfa' its ragin' prisoner, because nae wizard will with his key open but a wicket in the ancient gates of that lonesome penitentiary? Is't a picture o' a lang, lang endless glen, wi' miles on miles o' dreary mosses, and hags, and lochs—thae wee black fearsome lochs that afttimes gurgle in their sullen sleep, as if they wanted to grup and drown ye as you gang by them, some lanely hour, takin' care to keep at safe distance along the benty knowes—mountain above mountain far and near, some o' them illuminated wi' a' their woods till the verra pine-trees seem made o' heaven's sunshine, and ithers, wi' a weight o' shadows that drown the sight o' a' their precipices, and gar the michty mass o' earth gloom like thunder-clouds, wi' nae leevin' thing in the solitude but your plaided self, and the eagle like a mote in the firmament? Siccan a scene as Tamson o' Duddingston wad trummel as he daured to paint it.† What, I ask, could a Prince's Street maister or missy ken o' sic a wark mair than a red-deer wad ken o' the inside o' George's Street Assembly Rooms, gin he were to be at Gow's Ball?

Tickler. Or in the vegetable market. North, have you seen that worthy original Martin since he came to town?

North. I have—and I have seen his collection too at No. 44

* *Mowdie-warts*—moles.—M.

† The Rev. John Thompson, of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, was an amateur landscape painter of great merit. In 1819, Lockhart speaking of him (in Peter's Letters) said, "His works, in masterly ease and breadth of effect, seem to me to approach nearer to the master-pieces of Turner than those of any other artist with whom I am acquainted." He was engaged, with Turner, to illustrate Scott's Provincial Antiquities of Scotland. His social and artistical qualities were highly appreciated by Scott, who knew and loved him. He was an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, at whose exhibitions, and with the Royal Academy in London, his paintings used to challenge competition with professed artists. He died in October, 1840, aged 62.—M.

North Hanover Street; rare, choice, splendid. What a Paul Potter! What a John Both! What a Rembrandt! What a Correggio! It is a proud thing to know that such pictures find purchasers in Scotland; for we are not rich.

Tickler. Neither are we poor. We say that Edinburgh is a city of palaces. This is a somewhat exaggerated spirit of vain talk; but certainly it contains no small number of large commodious houses, in which five, ten, twenty thousand a year may be spent with consistency and decorum; and of the furniture of each shall no part be pictures? Bare walls in the houses of wealthy men betray a poorness of spirit. Let them go to my friend Martin.* The Burgomaster—Rembrandt's of course—I remember to have seen years ago. It is from the collection of Vandergucht. What a solemn and stern expression over forehead and eyes! You do not say the picture speaks; for the old Burgomaster is plainly a man of few words—but it thinks, and you see embodied there a world of intellect. What did these fellows do with all that powerful mind? One and all of them ought to have left behind them—systems.

North. They were better employed—fathers, heads of houses, civic rulers. But I see yet before me that Virgin and Child—a study, I believe, for Correggio's famous picture in the Louvre, "the Marriage of St. Catharine." What meek maternal love mingled with a reverential awe of her own divine babe! How beautifully has Mary braided, scarcely braided, folded up as with a single touch, ere yet her child had awoke, that soft silken shining hair—tresses rich in youthful luxuriance, yet tamed down to a matron simplicity, in sweet accordance with that devout forehead and bliss-breathing eyes.

Tickler. Such pictures scarcely bear to be spoken of at all. Let them hang in their silent holiness upon the wall of our most secret room, to be gazed on at times when we feel the emptiness and vanity of all things in this life, and when our imagination, coming to the relief of our hearts, willingly wafts us to the heaven which inspired such creations of genius. Those great painters, North, were great divines.

North. A mere landscape of this earth is better fitted for ordinary hours. In that Paul Potter, did you ever breathe any thing like the transparency of the atmosphere—ever feel such warmth of meridian sunshine! Two quiet human figures, I think, and a couple of cows, that's all; and yet that little bit of canvas is a picture—a poem of pastoral life.

Tickler. Here's Martin's health—a bumper.

Shepherd. Pray, what is this New Military Academy? Is it a gude institution, Mr. North?

North. I think it is. It will not only give young soldiers some use-

* This is a Scottish Martin, collector and vendor of pictures, and not to be confounded with the illustrious John Martin, who painted Belshazzar's Feast, and other pencil-epics.—M.

ful knowledge, but put spirit and spunk into them before they enter upon service.

Tickler. Most happy was I to see Signor Francalanza appointed fencing-master to the Institution. He is a perfect teacher.

North. And a man of probity.

Tickler. And of accomplishments. Could I touch the guitar like the Signor, I would set out for Venice to-morrow, and serenade myself into the love of the fairest dames in Italy.

Shepherd. Fie shame, Mr. Tickler! fie shame, and you a married man!

Tickler. I had forgot it, James.

Shepherd. That's no true. Nae man ever forgot he was married. As for the gittarre, I wadna niffer the fiddle for that triflin' bit chirpin' tam-thoom o' an instrument. Yet I allow that Mr. Frank Alonzo fingers't wi' mickle taste and spirit; and his singing o' outlandish airs makes ane maist think that he understands French and Italian himsell.

North. What think you, James, of the projected Fish Company?

Shepherd. Just every thing that's gude. I never look at the sea without lamenting the backward state of its agriculture. Were every eatable land animal extinc', the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity.

Tickler. No fish-sauce equal to the following: Ketchup—mustard —cayenne-pepper—butter amalgamated on your plate *proprio manu*, each man according to his own proportions. Yetholm ketchup—made by the gipsies. Mushrooms for ever—damn walnuts.

North. I care little about what I eat or drink.

Shepherd. Lord have mercy on us—what a lee! There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface ae human being that does na prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or sowl. This is the rule: Never think about either the ane or the ither, but when you are at the board. Then eat and drink wi' a' your powers —moral, intellectual, and physical. Say little, but look freendly—tak care chiefly o' yoursell, but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o' a' ithers. This may soun' queer, but it's gude manners, and worth a' Chesterfield.* Them at the twa ends o' the table maun just reverse that rule—till ilka body has been twice served—and then aff at a haun-gallop.

North. What think ye of luncheons?

Shepherd. That they are the disturbers o' a' earthly happiness. I daurna trust mysel' wi' a luncheon. In my hauns it becomes an un-

* Lord Chesterfield was one day walking through Pall Mall, in London, when a black street-sweeper touched his hat. Chesterfield raised his own, bowed, and passed on. A gentleman who was with him said, "What! salute a negro?"—"Sir," answered the peer, "I am not willing to be outdone in politeness even by a negro."—M.

timeous denner—for after a hantle o' cauld meat, muirfowl-pies, or even butter and bread, what reasonable cretur can be ready afore gloamin' for a het denner? So, whene'er I'm betrayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a table-cloth. Bewaur the tray.

North. A few anchovies, such as I used to enjoy with my dear Davy at the corner, act as a whet, I confess, and nothing more.

Shepherd. I never can eat a few o' ony thing, even ingans. Ance I begin, I maun proceed; and I devoor them—ilka ane being the last—till my e'en are sae watery that I think it is raining. Break not in upon the integrity o' time atween breakfast and the blessed hour o' denner.

North. The mid-day hour is always, to my imagination, the most delightful hour of the whole alphabet.

Shepherd. I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buddin' or leaf-fu' hedgeraws, some bit fragrant and flutterin' birk-tree, aneath some owerhangin' rock in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin' their bread wi' thanksgiving and eaten't with the clear blood o' health meandering in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lasses, while the cool airs are playing amang their haflins-covered bosoms—wi' many a jeist and sang atween, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their wark amang the tedded grass, or the corn rigs sae bonny, scenes that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, has sung on his auld border harp, a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauked them is i' the mools, and "at his feet the green-grass turf, and at his head a stane."

Tickler. Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (*Looking red about the eyes.*)

North. We were talking of codlins.*

Shepherd. True, Mr. North, but folk canna be aye talkin' o' codlins, ony mair than aye eatin' them; and the great charm o' conversation is being aff on ony wind that blaws. Pleasant conversation between friends is just like walking through a mountainous kintra; at every glen-mouth the wun blaws frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come tripping alang in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—

* *Codling*—an apple so called. Carlisle Codlings are much esteemed in Scotland and the north of England.—M.

noo sweet-brier—noo heather bank—here is a gruesome quagmire, there a plat o' sheep-nibbled grass smooth as silk, and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava—there groves o' the lady-fern embowering the sleeping roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—hark, sound sounding in the awfu' sweetness o' evening wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward nature are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr. Tickler, is't not just even sae?

Tickler. Sheridan—Sheridan—what was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's, North?

North. A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass—puns elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon mots generated in *malice prépense*—witticisms jotted down in short-hand to be extended when he had put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of Fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry-Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius.*

Shepherd. I wish that you but saw my monkey, Mr. North. He would make you hop the twig in a guffaw. I hae got a pole erected for him, o' about some hundred and fifty feet high, on a knowe ahint Mount Benger; and the way the cretur rins up to the knob, lookin' ower the shouther o' him, and twisting his tail roun' the pole for fear o' playin' thud on the grun, is comical past a' endurance.

North. Think you, James, that he is a link?

Shepherd. A link in creation? Not he, indeed. He is merely a monkey. Only to see him on his observatory, beholding the sunrise! or weeping like a Laker, at the beauty o' the moon and stars!

North. Is he a bit of a poet?

Shepherd. Gin he could but speak and write, there can be nae manner o' doubt that he would be a gran' poet. Safe us! what een in the head o' him! Wee, clear, red, fiery, watery, malignant-lookin' een, fu' o' inspiration.

Tickler. You should have him stuffed.

Shepherd. Stuffed, man! say, rather, embalmed. But he's no likely to dee for years to come—indeed, the cretur's engaged to be married; although he's no in the secret himsel' yet. The bawns are published.

Tickler. Why, really, James, marriage, I think, ought to be simply a civil contract.

* Moore's Life of Sheridan cruelly exposes the interior mechanism of the wit's conversation, and his preparations for passing off as extempore, what had been carefully elaborated beforehand.—M.

Shepherd. A civil contract! I wus it was. But oh! Mr. Tickler, to see the cretur sittin' wi' a pen in's hand, and pipe in's mouth, jotting down a sonnet, or odd, or lyrical ballad! Sometimes I put that black velvet cap ye gie'd me on his head, and ane o' the bairns's auld big-coats on his back; and then, sure anough, when he takes his stroll in the avenue, he is a heathenish Christian.

North. Why, James, by this time he must be quite like one of the family?

Shepherd. He's a capital flee-fisher. I never saw a monkey throw a lighter line in my life. But he's greedy o' the gude linns, and canna thole to see ony body else gruppin' great anes but himsel'. He accompanied me for twa-three days in the season to the Trows, up aboon Kelso yonner; and Kersse allowed that he worked a salmon to a miracle. Then, for rowing a boat!

Tickler. Why don't you bring him to Ambrose's?

Shepherd. He's sae bashfu'. He never shines in company; and the least thing in the world will mak him blush.

Tickler. Have you seen the Sheffield Iris, containing an account of the feast given to Montgomery the poet, his long-winded speech, and his valedictory address to the world as abdicating editor of a provincial newspaper?*

Shepherd. I have the Iris—that means Rainbow—in my pocket, and it made me proud to see sic honors conferred on genius. Lang-wunded speech, Mr. Tickler! What, would you have had Montgomery mumble twa-three sentences, and sit down again, before an assemblage o' a hundred o' the most respectable o' his fellow-townsmen, with Lord Milton at their head, a' gathered thegither to honor with heart and hand One of the Sons of Song?

North. Right, James, right. I love to hear one poet praise another. There is too little of that now-a-days. *Tantœne animis cœlestibus iræ!*

Shepherd. His speech is full of heart and soul—amang the best I hae read; and to them that heard and saw it, it must have been just perfectly delightful.

Tickler. Perhaps he spoiled it in the delivery; probably he is no orator.

Shepherd. Gude faith, Mr. Tickler, I suspec' you're really no very weel the nicht, for you're desperate stupid. Nae orator, aiblins! But think you it was naething to see the man in his glory, and to hear him in his happiness! Yes, glory, sir, for what do poets live for but the sympathy of God's rational creatures? Too often we know not that that sympathy is ours—nor in what degree, nor how widely we have

* James Montgomery, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, The West Indies, Greenland, The Songs of Zion, The Pelican Island, and other poetry, (beside Prose by a Poet and Lectures upon Literature,) died at Sheffield on the last day of April, 1854, aged eighty-three.—M.

awakened it. But here Montgomery had it flashed back upon his heart by old familiar faces, and a hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their light for thirty winters.

Tickler. Hear, hear! Forgive me, my dear Shepherd, I merely wished to bring you out, to strike a chord, to kindle a spark, to spring a mine——

Shepherd. Hooly and fairly. There's no need o' exaggeration. But my opinion—my feeling o' Montgomery is just that which he himself, in this speech—there's the paper, but dinna tear't—has boldly and modestly expressed. "Success upon success in a few years crowned my labors—not, indeed, with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison of whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus, my little plot of ground is as Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own: it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I inclosed from the common myself; and I can say, that not an inch which I had once gained here have I ever lost."

North. On such an occasion, Montgomery was not only entitled, but bound to speak of himself—and by so doing, he "has graced his cause." His poetry will live, for he has *heart and imagination.* The religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound. But you know who has promised to give me an "Article on Montgomery;" so meanwhile let us drink his health in a bumper.

Shepherd. Stop, stop, my jug's done. But never mind, I'll drink't in pure speerit. (*Bibunt omnes.*)

Tickler. Did we include his politics?

Shepherd. Faith, I believe no. Let's take anither bumper to his politics.

North. James, do you know what you're saying? The man is a Whig. If we do drink his politics, let it be in empty glasses.

Shepherd. Na, na. I'll drink no man's health, nor yet ony ither thing, out o' an empty glass. My political principles are so well known, that my consistency would not suffer were I to drink the health o' the great Whig leader, Satan himsell; besides, James Montgomery is, I verily believe, a true patriot. Gin he thinks himsell a Whig, he has nae understanding whatever o' his ain character. I'll undertak to bring out the Toryism that's in him in the course o' a single Noctes. Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggism but an evil habit. O, sirs, this is a gran' jug.

Tickler. I am beginning to feel rather hungry.

Shepherd. I hae been rather sharp-set ever sin' Mr. Ambrose took awa' the cheese.

North. 'Tis the night of the 21st of October—The battle of Trafalgar—Nelson's death—the greatest of all England's heroes—

His march was o'er the mountain wave,
His home was on the deep.

Nelson not only destroyed the naval power of all the enemies of England, but he made our naval power immortal. Thank God, he died at sea.

Tickler. A noble creature, his very failings were ocean-born.

Shepherd. Yes—a cairn to his memory would not be out of place even at the head of the most inland glen. Not a sea-mew floats up into our green solitudes that tells not of Nelson.

North. His name makes me proud that I am an islander. No continent has such a glory.

Shepherd. Look out o' the window—what a fleet o' stars in Heaven! Yon is the Victory—a hundred-gun ship—I see the standard of England flying at the main. The brichtest luminary o' nicht says in that halo, "England expects every man to do his duty."

North. Why might not the battle of Trafalgar be the subject of a great poem? It was a consummation of national prowess. Such a poem need not be a narrative one, for that at once becomes a Gazette, yet still it might be graphic. The purport of it would be, England on the Ocean; and it would be a Song of Glory. In such a poem, the character and feelings of British seamen would have agency; and very minute expressions of the passions with which they fight, would be in place. Indeed, the life of such a poem would be wanting, if it did not contain a record of the nature of the Children of the Ocean—the strugglers in war and storm. The character of sailors, severed from all other life, is poetical.

Tickler. Yes—it would be more difficult to ground a poem under the auspices of the Duke of York.

North. The fleet, too, borne on the ocean, human existence resting immediately on great Elementary Nature; and connected immediately with her great powers; and ever to the eye single in the ocean solitudes.

Tickler. True. But military war is much harder to conceive in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus, though there are the highest qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry.

North. In Schiller's Camp of Wallenstein, there is individual life given to soldiers, and with fine effect. But I do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula, though the most like a continued separate life of any thing we have had in the military way, comes up to poetry.*

* Croker's Talavera was a poor thing, and Scott's Vision of Don Roderick not much better.

Tickler. Scarcely, North. I think that if an army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape and acting in visible energy; and to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war. But then it could have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There could be no camp-life.

Shepherd. I don't know, gentlemen, that I follow you, for I am no great scholar. But allow me to say, in better English than I generally speak, for that beautiful star—Venus, I suspect, or perhaps Mars—in ancient times they shone together—that if any poet breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular War, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the groundwork of poetry; and the passion with which the British charge the French is sufficiently intense, I suspect, to ground poetry upon. Not a critic of the French school would deny it.

North. Nothing can be better, or better expressed, my dear James. That war would furnish some battle chants—but the introduction of our land-fighting into any great poetry, would, I conjecture, require the intermingling of interests not warlike.

Shepherd. I think so too. What think you of the Iliad, Mr. North?

North. The great occupation of the power of man, James, in early society, is to make war. Of course, his great poetry will be that which celebrates war. The mighty races of men, and their mightiest deeds, are represented in such poetry. It contains the "glory of the world" in some of its noblest ages. Such is Homer. The whole poem of Homer (the Iliad) is war, yet not much of the whole Iliad is fighting; and that, with some exceptions, not the most interesting. If we consider warlike poetry purely as breathing the spirit of fighting, the fierce ardor of combat, we fall to a much lower measure of human conception. Homer's poem is intellectual, and full of affections; it would go as near to make a philosopher as a soldier. I should say that war appears as the business of Homer's heroes, not often a matter of pure enjoyment. One would conceive, that if there could be found any where, in language, the real breathing spirit of lust for fight, which is in some nations, there would be conceptions, and passion of blood-thirst, which are not in Homer. There are flashes of it in Æschylus.

Shepherd. I wish to heaven I could read Greek. I'll begin tomorrow.

Tickler. The songs of Tyrtæus goading into battle are of that kind, and their class is evidently not a high one. Far above them must have been those poems of the ancient German nations, which were chanted

Byron's meditative stanzas on Waterloo, in Childe Harold, are worth a hundred of the regular war-epics.—M.

in the front of battle, reciting the acts of old heroes to exalt their courage. These being breathed out of the heart of passion of a people, must have been good. The spirit of fighting was there involved with all their most ennobling conceptions, and yet was merely pugnacious.

North. The Iliad is remarkable among military poems in this, that being all about war, it instils no passion for war. None of the high inspiring motives to war are made to kindle the heart. In fact, the cause of war is false on both sides. But there is a glory of war, like the splendor of sunshine, resting upon and enveloping all.

Shepherd. I'm beginning to get a little clearer in the upper story. That last jug was a poser. How feel you, gentlemen—do you think you're baith quite sober? Our conversation is rather beginning to get a little heavy. Tak a mouthfu'. (NORTH *quaffs.*)

Tickler. North, you look as if you were taking an observation. Have you discovered any new comet?

North. Do you think, Shepherd, as much building has been going on within these dozen years in the moon as in the New Town of Edinburgh?

Shepherd. Nae doubt, in proportion to the size of the moon's metropolis. Surely a' the chimneys devour their ain smoke yonder, sae puir are a' the purlieus o' the planet. Think you there is ony Ambrose in the orb? or ony editors?

North. Why, James, speaking of editors, I had a strange dream t'other night. I dreamed I saw the editor of the Imaginary Magazine.

Shepherd. Faith, that was comical. But what was't?

North. The moment I saw him, I knew that he was the editor of the Imaginary Magazine—the non-existing Christopher North of a non-existing Maga; and what amused me much was, that I saw from the expression of his countenance that he was under prosecution for a libel.

Shepherd. Had he advised any man to commit murder?

North. He entered into a long detail of his Magazine, and all the leading-articles were on subjects I had never before heard of; yet I knew the libellous article instinctively. Indeed he showed me his last number; and I thought, that after perusing a few pages, I had put it into my pocket. "In an unknown tongue, he warbled melody."

Shepherd. The stuff that dreams are made of! What did he offer you per sheet?

North. Kinga men kulish abatton. These were his very words.

Shepherd. Dang it, you're bamming me.

North. No; he seemed in a great fright about his January Number, and looked up in my face with such an inexplicable face of his own, that I awoke.

Shepherd. I recollec' ance dreaming o' an unearthly Hallow-Fair,

It was held on a great plain, and it seemed as if a' the sheep in the universe were there in ae flock. Shepherds, too, frae every planet in space. Yet wherever I walked each nation kent me; and chiels frae China, apparently, and the lands ayont the Pole jogged ane anither's shouthers, and said, "That's the Ettrick Shepherd." I gaed into the tent o' a Tartar, and selt him a score o' gimmers for a jewel he had stown frae the turban of a Turk that was gettin fu' wi' Prester John. Sic dancin'!

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she play'
Singing of Mount Abora!"

Then what a drove o' camels, and dromedaries, and elephants, "indorsed with towers!" Lions, and tigers, and panthers, and hunting-leopards, in cages like cottages, sold and purchased by kings! And, in anither region o' the boundless Bazaar, eagles, vultures, condors, rocs, that nodded their heads far aboon the quadruped quadrillions, and flapped the sultry air into a monsoon with their wings.

Tickler. Sleeping or waking, North, the Shepherd is your match.

Shepherd. Ye ken I once thought o' writing a book of dreams. Some o' murders, that would have made Thurtell appear a man of the utmost tenderness o' disposition—horrible natural events, that were catastrophes frae beginning to end—a' sorts o' night-meers.

Tickler. James, North's falling asleep—stir him up with a long pole.

North (*rubbing his eyes*). Well, since you insist upon it, here it goes.

Hungry and chill'd with bivouacking,
We rise ere song of earliest bird—Tra li ra.
Cannon and drums our ears are cracking,
And saddle, boot, and blade's the word—Tra li ra.
"Vite en l'avant," our bugle blows,
A flying gulp and off it goes,
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

Victory's ours, off speed despatches,
Hourra! The luck for once is mine—Tra li ra.
Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
No time, by Jove, to wash or dine—Tra li ra.
From post to post my pipe I cram,
Full gallop smoke, and suck my dram.
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of my own I'll found—Tra li ra.
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound—Tra li ra.
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de Crambambulee!"
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

Tickler. Bravo! One good turn deserves another.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT—A NEW SONG.*

Tune, "Through all the Employments of Life."

Oh! Learning's a very fine thing,
As also is wisdom and knowledge,
For a man is as great as a king,
If he has but the airs of a college.
And now-a-days all must admit,
In LEARNING we're wondrously favor'd.
For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
But some learned man is beslaver'd!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd
To part with our plain understanding,
For INTELLECT now has assumed
An attitude truly commanding!
All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
Common sense is set quite at defiance,
And the child for its porridge that cries,
Must cry in the language of SCIENCE.
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The WEAVER it surely becomes
To talk of his web's involution,
For doubtless the hero of thrums
Is a member of some institution;
He speaks of supply and demand,
With the airs of a great legislator,
And almost can tell you off-hand
That the smaller is less than the greater!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The TAILOR, in cutting his cloth,
Will speak of the true conic section,
And no tailor is now such a Goth
But he talks of his trade's genuflection!
If you laugh at his bandy-legg'd clan,
He calls it unhandsome detraction,
And cocks up his chin like a man,
Though we know that he's only a fraction:
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The BLACKSMITH 'midst cinders and smoke,
Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
His furnace profoundly will poke,
With the air of a practical chemist;

* This, I believe, was written by Theodore Hook.—M.

Poor Vulcan has recently got
A lingo that's almost historic,
And can tell you that iron is hot,
Because it is filled with caloric!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The MASON, in book-learned tone,
Describes in the very best grammar
The resistance that dwells in the stone,
And the power that resides in the hammer,
For the son of the trowel and hod
Looks as big as the Frog in the Fable
While he talks in a jargon as odd
As his brethren the builders of Babel!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The COBBLER who sits at your gate
Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
Though the very same cobbler of late
O'er his work used to sing and to whistle;
But cobbling's a paltry pursuit
For a man of polite education—
His works may be trod under foot,
Yet he's one of the Lords of Creation!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Oh! learning's a very fine thing!
It almost is treason to doubt it—
Yet many of whom I could sing,
Perhaps might be as well without it!
And without it my days I will pass,
For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
And I don't wish to look like an Ass
By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR!
Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Let schoolmasters bother their brains
In their dry and their musty vocation:
But what can the rest of us gain
By meddling with such botheration?
We cannot be very far wrong,
If we live like our fathers before us,
Whose LEARNING went round in the song,
And whose cares were dispelled in the CHORUS,
Singing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

North (*standing up*). Friends—countrymen—and Romans—lend me your ears. You say, James, that that's a gran' jug; well then, out with the ladle, and push about the jorum. No speech—no speech—for my heart is big. This may be our last meeting in the Blue Parlor, Our next meeting in

AMBROSE'S HOTEL, PICARDY PLACE!*

(NORTH *suddenly sits down*, TICKLER *and the* SHEPHERD *in a moment are at his side.*)

Tickler. My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle.

(*Puts the vinegarette to his aquiline nose.*)

Shepherd. My beloved Christopher, here's my smelling-bottle.

(*Puts the stately oblong Glenlivet crystal to his lips.*)

North (*opening his eyes*). What flowers are those? Roses—mignonnette, bathed in aromatic dew!

Shepherd. Yes; in romantic dew—mountain dew, my respected sir, that could give scent to a sibo.

Tickler. James, let us support him into the open air.

North. Somewhat too much of this. It is beautiful moonlight. Let us take an arm-in-arm stroll round the ramparts of the Calton-Hill.

(*Enter* MR. AMBROSE *much affected, with* NORTH'S *dreadnought*; NORTH *whispers in his ear*, subridens illi; MR. AMBROSE *looks cheerful*, et exeunt omnes.)

* The notoriety given by the Noctes to Ambrose's small and crushed-up-in-a-corner hostelrie at the back of Prince's street, drew so much custom thither that he and his brother opened a grand hotel, in Picardy Place, at the beginning of 1826.—M.

No. XXIV.—FEBRUARY, 1826.

Blue Parlor.

SHEPHERD *and* TICKLER.

Shepherd, I had nae heart for't, Mr. Tickler, I had nae heart for't. Yon's a grand hotel in Picardy,—and there can be nae manner o' doubt that Mr. Ambrose 'll succeed in it. Yon big letters facing doun Leith Walk will be sure to catch the e'en o' a' the passengers by London smacks and steamboats, to say naething o' the mair stationary land population. Besides, the character o' the man himself, sae douce, civil and judicious. But skill part from my right hand when I forget Gabriel's Road.* Draw in your chair, sir.

Tickler. I wish the world, James, would stand still for some dozen years—till I am at rest. It seems as if the very earth itself were undergoing a vital change. Nothing is unalterable except the heaven above my head,—and even it, James, is hardly, methinks, at times, the same as in former days or nights. There is not much difference in the clouds, James, but the blue sky, I must confess, is not quite so very very blue as it was sixty years since; and the sun, although still a glorious luminary, has lost a leetle—of his lustre. But it is the streets, squares, courts, closes,—lands, houses, shops, that are all changed—gone—swept off—razed—buried.

And that is sure a reason fair,
To fill my glass again.

Shepherd. Ony reason's fair aneugh for that. Here's to you, sir, —the Hollands in this house is aye maist excellent.

Mr. Ambrose (*entering hesitatingly*). Gentlemen, as I understood you to say that Mr. North is not to honor this Tavern with his presence this evening, perhaps my son had better put off his recitation.

Tickler. Anan!

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler is not in the secret, Ambrose. Why, Mr. Tickler, Master Ambrose has composed a poem, which he had intended

* Gabriel's Road, once an open space visible from the Old Town, is now so much built upon as to be the most densely populated part of the New. Ambrose's original tavern, in a nook, back of Prince's street and the Register House, is a thriving hostelrie to this day.—M.

to recite to us in Picardy Place. It is a welcome to the Hotel. Now, as I have declared my determination never to desert Gabriel's Road till this house is no longer in Ambrose's possession, it is a pity not to hear the youth's verses; so, if you please, though a little out of place, let us have them before next jug.

Tickler. Assuredly—assuredly. Show Master Ambrose in.

Enter MASTER AMBROSE.

Shepherd. Hoo are ye, my fine little fellow? Come forward into the middle o' the room. Stretch out your right arm so—square your shouthers—haud up your head—take care o' your pronunciation—*et perge, puer.*

Master Ambrose.

Though the place that once knew us will know us no more,
And splendors unwonted arise on our view,—
Though no fond remembrance past scenes could restore,
Our dearly loved parlor we still must deplore,
And remember the Old, while we drink to the New!

How oft in that parlor, so joyous and gay,
The laurel was wreath'd with the clustering vine;
While the spirit of Maga held absolute sway,
And the glorious beams of the bright god of day
Seem'd in envious haste the fair scene to outshine!

Oh! changed are the days, it may truly be said,
Since first we met there in our social glee,
For a faction then ruled with a sceptre of lead,
Debasing the heart and perverting the head,
And enthralling the land of the brave and the free!

That sceptre is broken—that faction is gone,—
In scorn and derision we've seen it expire;
While the brightness of Maga has every where shone,
It has blazed on the altar, and beamed on the throne,
And kindled a more than Promethean fire!

Of our honors and glories our children may tell,—
Be it ours the triumphant career to pursue,
Each foe of his King and his country to quell,
The darkness of error and fraud to dispel,
And laugh at the dunces in Yellow and Blue!

We have One who will stand as he ever has stood,
Like a tower that despises the whirlwind's rage,—
By time and by labor alike unsubdued,
He will still find the wise, and the fair, and the good,
Admiring the Wit, and revering the Sage!

And he who supreme in Arcadia reigns,
With his heart-stirring Doric our meetings will cheer;

The pride of our mountains and emerald plains,
The joy of our nymphs, the delight of our swains,
Rejoicing each eye and refreshing each ear!

And the Hero of many a glorious field
His best and his happiest hours will recall,
The sword and the pen alike powerful to wield,
With generous spirit disdaining to yield,
Except to the spirit that conquers us All!

And he who has ever, in danger and doubt,
To his glorious cause been so loyal and true,
Defying the Cockneys, the Whigs, and the gout,
His Io TRIUMPHE! still boldly will shout,
And proudly will hear it re-echoed by You!

The year that approaches new triumphs will bring,
Entwining new wreaths for each bold loyal brow,—
And for many a year our new roof-tree will ring
With the voice that is raised for our country and King,
Inspired by the thoughts that awaken it now!

The days that are gone we can never regret,
While gilded with honor they rise on our view;
And when here in our power and our pride we are met,
Our dearly-loved parlor we ne'er shall forget,
But remember the Old, while we drink to the New!

Tickler. Most precocious! Pope did not write any thing equal to it at thirteen. It beats the Ode to Solitude all to sticks. Are you at the New Academy, Master Ambrose?

Master Ambrose. No, sir—at the High School.*

Tickler. Right. You live in the vicinity. Is it not a burning shame, Shepherd, that the many thousand rich and prosperous men who have been educated at the High School, cannot—will not—raise a sum sufficient to build a new Edifice on a better site?

Shepherd. It disna tell weel.

Tickler. A High School there must be, as well as an Academy. Both should have fair play, and education will be greatly bettered by the generous rivalry. Never were there better masters in the High School than now—gentlemen and scholars all. One loses all patience to hear the gabble about Parthenons, forsooth, when about eight or ten thousand pounds is all that is wanted to build, on Hamilton's beautiful plan, a school for the education of the sons of the citizens of modern Athens. Thank you, Master Ambrose. (*Exit High-School boy.*) A fine, modest, intelligent boy!

Shepherd. Just uncommon. The Embro' folk I never could thor-

* The High School of Edinburgh, at which Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, and many other eminent men were educated.—M.

oughly understand, and yet I hae studied them closely in a' ranks frae the bench to the bar, I may say, from the poopit to the pozzi. They couldna build their ain College—they wunna build their ain High School; and yet to hear them talk o' their city o' palaces, you would think they were all so many Lorenzoes the Magnificent.

Tickler. The English laugh at us. Look at London—look at Liverpool. Is money wanted for any noble purpose? In a single day, you have hundreds of thousands.

Shepherd. Come, come—let us be in better humor. Is the oysters verra gude this season? I shanna stir frae this chair till I hae devoored five score o' them. That's just my allowance on coming in frae the kintra.

Tickler. James, that is a most superb cloak. Is the clasp pure gold? You are like an officer of Hussars—like one of the Prince's Own. Spurs too, I protest!

Shepherd. Sit closer, Mr. Tickler, sit closer, man; light your cigar, and puff away like a steam-engine—though ye ken I just detest smokin';—for I hae a secret to communicate—a secret o' some pith' and moment, Mr. Tickler; and I want to see your face in a' the strength o' its maist natural expression, when I am lettin' you intil't. Fill your glass, sir.

Tickler. Don't tell it to me, James—don't tell it to me; for the greatest enjoyment I have in this life is to let out a secret—especially if it has been confided to me as a matter of life and death.

Shepherd. I'll rin a' hazards. I maun out wi't to you; for I hae aye had the most profoun' respect for your abeelities, and I hae a pleasure in geein' you the start of the world for four-and-twenty hours. I am noo the Yeditor o' Blackwood's Magazine.

Tickler. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Shepherd. Why, you see, sir, they couldna do without me. North's gettin' verra auld,—and, between you and me, rather doited—crabbed to the contributors, and—come hither wi' your lug—no verra ceevil to Ebony himsel;—so out comes letter upon letter, in Yarrow, yonder, fu' o' the maist magnificent offers,—indeed, telling me to fix my ain terms; and faith, just to get rid o' the endless fash o' letters by the carrier, I druve into toun here, in the whuskey, through Peebles, on the Saturday o' the hard frost, and that same night was installed into the Yeditorship in the Sanctum Sanctorum.

Tickler. Well, James, all that Russian affair is a joke to this. Nicholas, Constantine, and the old Mother-Empress, may go to the devil and shake themselves, now that you, my dear, dear Shepherd, are raised to the Scottish throne.*

* This was shortly after the death of the Emperor Alexander, when the contest arose between his brothers Constantine and Nicholas, each declining to ascend the Imperial throne of Russia.—M.

Shepherd. Wha wad ha' thocht it, Mr. Tickler—wha wad ha' thocht it—that day when I first entered the Grass-Market, wi' a' my flock afore me, and Hector yoef-youfin' 'round the Gallow-Stane—where, in days of yore, the saints——

Tickler. Sire!

Shepherd. Nane o' your mockin'. I'm the Editor; and, to prove't, I'll order in—the Balaam-box.

Tickler. James, as you love me, open not that box. Pandora's was a joke to it.

Shepherd. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Tickler, you're feared that I'll lay my haun on yane o' your articles. O man, but you're a vain auld chiel; just a bigot to your ain abeelities. But hear me, sir; you maun compose in a mair classical style, gin you think o' continuing a contributor. I must not let down the character of the work to flatter a few feckless fumblers. Mr. Ambrose—Mr. Ambrose—the Balaam-box, I tell you,—I hae been ringing this half-hour for the Balaam-box.

Mr. Ambrose. Here is the Safe, sir. I observe the spider is still in the keyhole; but as Mr. North, God bless him, told me not to disturb him, I have given him a few flies daily that I found in an old bottle; perhaps he will get out of the way when he feels the key.

Tickler. James, that spider awakens in my mind the most agreeable recollections.

Shepherd. Dang your speeders. But, Mr. Ambrose, where's the Monthly Budget?

Mr. Ambrose. Here, sir.

Shepherd (*emptying the green bag on the table.*) Here, Mr. Tickler. Here's a sight for sair een,—materials for a dizzen Numbers. Arrange them by tens,—that's right; what a show! I'm rich aneuch to pay aff the national debt. Let us see,—"Absenteeism." The speeder maun be disturbed,—into the Balaam-box must this article go,—Gude preserve us, what a weight! I wonder what my gude auld father wad hae said, had he lived to see the day, when it became a great public question whether it was better or waur for a country that she should hae nae inhabitants!

Tickler. Here's an Essay on Popular Education.

Shepherd. Rax't ower. Ay, ay, I see how it is,—Institutions, Mechanic Institutions. That's no the way, in the ordinary coorse o' nature, that the mind acquires knowledge. As the general wealth and knowledge of the country increases, men, in all conditions, will of themselves become better informed. Then the education of the young will be better attended to,—generation after generation that will be the case,—till, feenally, education will be general in town and country, and the nation will be more enlightened, powerful, happy, and free. But now, they are putting the cart before the horse; and the naig will get reesty, and kick aff the breeching.

Tickler. Here's a poem.

Shepherd. Fling it into the fire;—poetry's a drog. Queen Hynde is still in her first edition.

Tickler. The evil has wrought its own cure. But, on my honor, the verses are pretty. Another version of our favorite German song. I'll sing them to the fiddle. (TICKLER *sings to his Cremona.*)

The Rhine! the Rhine!—May on thy flowing river
The sun for ever shine!
And on thy banks may freedom's light fade never!—
Be blessings on the Rhine!*
The Rhine! the Rhine!—My fancy still is straying,
To dream of Wilhelmine,
Of auburn locks in balmy zephyrs playing:—
Be blessings on the Rhine!
The German knight the lance has bravely broken
By lofty Shreckenstein;
The German maid the tale of love has spoken
Beside the flowery Rhine.
With patriot zeal the gallant Swiss is fired,
Beside that stream of thine;
The dull Batavian, on thy banks inspired,
Shouts,—Freedom! and the Rhine!
And shall we fear the threat of foreign foeman!—
Though Europe should combine,—
The fiery Frank, the Gaul, the haughty Roman,
Found graves beside the Rhine,—
Germania's sons, fill, fill your foaming glasses
With Hochheim's sparkling wine,
And drink,—while life, and love, and beauty passes,—
Be blessings on the Rhine!

Shepherd. Faith, ye hae a gran' bow-hand, Mr. Tickler. Ye wad be a welcome guest in the kitchen o' ony farm-house in a' Scotland, during the lang winter nichts. The lasses "would loup as they were daft, when ye blew up your chanter." Shame on the spinet, and the flute, and a' instruments, but the fiddle.

Tickler. Many and oft is the time, James, that in my younger days I have set the shepherd's and farmer's family a-dancing,—on to the sma' hours. They would send out the bit herd laddie to collect the queans,—and they came all flocking in, just a little trigger than when at work,—a clean mutch, or a ribbon round their foreheads,—their bosoms made cosh and tidy——

Shepherd. Whisht, whisht. Ony mair verses amang the materials? Let us collec them a' into a heap, and send them to the cyook to singe the fools. What's that you're glowering on, Sub?

Tickler. Sub?

* Another translation of this famed Rhine-song was written by Lockhart, and is to be found in his college-romance called Reginald Dalton.—M.

Shepherd. Ay, Sub. I create you Sub-yeditor of the Magazine. You maun correc a' the Hebrew, and Chinese, and German, and Dutch, Greek and Latin, and French and Spanish, and Itawlian. You maun likewise help me wi' the pints, and in kittle words look after the spellin'. Noo and then ye may overhaul, and cut down, and transmogrify an article that's ower lang, or ower stupid in pairts, putting some smeddum in't,—and summin' a' up wi' a soundin' peroration. North had nae equal at that; and I hae kent him turn out o' his hands a short, pithy, biting article, frae a long, lank, lumbering rigmarole, taken, at a pinch, out o' the verra Balaam-box. The author wondered at his ain genius and erudition when he read it, and wad gang for a week after up and down the town, asking every body he met if they had read his leading-article in Ebony. The sumph thocht he had written it himsel'! I can never hope to equal Mr. North in that faculty, which in him is a gift o' nature; but in a' things else, I am his equal,—and in some, dinna ye think sae, his superior?

Tickler. I do. There seems to be something pretty in this little song. To do it justice, I must sing it.

Tune—"The Sailor's Life."

1.

Oh! often on the mountain's side
I've sung with all a shepherd's pride,
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore down the burden of the song,
A shepherd's life's the life for me,
He tends his flock so merrily,—
He sings his song, and tells his tale,
And is beloved through all the vale.

2.

When Summer gladdens all the scene
With golden light, and vesture green,
Too short appears the cheerful day,
While thus he pours his artless lay,
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

3.

When Winter comes with sullen blast,
And clouds and mists are gathering fast,
He folds his plaid, and on the hill
His blithesome song is with him still—
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c

4.

And when at eve, with guileless mirth,
He cheers his humble, happy hearth,
The storm without may whistle round,
But still within the song is found—
A shepherd's life's the life for me, &c.

5.

Oh! envy not the palace proud,
With all its gaudy, glittering crowd,
For who would ever be a king,
When on the hill-side he could sing,
A shepherd's life's the life for me. &c.

Shepherd. Tut, tut!—it's wersh—wersh as a potauto without saut. The writer o' that sang never wore a plaid. What for will clever chaps, wi' a classical education, aye be writin' awa at sangs about us shepherds? Havers!—Let Burns, and me, and Allan Cunningham talk o' kintra matters, under our ain charge. We'll put mair real life and love into ae line—aiblins in ae word—than a' the classical callants that ever were at College.

Tickler. Well, well—here's a poem that may as well go into the fire-heap at once, without farther inspection.

Shepherd. For God's sake, haud your hand, Mr. Tickler!—dinna burn that, as you houp to be saved! It's my ain haun-writin'—I ken't at a' this distance—I'll swear til't in a coort o' justice. Burn that, and you're my Sub nae langer.

Tickler. My dear Editor, I will sing it.

Shepherd. Na, you shanna sing't—I'll sing't mysel—though I'm as hoarse as a craw. Breathin' that easterly harr is as bad as snooking down into your hawse sae many yards o' woollen. Howsomever, I'll try. And mind, nane o' your accompaniments wi' me either o' fiddle or vice. A second's a thing that I just perfectly abhor,—it seems to me—though I hae as gude an ear as Miss Stephens hersel,* and better too—to be twa different tunes sang at ae time—a maist intolerable practice. Mercy me!—It's the twa Epithaliums that I wrote for the young Duke o' Buccleuch's birthday, held at Selkirk, the 25th of November, 1825.

Air—Killikrankie.

1.

Rejoice, ye wan and wilder'd glens,
Ye dowie dells o' Yarrow,
This is the day that Heaven ordains
To banish a' your sorrow;

* Katherine Stephens, born in London in 1794, made her *début*, as a vocalist, at Covent-Garden Theatre, as Mandane, in Artaxerxes, in September, 1818, and obtained immediate reputation. But her voice has been chiefly heard to more advantage at oratorios, concerts, and musical festivals, than on the stage. Her ballad-singing was extremely good,—nothing could have been more pathetic than her execution of Auld Robin Gray. The compass of her voice (the usual compass of soprano) reached to high D.—She was plump and pretty in her youth, rather than handsome, yet she had a troop of admirers. One of them, of ducal rank and princely estates, proposed that she should live with him, and inclosed a literal *carte blanche*, on which she was to write her terms. When the returned card reached him, the plain inscription which it bore was—DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. After she had attained the ripe age of 40, she became the wife of the Earl of Ess-x, (on the death of his first wife, from whom he had been many years separated,) and, when he, too, paid the debt of nature, became Dowager Countess of Exeter. She has not contracted a second marriage.—M.

Ilk forest shaw, an' lofty law,
Frae grief and gloom arouse ye,
What gars ye snood your brows wi' snaw,
An' look sae grim an' grousy?

2.

What though the winter storm and flood
Set a' your cliffs a-quaking,
An' frost an' snaw leave nought ava
On your green glens o' braken;
Yet soon the spring wi' bud an' flower,
An' birds an' maidens singing,
The bonny rainbow an' the shower,
Shall set your braes a-ringing.

3.

We saw our sun set in the cloud,
For gloaming far too early,
An' darkness fa' wi' eiry shroud,
While hearts beat sad and sairly;
But after lang an' lanesome night,
Our morn has risen mair clearly;
An' O to wan an' waefu' wight,
Sic blithesome morn is cheery.

4.

This is the day that wakes our spring,
Our rainbow's arch returning;
This is the dawning sent by Heaven
To banish care and mourning.
O young Buccleuch, our kinsman true,
Our shield, and firm defender;
To thee this day our love we pay,
Our blessings kindly render!

5.

O young Buccleuch, O kind Buccleuch!
What thousand hearts yearn o'er thee;
What thousand hopes await thy smile,
And prostrate lie before thee!
Be thou thy Border's pride and boast,
Like sires renown'd in story;*
And thou shalt never want an host
For country, King, and glory!

Tickler. Beautiful, James, quite beautiful!

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, I think, considering all things, the situation I now occupy, my rank in society, and the respect which I have at

* The Duke of Buccleugh, though his rank and wealth have twice made him a Cabinet Minister, has *not* "set his mark upon the forehead of the time." He was in his twentieth year when Hogg composed this song, and his very negative character has nullified the Shepherd's ardent prophecy and prayer.—M.

all times been proud to show you and Mrs. Tickler, that you might call me Mr. Hogg, or Mr. Yeditor. Why always James, simple James?

Tickler. A familiar phrase, full of affection. I insist on being called Timothy.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, be it so now and then. But as a general rule, let it be, Mr. Tickler,—Mr. Hogg, or, which I would prefer, Mr. Editor. Depend upon it, sir, that there is great advantage to social intercourse in the preservation of those mere conversational forms by which "table-talk" is protected from degenerating into a coarse or careless familiarity.

Tickler. Suppose you occasionally call me "Southside" and that I call you "Mount Benger."

Shepherd. A true Scottish fashion that of calling gentlemen by the names of their estates. Did you ever see the young Duke? You nod, Never!—He's a real scion of the old tree. What power that laddie has ower human happiness! He has a kingdom, and never had a king more loyal subjects. All his thousands o' farmers are proud o' him, and his executors; and that verra pride gi'es them a higher character. The clan must not disgrace the Chief. The "Duke" is a household word all over the Border;—the bairns hear it every day;—and it links us thegither in a sort o' brotherhood. Curse the Radicals, who would be for destroying the old aristocracy of the land!—

WAT O' BUCCLEUCH.

Air,—Thurot's Defeat.

Some sing with devotion
Of feats on the ocean,
And nature's broad beauties in earth and in skies;
Some rant of their glasses,
And some of the lasses,
And these are twa things we maun never despise.
But down with the praises
Of lilies and daisies,
Of posies and roses the like never grew:
That flimsy inditing
That poets delight in,
They've coined for a havering half-witted crew.

Chorus.

But join in my chorus,
Ye blades o' the Forest,
We'll lilt of our muirs and our mountains of blue;
And hollow for ever,
Till a' the town shiver,
The name of our master, young Wat o' Buccleuch.

Of Douglas and Stuart.
We'd mony a true heart,
Wha stood for auld Scotland in dangers enew
And Scotts wha kept order
So lang on the Border,
Then wha heardna tell o' the Wats o' Buccleuch!
Now all these old heroes,
Of helms and monteros,—
O wha wad believe that the thing could be true!—
In lineage unblighted,
And blood are united,
In our noble master, young Wat o' Buccleuch.
Then join in my chorus, &c.

In old days of wassail,
Of chief and of vassal,
O these were the ages of chivalry true,
Of reif and of rattle,
Of broil and of battle.
When first our auld forefathers follow'd Buccleuch.
They got for their merit,
What we still inherit,
Those green tow'ring hills and low valleys of dew,
Nor feared on their mailings
For hornings or failings,
The broadsword and shield paid the rents of Buccleuch.
Then join in my chorus, &c.

From that day to this one,
We've lived but to bless them,
To love and to trust them as guardians true;
May Heaven protect then,
And guide and direct then,
This stem of the gen'rous old house of Buccleuch!
The Wats were the callans
That steadied the balance,
When strife between kinsmen and Borderers grew;
Then here's to our scion,
The son of the lion,
The Lord of the Forest, the Chief of Buccleuch.

Chorus.

Then join in my chorus,
Ye lads of the Forest,
With lilt of our muirs and our mountains of blue,
And hollow for ever,
Till a' the tow'rs shiver,
The name of our Master, young Wat of Buccleuch.

There's a sang for you, Timothy. My blude's up. I bless Heaven I am a Borderer. Here's the Duke's health—here's the King's health—here's North's health—here's your health—here's my ain health—here's Ebony's health—here's Ambrose's health—the healths

o' a' the contributors and a' the subscribers. That was a wully waught! I haena left a dribble in the jug. I wuss it mayna flee to my head—it's a half-mutchkin jug.

Tickler. Your eyes, James, are shining with more than their usual brilliancy. But here it goes. (*Drinks his jug.*)

Shepherd. After all, what blessing is in this world like a rational, well-founded, steadfast friendship between twa people that hae seen some little o' human life—felt some little o' its troubles—kept fast hold o' a gude character, and are doing a' they can for the benefit o' their fellow-creatures? The Magazine, Mr. Tickler, is a mighty engine, and it behoves me to think well what I am about when I set it a-working. The Cautholic Question is the cause o' great perplexity to my mind, when I tak a comprehensive and philosophic view o' the history and constitution o' human nature.

Tickler. I never heard you, Mr. Hogg, on the Catholic Question. I trust your opinions are the same with those of Mr. North.

Shepherd. Whatever my opinions are, Mr. Tickler, they are my own, and they are the fruit of long, laborious, deep and conscientious meditation. I cannot believe, with Drs. Southey and Phillpotts, and other distinguished men, that the spirit of Catholicism is unchangeable. Nothing human is unchangeable. I do not, therefore, despair of seeing —no, I must not say that, but of my posterity seeing—the Catholic religion so purified and rationalized by an unconscious Protestantism, that our Catholic brethren may be admitted without danger to the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of British subjects. That time will come, sir; but not in our day. A century at the very least, perhaps two, must elapse before we can grant the boon of Catholic emancipation.

Tickler. Just my sentiments.

Shepherd. No, sir, they are my own: and farther I say, that to emancipate the Catholics in order to destroy their religion, as is proposed many hundred times in the rival Journal, (blue and yellow,) is pure idiotry. I shall, therefore, not suffer Catholic emancipation.

Tickler. What think you of Constable's Miscellany? You wish me to speak. The idea is an excellent one, entirely his own, and the speculation cannot fail of success.* Thousands of families that cannot afford to buy books, as they are sold in their original shape, will purchase these pretty little cheap periodicals, and many a fireside will be enlightened. The selection of published works is judicious, and so in general is that of subjects to be treated of by Mr. Constable's own

* Constable's Miscellany, projected a short time before its proprietor and Scott became involved in one common ruin, was the first to give good literature to the public at a low price. Scott's Life of Napoleon was to have appeared in it, and Lockhart's Life of Burns was one of the earliest volumes.—M.

ors: one most laughable exception there indeed is—History
land, in three volumes, by William Ritchie, Esq.*
Shepherd. What the deevil!—Ritchie o' the Scotsman?
Tickler. Why, it is rumored, even Whigham the Quaker, when he
eard of it, cried out, "*Risus teneatis* AMICI?" Our excellent friend
Constable committed a sad blunder in this; but he was speedily
ashamed of it, and has scored out the most insignificant of all names
from his list.
Shepherd. Scored out his name?—And will Ritchie write three
volumes of the History of Scotland after that?—I never heard of such
an insult. Yet Mr. Constable was in the right;—for only think for a
moment of printing 15,000 copies of three volumes of a History of
Scotland by William Ritchie! But Mr. Constable may just drap the
volumes a'thegither; for there will aye be a kind o' a disagreeable
suspicion that Ritchie wrote them,—and that would be enough to
damn the History, were it frae the pen of Dionysius Harlicarnensis.
Tickler. Dionysius Harlicarnensis! I ken a' about him frae Tennant o' Dollar,
author of Anster Fair.†
Shepherd. The same.
Tickler. Here's Tennant's health, and that of John Baliol, his new
tragedy.
Shepherd. With all my heart; but I wish people would give over
writing tragedies. If they won't, then let them choose tragical sub-
jects; let them, as Aristotle says in his Poetics, purge our souls by pity
and terror, and not set us asleep. The Bridal of Lammermuir is the
best, the only tragedy since Shakspeare——
Tickler. Try the anchovies. I forget if you skate, Hogg?
Shepherd. Yes, like a flounder. I was at Duddingston Loch on the
great day. Twa bands of music kept cheering the shade of King
Arthur on his great seat, and gave a martial character to the festivities.
It was then for the first time that I mounted my cloak and spurs. I
had a young leddie, you may weel guess that, on ilka arm; and it was
pleasant to feel the dear timorous creturs clinging and pressing on a
body's sides, every time their taes caught a bit crunkle on the ice, or
an imbedded chucky-stane. I thocht that between the twa they wad
never hae gi'en ower till they had pu'd me doun on the braid o' my
back. The muffs were just amazing, and the furbelows past a' enume-

* Ritchie was one of the editors of the Scotsman newspaper, and a clever, well-informed man; but Blackwood's writers declined seeing any merit in a rival editor, who was a Whig to boot.—M.

† William Tennant was born at Anstruther (pronounced Anster) in Fifeshire, where Dr. Chalmers also was born. From childhood he was crippled in his lower limbs, but gradually heaped up vast stores of varied knowledge. After having been a schoolmaster for many years, he was presented to the chair of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Andrews in 1837, which he occupied with marked success, until his death in 1848. He published the well-known and popular poem of Anster Fair in 1812, and was the author, subsequently, of tragedies called Cardinal Beaton and John Baliol.—M.

ration. It was quite Polar. Then a' the ten thousand people (there could na be fewer) were in perpetual motion. Faith, the thermometer made them do that, for it was some fifty below zero. I've been at mony a bonspeil, but I never saw such a congregation on the ice afore. Once or twice it cracked, and the sound was fearsome,—a lang, sullen growl, as of some monster starting out o' sleep, and raging for prey. But the bits o' bairns just leuch, and never gied ower sliding; and the leddies, at least my twa, just gied a kind o' sab, and drew in their breath, as if they had been gaun in naked to the dooken on a cauld dap; and the mirth and merriment were rifer than ever. Faith, I did make a dinner at the Club-house.

Tickler. Was the skating tolerable?

Shepherd. No; intolerable. Puir conceited whalps! Gin you except Mr. Tory o' Prince's Street, wha's a handsome fellow, and as good a skater as ever spread-eagled, the lave a' deserved drowning. There was Henry Cowburn, like a dominie, or a sticket minister, puttin' himself into a number o' attitudes, every ane clumsier and mair ackward than the ither, and nae doubt flatterin' himself that he was the object o' universal admiration. The hail loch was laughing at him. The cretur can skate nane. Jemmy Simpson is a feckless bodie on the ice, and canna keep his knees straught. I couldna look at him without wondering what induced the cretur to write about Waterloo. The Skatin' Club is indeed on its last legs.

Tickler. Did you skate, James?

Shepherd. That I did, Timothy—but ken you hoo? You will have seen how a' the newspapers roosed the skatin' o' an offisher, that they said lived in the Castle. Fools!—it was me—naebody but me. Ane o' my two leddies had a wig in her muff, geyan sair curled on the frontlet, and I pat it on the hair o' my head. I then drew in my mouth, puckered my cheeks, made my een look fierce, hung my head on my left shouther, put my hat to the one side, and so, arms a-kimbo, off I went in a figure of 8 garring the crowd part like clouds, and circumnavigating the frozen ocean in the space of about two minutes. "The curlers quat their roaring play," and every tent cast forth its inmates, with a bap in the ae haun' and a gill in the ither, to behold the Offisher frae the Castle. The only fear I had was o' my lang spurs:—but they never got fankled; and I finished with doing the 47th Proposition of Euclid, with mathematical precision. Jemmy Simpson, half an hour before, had fallen over the *Pons asinorum.*

Tickler. Mr. Editor, I fear that if in your articles you follow the spirit that guides your conversation, you will be as personal as Mr. North himself. No intrusion on private character.

Shepherd. Private character! If Mr. James Simpson, or Mr. Cockburn, or myself, exhibit our figures or attitudes before ten thousand people, and cause all the horses in the adjacent pastures to half-die of

laughter, may I not mention the disaster? Were not their feats celebrated in all the newspapers? There it was said that they were the most elegant and graceful of volant men. What if I say in the next Number of the Magazine, that they had the appearance of the most pitiful prigs that ever exposed themselves as public performers? Besides, they are by far too old for such nonsense. They are both upwards of fifty, and seem much older. At that time of life they should give their skates to their boys.

Tickler. My dear Editor, you are forgetting the articles. The devil will be here for copy——

Mr. Ambrose (*entering*). Did you ring, Mr. North? Beg your pardon, did you ring, Mr. Hogg?

Shepherd. No, Ambrose. But here,—take that poetry, and tell the cook to singe yon. The turkey, you know. Let us have supper precisely at twelve.

Mr. Ambrose (*receiving the poetry from Tickler*). Might I be allowed, gentlemen, to preserve a few fragments? English gentlemen are always speaking of the Magazine; and there are two very genteel gentlemen indeed, and excellent customers of mine, Mr. Hogg,—one of them from Newcastle, and the other all the way from Leeds,—one in the soft, and the other in the hard line,—who would esteem a fragment of manuscript from the Balaam-box an inestimable treasure.

Shepherd. Certainly, Ambrose, certainly. Keep that little whitey-brown article; but mind now you give all the rest to the cyook.

Mr. Ambrose (*inspecting it*). O yes, the whitey-brown article will do admirably.

Shepherd. You think so, do you, Ambrose? What is it about? Pray, read it up.

Mr. Ambrose (*recites*).

TUNE—"*To all you Ladies now at Land.*"

For once in sentimental vein
  My doleful song must flow,
For melancholy is the strain,—
  It is a song of woe!
Ah! he who holds the monthly pen—
Is most accursed of mortal men!
  With a fa, la, la, &c.

From month to month 'tis still his doom
  To drag the hopeless chain,
For fair or foul, in mirth or gloom,
  He shares the curse of Cain;
It is a woful thing to see
A sight like this among the free!
  With a fa, la, la, &c.

The devil comes at break of day,
  The hapless wretch to dun,—
Oh! then the devil is to pay,
  His work is not begun!
With heavy heart and aching head
He sends a hearty curse instead.
  With a fa, la, la, &c

But Christopher is not the man
  His failings to excuse,
He must bestir as best he can,
  And spur his jaded muse;
Oh! cheerless day and dreary night
The endless article to write!
  With a fa, la, la, &c.

But ah! when Here he blithely sits,
  How altered is his lot!
He clears his brow, unbends his wits,—
  His cares are all forgot;
He sings his song, his bumper fills,
And laughs at life and all its ills,
  With a fa, la, la, &c.

Shepherd. Dog on it, if I don't believe you are the author of the Whitey-brown yourself, Mr. Ambrose.

Ambrose. No, Mr. Editor. I could not take that liberty. In Mr. North's time, I did indeed occasionally contribute an article. The foreign gentleman is ringing his bell; and, as he is very low-spirited since the death of Alexander, I must attend him. Pardon me, gentlemen, whisky or Hollands?

Shepherd. Baith. What's the name of the Russian gentleman?

Ambrose. I believe, sir, it is Nebuchadnezzar.

Shepherd. Ay, ay, that is a Russian name; for they are descended, I hear, from the Babylonians. (*Exit* Mr. AMBROSE.) Mr. Tickler, here's a most capital article, entitled "Birds." I ken his pen the instant I see the scart o't. Naebody can touch aff these light, airy, buoyant, heartsome articles like him.* Then there's aye sic a fine dash o' nature in them—sic nice touches o' description—and, every now and then, a bit curious and peculiar word—just ae word and nae mair, that lets you into the spirit of the whole design, and makes you love both the writer and the written. Square down the edges with the paper-holder, and label it "Leading Article."

Tickler. I wish he was here.

Shepherd. He's better where he is—for he's a triflin' creatur when he gets a bit drink; and then the tongue o' him never lies. Birds, Birds! I see he treats only o' singing birds; he maun gie us after-

* The article entitled "Birds" was one of Wilson's "Recreations."—M.

hend, Birds o' Prey. That's a grand subject for him. Save us! what he would mak o' the King o' the Vultures! Of course he would breed him on Imaus. His flight is far, and he fears not famine. He has a hideous head of his own—fiendlike eyes—nostrils that woo the murky air—and beak fit to dig into brain and heart. Don't forget Prometheus and his liver. Then dream of being sick in a desert-place, and of seeing the Vulture-King alight within ten yards of you—folding up his wings very composedly—and then coming with his horrid bald scalp close to your ear, and beginning to pick rather gently at your face, as if afraid to find you alive. You groan,—and he hobbles away, with an angry shriek, to watch you die. You see him whetting his beak upon a stone, and gaping wide with hunger and thirst. Horror pierces both your eye-lashes before the bird begins to scoop; and you have already all the talons of both his iron feet in your throat. Your heart's blood freezes; but notwithstanding that, by and by he will suck it up; and after he has gorged himself till he cannot fly, but falls asleep after dinner, a prodigious flock of inferior fierce fowl come flying from every part of heaven, and gobble up the fragments.

Tickler. A poem,—a poem,—a poem!—quite a poem!

Shepherd. My certes, Mr. Tickler, here's a copy of verses that Ambrose has dropped, that are quite pat to the subject. Hearken—here's the way John Kemble used to read. Stop—I'll stand up, and use his action too, and mak my face as like his as I can contrive. There's a difference o' features—but very muckle o' the same expression.

O to be free, like the eagle of heaven,
That soars over valley and mountain all day,
Then flies to the rock which the thunder hath riven,
And nurses her young with the fresh-bleeding prey!
No arrow can fly
To her eyrie on high,
No net of the fowler her wings can ensnare;
The merle and thrush
May live in the bush,
But the eagle's domain is as wide as the air.

O to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,
That starts when the twilight has gilded the morn!
He feeds in the forest, and drinks from the fountain,
And hears from the thicket the sound of the horn;
Then forward he bounds,
While horses and hounds
Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and halloo
The goats and the sheep
Their pasture may keep,
But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O to be strong, like the oaks of the forest,
That wave their green tops while the breezes blow high,

And never are felled till they're wounded the sorest—
Then they throw down their saplings, when falling to die!
The shrubs and the flowers,
In gardens and bowers,
May sicken, when mildew has tainted the field;
But the oaks ever stand,
As the pride of our land,
And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the far-soaring eagle,
And swift as the stag, when at morning awoke,
Let us laugh at the chase of the hound and the beagle,—
Be sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak.
And we'll quaff wine and ale
From goblet and pail,
And we'll drink to the health of our comrades so dear;
And, like merry, merry men,
We'll fill up again;
And thus live without sorrow, and die without fear.

Tickler. I used sometimes to think that North gave us too little poetry in the Magazine. I hope you will improve that department, notwithstanding your order of incremation. People like poetry in periodicals, even although they abuse it. Here's a little attempt of my own, Mr. Editor—if I thought it could pass muster.

Shepherd. Up with it. But don't, like Wordsworth, "murmur near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own." That is to say, no mouthing and singing, like a Methodist minister. The Lake-poetry may require it,—for it is a' sound, and nae sense: but yours is just the reverse o'-that. Spout away, Southside.

Tickler. You know Campbell's fine song of the Exile of Erin?—I had it in my mind, perhaps, during composition.*

TUNE—*Erin go Bragh.*

There stood on the shore of far-distant Van Diemen
An ill-fated victim of handcuffs and chains,
And sadly he thought on the country of freemen,
Where the housebreaker thrives, and the pickpocket reigns
For the clog at his foot met his eye's observation,
Recalling the scenes of his late avocation,
Where once, ere the time of his sad transportation,
He sang bold defiance to hard-hearted law!

Oh! hard is my fate, said the much-injured felon,
How I envy the life of the gay Kangaroo.
I envy the pouch that her little ones dwell in,
I envy those haunts where no bloodhounds puruse!

* This parody was by Dr. Maginn.—M.

Oh! never again shall I nightly or daily
Cut throats so genteelly, pick pockets so gaily,
And cheerfully laugh at the ruthless Old Bailey,
And sing bold defiance to hard-hearted law!

Oh! much-loved St. Giles, even here in my sorrow,
How often I dream of thy alleys and lanes!
But sadness, alas! must return with the morrow,
A morning of toil, or of fetters and chains!
Oh! pitiless fate, wilt thou never restore me
To the scenes of my youth, and the friends that deplore me,
Those glorious scenes, where my fathers before me
Sang fearless defiance to hard-hearted law!

Where are my pick-locks, my much-loved possession?
Minions of Bow Street, you doubtless could tell!
Where are the friends of my darling profession?
Thurtell and Probert, I hear your death-knell!
Oh! little we thought, when in harmony blended,
Of hearts thus dissever'd and friendship *suspended*,
That the brave and the noble should ever have ended
In being the victims of hard hearted law!

Yet e'en in my grief, I would still give a trifle,
Could I only obtain but a glass of *The Blue;*
With the soul-soothing draught all my sorrows I'd stifle,
Brethren in England, I'd drink it to you!
Firm be each hand, and each bosom undaunted,—
Distant the day when you're told you are "wanted"—
Joyous the song which by Flashman is chanted,—
The song of defiance to hard-hearted law!

Shepherd. I have heard waur things than that; it's very amusing,—nay, it's capital,—and its turn may come roun in the Magazine in a year or twa.

Tickler. Allow me to express my gratitude. Have you seen, Mr. Editor, Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh? a most amusing series of numbers, full of the best kind of antiquarianism. It has had a great sale, and it well deserves it. Chambers is a modest and ingenious man.

Shepherd. That he is; I hae kent him for mony years. But is it not all about auld houses?

Tickler. Not at all. There is much droll information about life and manners, and characters now gone by to return no more. I understand that Sir Walter Scott and Charles Sharpe have both communicated anecdotes of the olden time, and that would stamp value upon a book of far inferior excellence. May I review it for an early number?

Shepherd. Ou ay. But what noise is that? Do you hear ony noise in the lobby, Mr. Tickler? Dot, Dot, Dot! Dinna you hear't? It's awfu'. This way. O Lord, it's Mr. North, it's Mr. North, and I am a dead man! I am going to be detecked in personating the Yeditor!

I'll be hanged for forgery! Wae's ma—wae's me! Could I get into that press? or into ane o' the garde-du-vins o' the sideboard? Or maun I loup at ance ower the window, and be dashed to a thousand pieces?

Tickler. Compose yourself, James, compose yourself. But what bain is this you have been playing off upon me? I thought North had resigned, and that you were, *bonâ fide*, editor? And I too! Am not I your Sub? What is this, Mount Benger?

Shepherd. A sudden thocht strikes me. I'll put on the wig, and be the offisher frae the Castle. Paint my ee-brees wi' burned cork—fast, man, fast, the gouty auld deevil's at the door.

Tickler. That will do. On with your cloak. It may be said of you, as of the Palmer in Marmion,

> Ah! me, the mother that you bare,
> If she had been in presence there,
> In cork'd eyebrows and wig so fair,
> She had not known her child.

Enter NORTH.

North. Mr. Tickler! Beg pardon, sir, a stranger.

Tickler. Allow me to introduce to you Major Moggridge, of the Prince's Own.

North. How do you do, Major—I am happy to see you. I have the honor of ranking some of my best friends among the military—and who has not heard of the character of your regiment?

The Major (*very short-sighted*). Na—how do you do, Mr. North? 'Pon honor, fresh as a two-year-old. Is it, indeed, the redoubtable Kit that I see before me? You must become a member of the United Service Club. We can't do without you. You served, I think, in the American war. Did you know Fayette or Washington, or Lee or Arnold? What sort of a looking fellow was Washington?

North. Why, Major, Washington was much such a good-looking fellow as yourself—making allowance for difference in dress—for he was a plain man in his apparel. But he had the same heroic expression of countenance—the same commanding eye and bold broad forehead.

The Major. He didna mak as muckle use, surely, o' the Scottish deealec as me?

North. What is the meaning of this? I have heard that voice before. Where am I? Excuse me, sir, but—but—why, Tickler, has Hogg a cousin, or a nephew, or a son in the Hussars? Major Moggridge, you have a strong resemblance to one of our most celebrated men, the Ettrick Shepherd. Are you in any way connected with the Hoggs?

Shepherd (*throwing off his disguise*). O ye Gawpus!—Ye great Gawpus! It's me, man—it's me! tut's man—dinna lose your temper—dinna you think I would make a capital playactor?

North. Why, James, men at my time of life are averse to such waggeries.

Shepherd. Averse to waggeries! You averse to waggeries? Then let us a' begin saying our prayers, for the end of the world is at hand. Now, that's just the way baith wi' you and Mr. Tickler. As lang as you get a' your ain way, and think you hae the laugh against the Shepherd, a's richt—and you keckle, and you craw, and you fling the straw frae ahint the heels o' you—just like game-cocks when about to gie battle. Vow, but you're crouse:* but sae soon as I turn the tables on you, gegg you, as they would say in Glasgow—turn you into twa asses—and make you wonder if your lugs are touching the ceiling—but immediately you begin whimpering about your age and infirmities—immediately you baith draw up your mouths as if you had been eatin' sourocks—let down your jaws like so many undertakers, and propose being philosophical! Is na that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

North. I fear, James, you're not perfectly sober.

Shepherd. If I am fou, sir, it's nae been at your expense. But, howsomever, here I am ready to dispute wi' you on ony subject, sacred or profane. I'll cowp you baith, ane after the ither. What sall it be? History, Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, Political Economy, Oratory, Criticism, Jurisprudence, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Establishments in Church and State, Cookery, Chemistry, Mathematics—OR MY MAGAZINE?

North. Your Magazine?

Shepherd (*bursting into a guffaw*). O Mr. North! O Mr. North! what a fule I hae made o' Tickler. I made him believe that I was the Yeditor o' Blackwood's Magazine! The coof credited it; and gin you only heard hoo he abused you! He ca'd you the Archbishop of Toledo.

Tickler. You lie, Hogg!

Shepherd. There's manners for you, Mr. North. Puir, passionate cretur, I pity him, when I think o' the apology he maun mak to me, in a' the newspapers.

North. No, no, my good Shepherd—be pacified, if he goes down here on his knees.

Shepherd. Stop a wee while, till I consider. Na, na, he maunna gang doun on his knees—I couldna thole to see that. Then, I was wrang in saying he abused you. So let us baith say we were wrang precesely at the same moment. Gie the signal, Mr. North.

Tickler.
Shepherd. } I ask pardon.

North. Let us embrace. (*Trio juncta in uno.*)

Shepherd. Hurra! hurra! hurra!—Noo for the Powldowdics.

* *Crouse*—brisk, courageous like.—M

No. XXV.—APRIL, 1826.

Blue Parlor.

NORTH—SHEPHERD—TICKLER—MULLION.

Shepherd. You may keep wagging that tongue o' yours, Mr. Tickler, till midsummer, but I'll no stir a foot frae my position, that the London University, if weel schemed and weel conduckit, will be a blessing to the nation. It's no for me, nor the like o' me, to utter a single syllable against edication. Tak the good and the bad thegither, but let a' ranks hae edication.

Tickler. All ranks cannot have education.

Mullion. I agree with Mr. Tickler.

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not, the Piërian spring."

Shepherd. Oh, man, Mullion! but you're a great gowk! What the mair dangerous are ye wi' your little learning? There's no a mair harmless creature than yoursel, man, amang a' the contributors. The Piërian spring! What ken ye about the Piërian spring? Ye never douked your lugs intil't, I'm sure. Yet, gin it were ony thing like a jug o' whisky, faith ye wad hae drank deep aneuch—and then, dangerous or no dangerous, ye might hae been lugged awa to the pooleesh-office, wi' a watchman aneath ilka oxter, kickin' and spurrin' a' the way, like a pig in a string. Haud your tongue, Mullion, about drinkin' deep, and the Piërian spring.

North. James, you are very fierce this evening. Mullion scarcely deserved such treatment.

Shepherd. Fairce? I'm nae mair fairce than the lave o' ye. A' contributors are in a manner fairce—but I canna thole to hear nonsense the night. Ye may just as weel tell me that a little siller's a dangerous thing. Sae doubtless it is, in a puir hard-working chiel's pouch, in a change-house, on a Saturday-night—but no sae dangerous either as mair o't. A guinea's mair dangerous than a shilling, gin you reason in that gate. It's just perfec' sophistry a'thegither. In like manner, you micht say a little licht's a dangerous thing, and therefore shut up the only bit wunnock in a poor man's house, because the room was

ower sma' for a Venetian! Havers! havers! God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and driblets. That's my creed, Mr. North—and it's Mr. Canning's too, I'm glad to see, and that o' a' the lave o' enlichtened men in civilized Europe.

Mullion. Why, as to Mr. Canning—I cannot say that to his opinion on that subject I attach much——

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, ye triflin' cretur—ye maun hae been drinkin' at some o' your caird-clubs afore you cam to Awmrose's the nicht. You're unpleasant aneuch when ye sleep, and snore, and draw your breath through a wat crinkly cough, wi' the head o' ye nid noddin, first ower your back and syne ower your breast, then on the tae shoulder, and then on the tither—but ony thing's mair preferable than yerk yerkin' at every thing said by a wiser man than yoursel', by me, or Mr. Canning, or Mr. North, when he chooses to illuminate.

Mullion. What will Mr. Canning say now about Parliamentary Reform,* after that oration of his about Turgot and Galileo?

Shepherd. Turkey and Galilee! What care I about such outlandish realms? Keep to the point at issue, sir,—the edication o' the people: and if Mr. Canning does not vote wi' me for the edication o' the people, confoun' me gin he'll be Secretary o' State for the Hame Department anither Session o' Parliament.

Mullion. The Foreign Department, if you please, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. O man, that's just like you. Takin' haud o' a word, as if ony rational man would draw a conclusion frae a misnomer of a word. There's nae distinction atween Foreign and Hame Departments. Gin Mr. Canning didna ken the state o' our ain kintra, how the deevil, man, could he conduck the hail range o' international policy?

Tickler. I confess, Mr. Hogg, that——

Shepherd. Nane o' your confessions, Mr. Tickler, to me. I'm no a Romish priest. Howsomever—beg pardon for interrupting you. What's your wull?

Tickler. I confess that I like to see each order in the state keeping in its own place—following its own pursuits—practising its own virtues.

Shepherd. Noo, noo, Mr. Tickler, ye ken the unfeigned respec I hae for a' your opinions and doctrines. But ye maunna come down upon the Shepherd wi' your generaleezin'. As for orders in the State, how mony thousan' o' them are there—and wha can tell what is best, to a tittle, for ilka ane o' them a' in a free kintra? I've read in buiks, that

* Canning, albeit a liberal politician, (as times went, for his opinions were more contracted than those of Mr. Disraeli at present,) was no friend to Parliamentary Reform. He had entered the House of Commons, in 1793, in his twenty-third year, as representative for the Government borough of Newport, through Mr. Pitt's influence, and contended that a certain number of close or nomination boroughs, some influenced by the ministry and some by individuals were necessary to allow young or untried and unknown men admittance into Parliament. Scarcely any English statesmen of note has first entered the House of Commons as a representative of a large constituency.—M.

there are but three orders in the State—the higher, the middle, and the lower orders. Siccan nonsense!

Mullion. The best authorities——

Shepherd. I'll no speak anither word the nicht, if that cretur Mullion keeps interruptin' folk wi' that nyaffing voice o' him in that gate. I say there are, at least, three thousand orders in the state—ploughmen, shepherds, ministers, squires, lords, ladies, auld women, virgins, weavers, smiths, professors, tailors, sodgers, howdies, bankers, pedlers, tinklers, poets, editors, contributors, manufacturers, annuitants, grocers, drapers, booksellers, innkeepers, advocates, writers to the W. S., greaves bagmen, and ten hundred thousand million forbye—and wull you, Mr. Tickler, presume to tell me the proper modicum o' edication for a' these Pagan and Christian folk?

Tickler. Why, James, you put the subject in a somewhat new point of view. Go on. Mr. Mullion, if you please, let us hear James.

Shepherd. I hae little or naething to say upon the subject, Mr. North—only that it is not in the power o' ony man to say what quantum of knowledge ony other man, be his station in life what it may, ought to possess, in order to adorn that station, and discharge its duties. Besides, different degrees o' knowledge must belong to different men even in the same station: and I am sure it's no you, sir, that would haud clever chiels ignorant, that they might be on a level wi' the stupid anes o' their ain class. Raise as high as you can the clever chiels, and the stupid anes will gain a step by their elevation.

Tickler. Why, James, no man knows the character of our rural population better than you do, and I may be a little prejudiced, say bigoted if you please, on the subject of education—so let us hear your sentiments at greater length.

Shepherd. I never like to talk lang on ony subject; but the truth is, Mr. Tickler, that kintra folk in Scotland hae a', or maistly a', gude education already, and I wush to see gude made better. What wull you think, whan I tell you that in Ettrick there are three debatin' societies?

Tickler. What the deuce do you debate about?

Shepherd. I'm no a member o' ony o' them, for I'm past that time o' life. They're a' young chiels; and they debate about doctrinal points o' religion and morals, and subjects interesting to men as members and heads o' families. I believe that nae harm comes o' sic societies. They are a' Calvinistic, and no skeptical—but on the contrar, they haud to the Scriptures, and are a' Bereans in practice.

Tickler. They don't doubt of the authenticity, then—Tom Paine is not their coryphæus?

Shepherd. Tom Paine! Na, na. They are gude kirk-goers, and keep a sharp ee on the minister in the poopit. That's ae grand distinction, I suspec', atween kintra readers and thinkers, and town anes.

Your artisans and mechanics in towns, I fear, read wi' a different intent, and are no happy except when doubtin' and makin' holes in the wab o' their faith—and it's that that gars me anticipate less good frae their improvement.

North. When religion and worldly knowledge go hand in hand, then indeed will education benefit all classes; but in towns, James, they are divorced—ay, religion is left out of sight—our philanthropists tell us that it must be trusted to every man's own conscience.

Shepherd. And therefore it is forgotten, neglected, droops, and dies. But it's no sae in the kintra; an unbeliever there would be despised and hated, and nobody would trust him—nay, he would be hooted down wi' hisses and lauchter, and outargued by ony auld woman that would yoke till him, till the coof would be tongue-tied like a dumbie.

North. James, I love to hear your voice. An Esquimaux would feel himself getting civilized under it—for there's sense in the very sound. A man's character speaks in his voice, even more than in his words. These he may utter by rote—but his voice "is the man for a' that"—and betrays or divulges his peculiar nature.

Shepherd. I've often thocht and felt that, though I dinna recollect ever coming out wi't. What a weight o' wisdom in some auld men's voices! maist as muckle's in their een, or the shake o' their hoary heads! Years speak in the laigh, quate, solemn sound—you hear experience in a verra whusper—and what a lesson in ae sich! Ay, Mr. North, aften and aften hae I felt a' that, when sittin' in a corner o' the room on the same chair wi' a bit lassie, when I hae chanced to hear the gudeman near the ingle speakin' lown to the wife or weans, in advice or admonition. O! but the human voice is a mysterious instrument.

North. Do you like my voice, James? I hope you do.

Shepherd. I wad hae kent it, Mr. North, on the Tower o' Babel on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun ha' had just sic a voice: ye canna weel ca't sweet, for it's ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca't saft, for even in its laigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' a dirl that betokens power—ye canna ca't hairish, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune frae the fineness o' your ear for music—ye canna ca't sherp, for it's aye sae nat'ral—and flett it cud never be, gin you were even gi'en owre by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuasive and commanding—you micht fear't, but you maun love't—and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions, better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe. But are na ye gayen sair caulded the nicht? for you're hoarse and husky—yet that only gars you jirt out the words wi' additional smeddum, that gies an editorial authority to your verra monosyllables, and prophesies a gran' Number o' the Magazine for April.

North. My son, James, you know the weak points of the old man.

Shepherd. Filial piety, father—filial piety. O but some voices are just perfectly detestable. There's your wee bit sma,' thin, peepin', cheepin', chirpin', wunnelstrae bit o' a vicey, that'll never be at peace —mouth sma', teeth sma', tongue sma', head sma', brains sma', the cretur himself s a', sma'—yet heich as Tintock in his ain estimation, and hauding up the weel-shaved chin o' him in a maist bardy and impertinent manner, across the table in Mr. Blackwood's chop.

North. That contributor, James, is dead.

Shepherd. Dead, say ye? The Lord be thanked! Then there's the skraigh.* The chiel wi' the skraigh makes a soun' whenever he bursts out a speakin', like a great big midden pootry fool, purshued by a ggem-cock. The pootry keeps quate wi' his came, and wattles in a hole till ggemmy gies him a spur or twa on the hurdies, and then he skraighs out fire and murder, and doon the loan as fast's he can fugy, whiles rinnin', and whiles fleein', and whiles atween the twa, but a' the time skraighing till ye may hear him, an a lown day, at every farmhouse in the parish.

North. That contributor, James, is now in Italy.

Shepherd. Skraighin in Florence, and Pisa, and Rome, and Napples. But there's a hantle mair o' them besides him in particular. What the deevil sud hinner ony body frae modulating their vice, and no terrifyin' Christian people wi' sic fearfu' outbreakin' o' inhuman soun's, waur than the nutmeg-graters in Brobdignag?—Shall I go on wi' the gamut o' grievances?

North. Perge, puer.

Shepherd. What think ye o' the penny trumpet?—The penny-trumpeter, ye ken, sir, is aye a Whiglet o' laigh degree—far doon the steps and stairs o' the pairty—just stannin wi' his bare soles on the rug. But the cretur's just perfectly happy—happier than either you or me, Mr. North—wi' his musical instrument held in the mouth o' him, wi' an air o' as meikle grandeur as if he were a trumpeter in the Life Guards, and had blawn at Waterloo. The cheeks o' him are puffed up, like twa red apples a wee blistered on the fire, and the watery een o' him are glowering in his head like the last twa oysters left on the board—and then he gives vent to the thochts within him through the penny trumpet! A dry, cracket, fushionless,† withered, wooden, timmer, tantarara o' ae single note, that the puir, silly bit Whiglet takes for a tune!

North. I know him, James—I know him. He is Wellington's great enemy in the Edinburgh Review, and about two years ago cut up Canning. But give us some more of the squad.

Shepherd. What think ye, sir, o' the lisp and the burr fore-gatherin'

* *Shreigh* or *skraigh*—screech.—M.
† *Fushionless* or *pissenless*—pithless, weak.—M.

in ane and the same mouth? You wonder gin he's an even-down idiot the man you're speaking wi'—the lisp's sae bairnly; but you soon begin to suspec a whilly-wha, for the burr has a pawky expression that's no canny; so finnin' yourself no very comfortable between knave and fool, you tak the road, and aff to the Auld Town to denner.

North. James, the toothache, wi' his venomed stang, has been tormenting me all this evening. Excuse my saying but little; but I am quite in the mood for listening, and I never heard you much better.

Shepherd. I'm glad o't. Some folks when they speak remind me o' a callant learning to play upon the floot. Their tone is gayen musical, but wants vareeity, and though sweetish, is wersh, like the tone o' the floot. Then what puffin' and spittin' o' wind and water! Mercy on us! ye canna hear the tune for the splutter, unless you gang into anither room. What's that, sir, you're pittin' into your mouth?

North. The depilatory of Spain, James, a sovereign remedy for the toothache.

Shepherd. Tak' a mouthfu' o' speerit, and keep whurlin't about in your mouth—dinna spit it out, but ower wi't—then anither and anither and anither—and nae mair toothache in your stumps than in a fresh stab in my garden-paling.

North. James, is my cheek swelled?

Shepherd. Let's tak the cawnel, and hae a right vizy. Swalled! The tae side o' your face is like a haggis, and a' the colors o' the rainbow. We maun apply leeches. I daursay Mrs. Awmrose has a dizzen in bottles in the house—but if no, I'll rin myself to the laboratory.

North. The paroxysm is past—proceed.

Shepherd. Weel—then there's the pig-sty style o' conversation—(though my name is Hogg, I'll no blink it)—grunt, bubble, and squeak. The pig-sty-style o' conversation talker begins like a soo wi' his snout nuzzlin' in the dirty straw—you kenna weel what he's searching after. By degrees, he grows into a grunt, but no a verra muckle or lang ane—a kind o' intermittent grunt, sic like as the soo itsel makes as it pits its snout out ower the doorway o' its sty, when it sees the wind or a wanderer gaun past the premises. As the chiel waxes warm in argument, then he's like the soo in full grunt, rampaging round and round the sty, like a verra lion o' the forest. Face him, and he gangs sae mad wi' anger, that the grunt in perfec' wudness breaks asunder into squeaks and squeals, as if he were treading down the wee piggies aneath his cloots. The leeterary gentlemen sitting roun' the table in the middle chop, rise in a fricht, and laying down the newspapers, mak for the front door. Is that contributor dead too, sir? Oh! say that he's dead too!

North. No, James, I cannot say so. The monster is alive, and was in the shop this blessed day.

Shepherd. After a', sir, I dinna ken gin he's waur to thole than the

great big mad Heelan-bagpipe. You ken the Captain—and you've heard him speakin'. Weel, then, just suppose a Heelan-bagpipe gane mad, and broken out o' the mad-house, pursued by a dizzen keepers, every one wi' a strait waistcoat in his haun, and the Distracted Drone loupin' intil No 17 Prince's Street, and never stoppin' till he rowled awa through baith chops, richt into the Sanctum Sanctorum—a' the while yelling, and shrieking, and groaning a gathering o' a' the clans o' the Bulls o' Bashan.

North. Oh! James! James! Captain M'Turk is still alive. Apoplexy has no more power over his life than that fall he got last winter out of a fourth-flat window. Here he was in the shop this day with his broad purpled Gaelic face; and the moment he began to speak, although all the double doors between him and us were shut, we thought it was the competition of pipers. We could endure him in Glenmore —but oh! James! think of the Captain in an adjacent room only twenty feet by fifteen! Several large spiders plumped down in terror from the roof, with broken suspension-gear, on the Leading Article—and the mouse I have tamed, so that he will nibble a crumb out of our Troy-defending right-hand, leapt off the green table in trepidation, as if scared by a visionary grimalkin. But are you as difficult to please, James, with faces as with voices?

Shepherd. Ten times waur. There's no ae man's face amang a hunder that I can thole. It's no features, though they're bad aneuch in general, but the expression that makes me skunner. There are four kinds o' expression mair especially odious—consate, cunning, malice, and hypocrisy—and you would wonder how prevalent they are in a Christian country. First, Consate. The cretur's face smirks, and smiles and salutes you, and seems doing justice to your genius. You are put aff your guard, and think him agreeable. But a' at ance, the expression glowers on you, and you see it's consate. The cauldrifed cretur has never read a word o' the Queen's Wake in his days, and is pawtroneezin' the Shepherd. He nods when you speak, and cries Ha! ha! ha! as if you wanted the encouragement o' him, and the like o' him—and asks you, aiblins, to twa-three potawtoes and a poached egg smoored in speenage at sooper, to meet half a dozen auld women, a writer o' sharawds, and some misses wi' albums. That's the consated face.

North. Ex-editors of defunct magazines and journals—briefless advocates, with some small sinecure office—authors of pamphlets about canals, railroads, and gas lights, and phrenologers.

Shepherd. Ay, and mony mair beside. Second, Cunning. You canna get a steady look o' his een, and only the whites o' them are visible. He's aye wink, winkin', and turning awa his face, and pu'ing his hat ower his broos. About five minutes after you hae answered a

question, he refers to your answer, as if he had ta'en it doon in short han', although at the time he never seemed to heed or hear't—and puts constructions upon wee bit senseless words, that served to eke out a sentence into grammar—and draws conclusions as to your political and religious and moral opinions, frae sic downright havers as a man generally speaks in a forenoon in the chop. As for his ain opinions—na, na—he'll no let them out—and after askin' you a hundred ill-mannered questions, he pretends to be dull o' hearin' when you speer the simplest ane at him, or else changes the discourse, or bamboozles you wi' a vocabulary o' mere words, or comes out wi' the biggest brazen-faced lee that ever crawled across a table. A' the while—oh, man! the face o' him looks cunnin', cunnin'—and I could just spit in't, when I think sic treatment possible frae man to man. That's the cunnin' face.

North. Malice?

Shepherd. The corners o' the mouth drawn doon, sae that the mouth is a curve or a crescent. When he lauchs, there's nae noise, and a kind o' toss o' his head. The brow just aboon his een's wrinkled—no furrowed, for only the nobler passions plough—but swarmin' wi' beggarly wrinkles—a restless, sneerin', and red ee, a wee blude-shot, gayen piercin', but noo and then wi' a feared look, and never happy. The nose o' him rather hyuckit, and aften a drap at the neb o't; for he's nae that weel, and subject to headaches. He shakes hauns wi' you as if you had the plague; and as for his ain haun, it's cauld and clammy as a bunch o' cawndledowps. The hail countenance is sickly and cadaverous; and if I'm no mista'en, his breath has a bad smell; for malice has aye a weak digestion, and the puir yellow deevil's aften sick, sick.

North. Hypocrisy, James?

Shepherd. A smooth, smug, oily physiognomy, wi' lang, lank, black hair. The cheeks never move, nae mair than gin they were boards; and there is a preceese sedateness about the mouth, that wadna be sae very ugly if you didna ken it was a' put on for some end, and contrary to the laws o' nature. It maun be contrary to the laws o' nature to naud fast the lips o' your mouth like them o' a vice in a smiddy; for the mouth is formed to be aye openin' and shuttin' again, and there's a thoosand opportunities for baith in the coorse o' a day—eatin', drinkin', talkin', lauchin', smilin', yawnin', gapin', starin' wi' your mouth open at a strange-lookin' chiel, or ony ither phenomenon, waitin' for ony body gaun to speak, catchin' flees, girnin', breathin', and sleepin', waukin', or hafflins and atween the twa, hearkening to a sermon; in short, I scarcely ken when your mouth sudna be either wide or a wee open, savin' and exceptin' when you gang into the dookin' and try the divin'.

North. Hark, hark, James—you have overrun the scent—the hypocrite has stole away. Tallyho, tallyho—yonder he goes, all in black, round the corner o' the kirk.

Shepherd. His een are aften a licht gray, like that o' a twa-days-pooked grozet—and afraid they may be seen through; look at him, lo, he half closes them, as if he were aye praying, or gaun to pray, and then lifts them up, wi' a slaw shake or whawmel o' the head—lifts them up audaciously to heaven.

North. Excuse exterior, James—he is probably a pure-minded, pure-living man.

Shepherd. He pure leevin'—the clarty cretur! Just soomin' in the sensuality o' ane and a' o' the appeteets! O man! gin ye but saw him eatin'! The fat o' hens comes oozing through his cheeks—and the cheek-banes, or the jaw-banes, I never could mak out which, make a regular jointlike clunk every mouthfu' he devoors. He helps himself at ither folk's tables, wi' a lang airm, to the sappiest dishes—and never ca's on the lass for bread. He's nae bread eater, nor potawtoes either—naethin' but flesh will satisfy the carnal chiel within him; and afore he's half done denner, what wi' cleanin' his hans on't, and what wi' dichtin' his creeshy gab, the towel athort his thees is a' crumpled up like a nichtcap frae an auld gentleman's pow that wears powther and pomatum.

North. James, James—remember where you are—no coarseness.

Shepherd. Then to see him sittin' a' the time beside the verra bonniest bit lassie in a' the pairty! leaning his great, broad, yellow, sweaty cheeks, within an inch of her innocent carnations! Sweet simple girl—she thinks him the holiest o' men—and is blind and deaf to his brutalities. O save the lintwhite frae the hoolet's nest! But the puir bonny boardin'-school lassie has siller—a hantle o' siller—thousands o' poun's, aiblins five or sax—and in twa-three years ye see her walkin' by her lane, wi' a girlish face, but white and sorrowful, leadin' a toddlin' bairn in her hand, and anither visible aneath her breast, nae husband near her, to gie her his arm in that condition—nae decent servant lass to help her wi' the wean, but quite her 'lane, no very weel dressed, and careless careless, speakin' to nane she meets, and saunterin' wi' a sair heart down the unfrequented lanes, and awa into a field to sit down on the ditch-side weepin', while her wee boy is chasing the butterflies among the flowers.

North. Look at Tickler and Mullion yonder—playing at backgammon!

Shepherd. Safe us—sae they are! Weel, do ye ken I never ance heard the rattlin' o' the dice the haill time we were speakin'. You was sae enterteenan, Mr. North—sae eloquent—sae philosophical.

Mullion. That's twa ggems, Mr. Tickler. Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Shepherd. Od, man, Mullion, to hear ye hurrain' that gate, ane wad

think ye had never won ony thing a' your lifetime afore. When you hae been coortin', did ye never hear a saft laigh voice saying, "Oo ay!" And did you get up, and wave your han' that way roun' your head, and cry, Hurra, hurra, hurra, like a Don Cossack?

Mullion. Do not cut me up any more to-night, James—let us be good friends. I beg pardon for snoring yestreen—forgive me, or I must go—for your satire is terrible.

Shepherd. You're a capital clever chiel, Mullion. I was just tryin' to see what effec' severity o' manner and sarcasm wud hae upon you, and I'm content wi' the result o' the experiment. You see, Mr. North, there's Mullion, and there's millions o' Mullions in the warld, whenever he sees me frichtened for him, or modest like, which is my natural disposition, he rins in upon me like a terrier gaun to pu' a badger. That's a' I get by actin' on the defensive. Sometimes, therefore, as just noo, I change my tactics, and at him open-mouthed, tooth and nail, down wi' him, and worry him, as if I were a grew and him a bit leveret. That keeps him quate for the rest o' the nicht, and then the Shepherd can take his swing without let or interruption.

Tickler. I have not lost a game at backgammon these five years!

Shepherd. What a lee! The tailor o' Yarrow Ford dang ye a' to bits, baith at the gammon and the dambrod, that day I grupped the sawmont wi' the wee midge-flee. You were perfectly black in the face wi' anger at the body—but he had real scientific genius in him by the gift o' nature the tailor o' Yarrow Ford, and could rin up three columns o' feegures at a time, no wi' his finger on the sclate, but just in his mind's ee, like George Bidder, or the American laddie Colburn.*

North. Gaming is not a vice, then, in the country, James?

Shepherd. There's little or nae sic thing as gamblin' in the kintra, sir. You'll fin' a pack o' cairds in mony o' the houses—but no in them a'—for some gude fathers o' families think them the deevil's buiks, and sure aneuch, when ower muckle read, they begin to smell o' sulphur and Satan.

North. Why, James, how can old people, a little dim-eyed or so, while an occasional evening away better than at an innocent and cheerful game at cards?

Shepherd. Haud your haun' a wee, Mr. North. I'm no saying ony hing to the reverse. But I was sayin' that there are heads o' families that abhor cards, and would half-kill their sons and daughters were they to bring a pack into the house. Neither you nor me wull blame them for sic savin' prejudice. The austere Calvinistic spirit canna

* George Bidder was an English lad, who exhibited wonderful powers of rapid mental calculation, thereby solving the most difficult and complex questions in arithmetic. At present (1854) he is one of the most eminent practical engineers in England. Colburn, the American, was also distinguished for powers similar to those possessed by Bidder.—M.

thole to think that the knave o' spades should be lying within twa three inches o' the Bible. The auld stern man wud as soon forgie the introduction into the house o' base ballads o' sinfu' love—and wishes that the precincts be pure o' his ain fireside. Though I take a ggem o' whust now and then mysel, yet I boo to the principle, and I venerate the adherence till't in the high-souled patriarchs of the Covenant.

North. Perhaps such strict morality is scarcely practicable in our present condition.

Shepherd. What, do you mainteen that cairds are absolutely necessary in a puir man's house? Tuts! As for auld dim-eyed people, few o' them, except they be blin' a'thegither, that canna read big prent wi' powerfu' specs, and they can aye get, at the warst, some bit wee idle Oe* to read out aloud to its grannies, without expense o' oil or cawnel, by the heartsome ingle-light. You'll generally fin' that auld folk that play cairds have been raither freevolous, and no muckle addicked to thocht—unless they're greedy, and play for the pool, which is fearsome in auld age; for what need they care for twa-three brass-penny pieces, for ony ither purpose than to buy nails for their coffin?

North. You push the argument rather far, James.

Shepherd. Na, sir. Avarice is a failing o' auld age, sure aneuch, and shouldna be fed by the Lang Ten. I'm aye somewhat sad when I see folk o' eighty haudin' up the trumps to their rheumy een, and shaking their heads whether they wull or no, ower a gude and a bad haun alike. Then, safe on us! only think o' their cheatin'—revokin' and marking mair than they ought wi' the counters!

North. The picture is strongly colored; but could you not paint another less revolting, nay, absolutely pleasant, nor violate the truth of nature?

Shepherd. I'm no quite sure. Perhaps I micht. In anither condition o' life—in towns, and among folk o' a higher rank, I dinna deny that I hae seen auld leddies playing cairds very composedly, and without appearin' to be doin' ony thing that's wrang. Before you judge richtly o' ony ae thing in domestic life, you maun understan' the hail constitution o' the economy. Noo, auld leddies in towns dress somewhat richly and superbly, wi' ribbons, and laces, and jewels even, and caps munted wi' flowers and feathers—and I'm no blamin' them; and then they dine out, and gang to routs and gie dinners and routs in return, back to hunders o' their friends and acquaintance. Noo, wi' sic a style and fashion o' life as that, caird-playing seems to be somewhat accordant, if taken in moderation, and as a quiet pastime, and no made a trade o', or profession, for sake o' filthy lucre. I grant it harmless; and gin it maks the auld leddies happy, what richt hae I to mint ony objections. God bless them, man; far be it frae me to curtail the

* *Oe*—grandchild.—M.

resources o' auld age. Let them play on, and all I wish is, they may never lose either their temper, their money, or their natural rest.

North. And I say God bless you, James, for your sentiments do honor to humanity.

Shepherd. As for young folks—lads and lasses, like—when the gudeman and his wife are gaen to bed, what's the harm in a ggem at cairds? It's a cheerfu', noisy sicht o' comfort and confusion. Sic luckin' into ane anither's hauns! Sic fause shufflin'! Sic unfair dealin'! Sic winkin' to tell your partner that ye hae the king or the ace! And when that wunna do, sic kickin' o' shins and treadin' on taes aneath the table—aften the wrang anes! Then down wi' your haun' o' cairds in a clash on the board, because you've ane ower few, and the coof maun lose his deal! Then what gigglin' amang the lasses! What amicable, nay, love-quarrels, between pairtners! Jokin' and jeestin and tauntin' and toozlin'—the cawnel blawn out, and the soun' o' a thousan' kisses! That's caird-playing in the kintra, Mr. North; and whare's the man amang ye that wull daur to say that it's no a pleasant pastime o' a winter's nicht, when the snaw is comin' doon the lum, or the speat's roarin' amang the mirk mountains?

North. Wilkie himself, James, is in more than your equal.

Shepherd. O man, Mr. North, sir, my heart is wae—my soul's sick—and my spirit's wrathfu', to think o' thae places in great cities which they ca'—Hells!

North. Thank Heaven, my dear James, that I never was a gambler—nor, except once, to see the thing, ever in a Hell. But it was a stupid and passionless night—a place of mean misery—altogether unworthy of its name.

Shepherd. I'm glad you never went back, and that the deevil was in the dumps; for they say that some nichts in the Hells, when Satan and Sin sit thegither on ae chair, he wi' his arm roun' the neck o' that Destruction his daughter, a horrible temptation invades men's hearts and souls, drivin' and draggin' them on to the doom o' everlasting death.

North. Strong language, James—many good and great men have shook the elbow.

Shepherd. Come, come now, Mr. North, and dinna allow paradox to darken or obscure the bright licht o' your great natural and acquired understandin'. "Good and great" are lofty epithets to bestow on ony man that is born o' a woman; and if ony such there have been who delivered themselves up to sin, and shame, and sorrow, at the ggeming table, let their biographers justify them—it will gie me pleasure to see them do't—but such examples shall never confound my judgment o' right or wrang. "Shake the elbow!" What mair does a parricide do but "shake his elbow," when he cuts his father's throat? The gamester shakes his elbow, and down go the glorious oak trees planted

two hundred years ago, by some ancestor who loved the fresh smell o' the woods; away go—if entail does no forbid—thousands o' bonny braid acres, ance a' ae princely estate, but now shivered down into beggarly parshels, while the auld house seems broken-hearted, and hangs down its head, when the infatuated laird dies or shoots himself. Oh, man! is nae it a sad thocht to think that my leddie, aye sae gracious to the puir, should hae to lay down her carriage in her auld age, and disappear frae the Ha' into some far-aff town or village, perhaps no in Scotland ava', whilst he, that should hae been the heir, is apprenticed to a writer to the signet, and becomes a money-scrivener i' his soul, and aiblins a Whig routin' at a public meetin' about Queens, and Slavery, and Borough Reform, and Cautholic Emancipation, and——

North. No politics, James, if you love me. No politics, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. I ance dreamed I was in ane o' the Hells. Wud you like to hear my dream?

North. See Mullion and Tickler are at the dice again!—Yes, James.

Shepherd. Oh, man! but they look ugly the noo, baith o' them. Only see Mullion's een—how gleg and glowrin' in perfec greed and glory—for he's evidently gotten the better just noo—and the hail being o' the cretur is made up o' avarice, and vanity, and a' freenship for Tickler dead in his heart. Sin' a game o' backgammon for half-a-crown can produce a' that upon sic a real worthy chiel as the Secretary—think o' what they ca' hawzard for thousands o' gold guineas, and bars o' solid bullion!

North. But the dream, James, the dream!

Shepherd. I faun mysel suddenly, without warnin' and without wonder, (for wha wonders at changes even in the laws o' nature hersel in dreams?) in a lamplighted ha', furnished like a palace, and fu' o' weel-dressed company, the feck o' them sittin' round a great green central table, wi' a' the paraphernalia o' destruction, and a' the instruments o' that dreadfu' trade.

North. You did not, I hope, James, recognise any of your friends there?

Shepherd. No, sir, I did not—yet although a' the faces were new to me, I didna feel as if they were new; but I joined amang them without askin' questions wha they were, and was in a manner whirled about in the same vortex.

North. James, you surely did not play?

Shepherd. Nae questions. Some o' the company I took a likin' to —fine, young, tall, elegant chiels—some o' them wi' black stocks, like officers out o' regimentals—and O! sir, wad you believe it, twa-three that I was sure were o' the clergy—and ane or twa mere bairns, that couldna be aboon saxteen; a' these, and ithers beside, I felt my heart

warm towards, and melt too wi' a sensation maist sickenin' o' kindness and pity, for although they tried to be merry and careless atween the chances o' the game, their een and their features betrayed the agitation o' their souls; and I couldna but wonder why the puir deluded creatures put themselves voluntarily into sic rackin' misery.

North. These were the pigeons of your vision, James.

Shepherd. Mixed amang these were many middle-aged men wi' naethin' verra ken-speckle about them, but a steady dour look no to be penetrated, and a callous cruelty in their een, sic as I ance observed among a knot o' Englishers at an execution in Embro', who aye kept whisperin' to ane anither, when the Forger was stannin' on the scaffold, and then lookin' at him, and then rather lauchin'—though he had been ane o' their ain gang before condemnation.

North. Greeks, James, Greeks.

Shepherd. Then, oh sir! oh sir! only think on't; white silvery-haired heads belanging to men atween seventy and eighty years o' age, or perhaps ayont fourscore, were interposed amang the sitters round that terrible table. Some o' these auld men had as reverend countenances as ony elder o' the kirk—high and intellectual noses and foreheads—some wi' gold-mounted specs—and they held the cairds in their haun's just as if they had been Bibles, wi' grave and solemn, ay, even pious expression. And ever and anon great shoals o' siller were becomin' theirs, which they scarcely pretended to look at—but still they continued and continued playin' like images.

North. No dream that, James. You must have been in a Hell.

Shepherd. Whist. But a' the scene began to break up into irregularity; for the soul in sleep is like a ship in an arm o' the sea among mountains. The wund comes a hundred opposite airts, and gin she hasna' let drap her anchor, (equivalent to the soul lying dreamless,) she has sair wark to get back to the open sea.

North. The police-officers, I presume, broke your dream.

Shepherd. No, Mr. North, it was finally my ain distracted spirit that kicked and spurred itsel' awake—but you shall hear. The goblins a' began to rage without ony apparent cause, and the hail party to toss about like trees in a storm, frae the bairns to the auld men. And a' at ance, there was a flash and the crack o' a pistol, and a bonnie fair-haired boy fell aff his chair a' in a low, for the discharge had set him on fire—and bluidy, bluidy was his pale face, as his ain brither lifted his shattered head frae the floor.

North. My God, James, did you not awake then?

Shepherd. Awake! I didna ken I was sleepin'. I wush I had, for it was a dismal hour. Nane o' the auld gray-headed men moved a muscle—but they buttoned up their pouches, and tuk their great-coats aff pegs on the wa', and without speakin' disappeared. Sae did the lave, only wi' fear and fright—and nane but me and the twa brith-

ers was left—brithers, I saw, they were, for like were they as twa flowers, the ane o' which has had its stalk broken and its head withered, while the ither, although unhurt, seems to droop and mourn, and to hae lost maist o' its beauty.

North. There is truth—sad truth in dreams.

Shepherd. I heard him ravin' about his father and his mother, and the name o' the place the auld folk lived in—and ane he ca'd Caroline! His dead brither's sweetheart! We were on our knees beside the corpse, and he tore open the waistcoat and shirt, and put his hand to his brither's breast, in mad desperation o' hope to feel the heart beatin'. But the last sob was sobbed—and then he looked up in my face, and glowered at me like ane demented, and asked me wha I was, and if it was me that had killed William. A' the time our knees were dabbled in the bluid—and a thousan' ghastly lichts, and shapes, and faces, wavered afore my een, and I was sick as death.

Tickler. What the deuce are you two talking about there, and what's the matter with the Shepherd? His face is as white as a sheet.

Shepherd. I cried out to the puir fellow that I was the Ettrick Shepherd, and wud tak him to Eltrive, awa' frae a' the horrors o' hell and Satan. And then I thocht, "Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—what wud I gie if this were but a bluidy dream!" And thank God, a dream it was, for I brake through the trammels o' sleep wi' a groan, and a shriek, and a shiver, and a shudder, and a yell—and a happy man was I to see the sweet calm moon in the midnight lift, and to hear the murmur o' the Yarrow glidin' awa' through the silent beauty o' reposin' Nature.

North. James, you have affected me—but let us think no more about it. Have you heard Master Aspull, James?

Shepherd. Weel, as sure's ony thing, Mr. North, yon's a maist extraordinar prodigy.* He's music personified. His entire soul is in his ear, and yon wee bit inspired han's o' his mysteriously execute the bidding o' the genius within, and at ance delight and astonish.

North. Why don't young ladies perform on the piano better than they usually do, think ye, James? Do you generally admire their singing?

Shepherd. Me admire the singing o' the Edinburgh leddies? They hae neither taste nor feeling—all taucht singers, after some parteclar moddle for ilk parteclar tune, which they stick to like grim death, without e'er askin' questions, like a parcel o' mockin' birds. Nae bursts o' native feeling, inspired at the moment by some turn in the strain—nae sudden pawthos to bring the tear into your ee—nae lively

* George Aspull, a native of Nottingham, in England, was a mere child in 1826, for when I knew him in 1831, he was not more than 17. He was a brilliant piano-forte player, and had composed a good deal of music which showed much poetical imagination. He died before he was eighteen.—M.

liltin' awa like a rising laverock, when the hymn should brighten in the sunshine o' the soul's expanding joy—nae plaintive pause, maist like a faint, and then a dying away o' the life o' soun' into a happy and holy death—but everlastingly the same see-saw—the same stap at the foot o' the hill, and the same scamper up—the same helter-skelter across the flat, and the same cautious ridin' down the stony declivities. In short, their singing's perfectly tiresome, and gin it werena that I ken them itherwise, I should believe that they had nane o' them ony souls!

Tickler. Of all the staring troopers on the street I ever beheld in any metropolis, the Edinburgh ladies (old, young, and middle-aged) are the most barefaced and shameless. Is there any thing remarkable in my appearance?

Shepherd. Naething ava, except your hicht and handsomeness, your fine ruddy cheeks and silvery locks—a star seen through a snow-cloud.

Tickler. All their eyes, black, blue, gray, and green, from the small blear-eo to the great goggle, are thrust into my face. Some ladies look as they threatened to bite me—others are only hindered, by the power of a good early education, from falling on my neck and kissing me—some, with open mouths, are lost in astonishment, and, forgetting all the world but me, capsize the dandies—others go mincing by with suppressed titter or leering laugh—but not one of them all (and I mention the fact not in spite, but the deepest humility) passes by without making me the sole object of her ken. I wish to have the cause of all this explained: what have I said?—what have I done?—or am I, in good truth, the most extraordinary-looking man that has yet appeared in the world, and doomed to universal wonder all the days of my life?

Shepherd. Baith pairties are to blame. You see, Mr. Tickler, you haud your head, as I observed, ower heigh—nane better entitled to do sae—and I've seen you mysel, wi' a lang hat-crape hanging down your back, when you wasna in murnins—that surtout is very yelegant, but no common on a man o' sixty—you never walk slower than sax miles an hour, and that stick or cane o' yours is kenspeckle in a crowd, and would gie a clour on a man's head aneuch to produce a phrenological faculty. A' thae things pitten thegether, and ithers besides, justifies the leddies, to a certain extent, o' their glowerin'; but still they're muckle to blame, for naething can justify impudence and immodesty, and a man canna help haeing curious thochts about a woman whom he never saw atween the een afore, when she comes glowerin' up to his very nose, wi' her handkerchief in her hand, just like a hizzie gaun to hang up a clout on a peg; and you hae to jump backward to save yourselves frae rinnin' foul o' ane anither, like twa cutters o' Leith smacks in the roads.

North. I am so seldom on the streets, that I am no judge of the charges you bring against my fair townswomen. I love them with such a fatherly affection, that they may stare at me without offence; for I shall put it all down to the credit of my crutches.

Mullion. I should like to have been t'other day at the shooting of the elephant.

Tickler. Well, I should not. The murder read hideously. His death was necessary—but it was bunglingly inflicted.

North. I could not but be amused with my friend Brookes's letter in the newspapers, assuring the public that he had not eat soup made of part of the putrid elephant. A surgeon may do any thing of that sort with impunity—and Brookes is a first-rate surgeon.

Tickler. I had no idea he was so sensitive. Elephant-feet are excellent.* '*Experto crede Roberto.*

Shepherd. Tidbits! How are they dressed, Mr. Tickler? Like sheep's-head and trotters? A capital dish for a Sabbath dinner, elephant-head and trotters! How many could dine aff't?

Tickler. What a prime MART,† James?

Shepherd. What black puddins! and oh! man, what tripe! Only think o' the leddy's hood and monyplies! Then the marrow-banes! A' fu', it seems, o' a sort o' fluid, doubtless strang, and sappy, and esculent, and to be eaten wi' bread and a spoon. I'm gettin' hungry—I've a great liken for wild beasts. Oh man! gin we had but wolves in Scotland!

Tickler. Why, they would make you shepherds attend a little better to your own business. How could you visit Edinburgh and Ambrose, if there were wolves in the Forest?

Shepherd. I wadna grudge a score o' lambs in the year—for the wolves would only raise the price o' butcher's meat—they would do nae harm to the kintra. What grand sport, houndin' the wolves in singles, or pairs, or flocks, up yonder about Loch Skene!

Tickler. What think you of a few tigers, James?

Shepherd. The royal Bengal Teegger is no indigenous in Scotland, as the wolves was in ancient times; and that's ae reason against wushin' to hae him amang us. Let the Alien Act be held in operation against him, and may he never be naturaleezed!

Tickler. What, would you be afraid of a tiger, James?

Shepherd. Would I be afraid o' a teegger, Timothy? No half as afeard as you wad be yoursel. Faith, I wadna grudge gien a jug o' toddy to see ane play spang upon you frae a distance o' twenty yards, and wi' a single pat o' his paw on that pow o' yours that ye haud so

* Elephant-feet *are* excellent. Surround each foot with red wood-ashes, kept encircling it for several hours, and the foot, when quite done, is a mass of muscle, subdued, by this primitive cooking, into a sort of animal jelly.—M.

† *Mart*—the fatted cow, slaughtered at Martinmas for winter food.

heigh, fracture your skull, dislocate your neck, crack your spine, and gar ye play tapsalteery ower a precipice into a jungle where the teegger had his bloody den.

Tickler. Would you give no assistance—lend no helping hand, James?

Shepherd. Oh ay, me and some mair wad come to the place, in a week or twa, when we were sure the teegger had changed his feedin' grun', and wad collec the banes for Christian burial. But wad you be afraid o' teeggers, Timothy?

North. I once did a very foolish thing in the East Indies to a tiger. I was out shooting snipes, when the biggest and brightest royal tiger I have ever faced before or since, rose up with a roar like thunder, eyeing me with fiery eyes, and tusks half a foot long, and a tail terrific to dwell upon, either in memory or imagination.

Shepherd. I didna ken there had been snipes in the East Indies?

North. Yes, and sepoys likewise. The tiger seemed, after the first blush of the business, to be somewhat disconcerted at the unexpected presence of the future editor of Blackwood's Magazine; and, in a much more temperate growl, requested a parley. I hit him right in the left eye, with number seven, and the distance being little more than five paces, it acted like ball, and must have touched the brain—for never surely did royal tiger demean himself with less dignity or discretion. He threw about twenty somersets, one after the other, without intermission, just as you have seen a tumbler upon a spring-board. I thought I should have died with laughing. Meanwhile, I reloaded my barrel—and a wild peacock starting from cover, I could not resist the temptation, but gave away a chance against the tiger, by firing both barrels successfully against the bird of Juno.

Shepherd. I've heard you tell that story a thousan' times, Mr. North; but ye'll pardon me for sayin' noo, what I only look'd before, that it's a downright lee, without ae word of truth in't, na' even o' exaggeration. You never killed a teegger wi' snipe shot.

North. Never, James—but I rendered him an idiot or a madman for the rest of his life. But what do you think, James, about legislating for brute animals?

Shepherd. That's out o' the range o' my abeelities. I ken naething about legislation. But I do ken something about humanity—and cruelty to the dumb creation is practical blasphemy, and will not go unpunished. Perhaps, now that you ax me, it's better to teach it down, and fleech it down, and preach it down, than fine it down, or imprison it down—and ae Chalmers is worth a thousan' Martins.*

Tickler. Habits of cruelty terminate almost of necessity in atrocious crimes. The carter who brutally flogs his horse will beat his wife.

* Richard Martin, an Irish M. P., famous for his legislating against cruelty to animals, and Dr. Chalmers, the distinguished Scottish divine.—M.

Shepherd. What can ye say to a very puir blackguard, not worth ten shillings, who has coft the leevin' skeleton o' a horse for half-a-crown, that he may get a week's wear and tear out o't? He maun thump it, or it winna gang. The chiel may be sellin' sawt or bread, or some ither lawful eatables, and tryin' to manteen a family. It's a sair sight to behold the raw and bloody skeleton, but what can ye do? Is your conscience perfectly secure, when you tak' the ragged deevil afore a magistrate, and fine him out o' his starvin' wife's and weans' support? Mind that I'm no arguin'—I'm only askin' a question—nor do I want ony answer. But when you see a weel-fed hulkin' fallow, savage for nae raeson at a', against the beasts intrusted to him, knock him doon wi' a stick or a stane aff the causeway—and if you fractur his skull, and he binna married, you've performed a good action, and by takin' the law into your ain hand, done the state some service.

North. Much evil is done the cause of humanity by indiscriminate and illogical abuse of pursuits or recreations totally dissimilar. I doubt if any person can be really humane in heart, unless really sound in head. You hear people talk of angling as cruel.

Shepherd. Fools—fools—waur than fools. It's a maist innocent, poetical, moral, and religious amusement. Gin I saw a fisher gruppin' creelfu' after creelfu' o' trouts, and then flingin' them a' awa amang the heather and the brackens on his way hame, I micht begin to suspec' that the idiot was by nature rather savage. But, as for me, I send presents to my freen's, and devour dizzens on dizzens every week in the family—maistly dune in the pan, wi' plenty o' fresh butter and roun' meal—sae that prevents the possibility o' cruelty in my fishin', and in the fishin' o' a' reasonable creatures.

North. It seems fox-hunting, too, is cruel.

Shepherd. To wham? Is't cruel to dowgs, to feed fifty or sixty o' them on crackers and ither sorts o' food, in a kennel like a Christian house, wi' a clear burn flowin' through't, and to gie them twice a week, or aftner, during the season, a brattlin' rin o' thretty miles after a fox? Is that cruelty to dowgs?

North. But the fox, James?

Shepherd. We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to horses, to buy a hundred o' them for ae hunt, rarely for less than a hundred pounds each, and aften for five hundred, to feed them on five or sax feeds o' corn per diem—and to gie them skins as sleek as satin—and to gar them nicher wi' fu'ness o' bluid, sae that every vein in their bodies starts like sinnies—and to gallop them like deevils in a hurricane, up hill and down brae, and loup or soom canals and rivers, and flee ower hedges, and dykes, and palings, like birds, and drive crashin' through woods like elephants or rhinoceroses—a' the while every coorser flingin' fire-flaughts frae his een, and whitenin' the sweat o'

speed wi' the foam o' fury—I say, ca' you that cruelty to horses, whan the hunt charge with all their chivalry, and plain, mountain, or forest, are shook by the quadrupedal thunder?

North. But the fox, James?

Shepherd. We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to men to inspirit wi' a rampagin' happiness five score o' the flower o' England or Scotland's youth, a' wi' caps and red coats, and whups in their hauns—a troop of lauchin', tearin', tallyhoin', "wild and wayward humorists," as the Doctor ca'ed them the t'ither Sunday?

North. I like the expression, James.

Shepherd. So do I—or I would not have quoted it. But it's just as applicable to a set o' outrageous ministers, eatin', and drinkin', and guffawin' at a Presbytery denner.

North. But the fox, James?

Shepherd. We'll come to the fox by and by. Is't cruel to the lambs, and leverets, and geese, and turkeys, and dyucks, and patricks, and wee birds, and ither animal eatables, to kill the fox that devoors them, and keeps them in perpetual het water?

North. But the fox, James?

Shepherd. Deevil take baith you and the fox—I said that we would come to the fox by and by. Weel, then, wha kens that the fox is na away snorin' happy afore the houn's? I hae nae doubt he is, for a fox's no sae complete a coward as to think huntin' cruel, and his hail nature is then on the alert, which in itsel is happiness. Huntin' him prevents him fa'en into languor and ennui and growin' ower fat on how-towdies. He's no killed every time he's hunted.

North. Why, James, you might write for the Annals of Sporting.

Shepherd. So I do sometimes—and mair o' ye than me, I jalouse; but I was gaun to ask ye, if ye could imagine the delicht o' a fox gettin' into an undiggable earth, just when the leadin' houn' was at his hainches? Ae sic moment is aneuch to repay half an hour's draggle through the dirt, and he can lick himself clean at his leisure, far ben in the cranny o' the rock, and come out a' tosh and tidy by the first dawn o' licht, to snuff the mornin' air, and visit the distant farmhouse before Partlet has left her perch, or Count Crow lifted his head from beneath his oxter on his shed-seraglio.

North. Was ye ever in at a death?—Is not that cruel?

Shepherd. Do you mean in at the death o' ae fox, or the death o' 100,000 men and 60,000 horses? The takin' o' a Brush, or a Borodino?

North. My dear James, thank ye for your argument. As one Chalmers is worth a thousand Martins, so is one Hogg worth a thousand Chalmerses.

Shepherd. Ane may weel lose patience, to think o' fules being sorry for the death o' a fox. When the jowlers tear him to pieces, he shows

fecht, and gangs aff in a snarl. Hoo could he die mair easier?—and for a' the gude he has ever dune, or was likely to do, he surely had lived lang aneuch.

Tickler. No man who can ride, and afford to keep a hunter or two, ever abused fox-hunting. The English clergy are partial to it, and sometimes partake of the pastime. Our Scottish ministers are too poor, and consequently content themselves with shooting or angling—especially the latter.

Shepherd. And the unfairest o' a' fishers that ever flogged water! Rather than that you should fish a fine pool, when they are afraid you'll gang by them, gin they taigle at it themselves, ministers 'll no scruple to fling in turf torn frae the bank, to mak the water ower drumlie for the flee! Isna that mean and greedy? But ministers aye fish for the pat and the gutsy weans.

Tickler. I know one minister, James, over in the kingdom of Fife, who would give the devil himself fair play at a match of angling; and that, considering his cloth and calling, glorifies his character as a sportsman.

Shepherd. I ken wha you mean. Gin a' ministers were like him, Satan wad never dare to show his face in Scotland, frae ae end of the week to the ither. For he canna stand integrity and the bauld face o't, but rins aff wi' his tail atween his legs, and never keeks ower his shouther till he has got back to the mouth of his kennel, and gets the imps to rub him wi' sulphur; for the deevil or Dog o' Hawdes has aye the distemper.

Tickler. The idiots, too, tell you that pugilism is the worst of all cruelty. Tom Crib's health, if you please, Shepherd.*

Shepherd. I hae na the least objection. I'm no a fechtin' man, and ken naething about pugilism. But twa stout young fallows daudin' ane anither about for an hour with their neives, is no at a' like a dizzen deevils o' bill-dowgs in succession, tearin' the nose, and lips, and tongue o' a bill. The man that says that the boxing's the warst o' the twa is just a damned idiwut—and should be taen before a magistrate, and fined roundly, or sent on to the tread-mill, for an unprincipled, irreligious, and maist unnatural leear.

Tickler. What, James, do the Forest-lads ever take a turn-up at a fair or wedding?

Shepherd. Ower aften—peace is best. But I ne'er heard fechtin' ca'ed cruel about the Border. They do gie each ither desperate paiks—baith up and down—for they're no nice that way; but gin there be ony cruelty in the business o' a black ee and a bloody nose, our folks

* Thomas Cribb, the pugilist and Ex-Champion of England. His greatest victory was over a gigantic black named Molyneux. Cribb retired into private life, (as keeper of a public house in London,) and was remarked for his good temper, great strength, and sobriety.—M.

are sae stupid that they hae never yet fand it out. It's a' cant and effeminacy.

North. There is a good deal of ignorance in it. Many people have from their youth up been unaccustomed to all athletic exercises—and to them a box on the ear is a very awful concern. But they will lie back, three in a post-chaise, with heavy luggage, and miry up-hill roads, and snore through a fifteen mile stage of a stormy winter night, without once thinking of the spavined, and wind-galled, and foundered pair of dying hacks, that have dragged them to a fat supper, and a warming-panned bed.

Shepherd. Farmers' horses are a very happy class of people—hard workit to be sure, and at times sair galloped, when master or man has had a drap ower much; but weel fed and foddered, and treated like brithers. Cows, too, are very happy—and saw ye ever the like o' calves with their tails up, and covin' wi' their buddin' foreheads, and funkin' wi' their hind-legs, till they're breathless on the knowe? The rural brute population are happy. We farmers and shepherds mak them sae—or rather we help—for nature pours happiness into the hearts o' a' creturs, and they a' enjoy life till the inevitable but unapprehended day.

North. How much pleasanter, James, this our little *partie quarré*, than yesterday's lumbering dinner-throng! There could not have been fewer than twenty.

Shepherd. I agree wi' you, sir. It's just the maist difficult thing in a' this world to ken hoo to keep up a conversation in a mixed pairty. Out o' ony dizzen there's aye three or four sure to poishon the evening. Ae cretur begins upon paintin', perhaps—no the director-general, for I like to hear him—and keeps deavin ye wi' his buttery touches, and the Exhibition, frae the time o' the cheese and speerits, a' the way on, without interruption, to that o' the porter and red herrings. No anither topic the hail nicht but paintin'. A' the lave o' us clean lose the power o' utterance, and sit fillin' up tumbler after tumbler maist disconsolately, the toddy having lost a' taste, and a' power o' fuddlin', except mere stupefication o' the head.

Tickler. Or some infernal idiot begins upon Political Economy, and to his own refutation, without any demand, gives you a supply of raw material that fills the whole room with the smell of hides, blubber, and barilla. You might think him one of the "Twa Stirks," that, in absence of the Stot, mislead the Scotsman. The dolt drivels his way between truism and paradox, feeble and fumbling, and with the intellect of a sticket man-milliner.

North. With the exception of about half-a-dozen, one or two of whom are of doubtful claims, all these gentry are the most vulgar and most vapid of praters and scribblers. Incapable of comprehending

any ordinary and every-day subject, and knowing that they would expose themselves to detection and ridicule the moment they presumptuously opened mouth in company on such topics as gentlemen of education usually converse about, they think to shroud their imbecility and ignorance in—Science, the science of Political Economy.

Tickler. O the hideous jabber of the foolish knaves! But be you trong of stomach, and as the Shepherd would say, dinna scunner—keep down your rising gorge—scrutinize the paltry prate of the pretenders—and you find them ignorant even of the common rules of arithmetic. They would fain fling flour in your eyes—or knock you down with a bar of bullion; but strip their tongues of this jargon, translate the gabble into English, and the would-be Malthus, or Ricardo, or Tooke, or Mushet, or Buchanan, stares round the company with his vacant and nonplussed eyes, and then vainly tries to recover the balance of power by an undue absorption of the circulating medium.

North. In short, you laugh the man of Science into a sulky drunkard, and he and his Principles and Elements of Political Economy lie snoring together below the mahogany, till getting offensive, mine host calls in the chairman from the corner, and bundling him into the vehicle, the room is ventilated,—export being in this case infinitely more advantageous than import, and society benefited by getting suddenly off hand so much native produce and raw material—to say nothing of Dugald and the carrying trade.

Shepherd. Ha! ha! ha! I canna help lauchin', it souns sae comical. I ken naethin' about Political Economy—but I hae observed ae thing in the kintra, and especially at the Farmers' Club at Selkirk, that the greatest gawpuses are aye speakin' about it, that can speak about naething else—and perhaps it would be fully as weel for them gin they were to read Hogg upon Sheep,* and Dr. Findlater. They're a' hard drinkers, too, the maist o' them—bad managers—and break.

North. James, only think of an infuriated dunce in the Scotsman declaring, that Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to offer his opinion to the public on the Currency!

Shepherd. De'il tak the idiwut—what for no?

North. The subject is above and beyond his powers! The obscure and insolent lout claims the subject as his own;—he, forsooth, has read all the authors, "from Smith to Ricardo," and calls upon the world to hold its mouth wide open, that he may administer a dose of doctrine.

Shepherd. Hoo does the fule ken what Sir Walter has read or no read? And oh, sir! can ony cretur in the Scotsman be really sae weak or wicket as to think himsel' capable o' understandin' ony ae

* Before the Ettrick Shepherd had printed any of his poetry, he had gained the prize offered by the Highland Society of Scotland for the best Essay on Sheep. It is a standard work now and Hogg was very proud of it.—M.

thing whatsomever that's ayont the grasp o' the author o' Waverley's haun?

Tickler. About a thousand editors of pelting journals, and three times that number of understrappers "upon the establishment," think themselves able to correct the errors of Adam Smith. "We cannot help being surprised that Adam Smith," &c., and then the dunce shutting his eyes, and clenching his fists, without the slightest provocation, runs his numskull bang against the illustrious sage.

North. Adam never so much as inclines from the centre of gravity —while the periodical meal-monger leaving only some white on the sleeve of the old gentleman's coat, which is easily brushed off by the hand, reels off into the ditch, as if he had been repelled from the wall of a house, and is extricated by some good-natured friend, who holds him up, dirty and dripping, to the derision of all beholders.

Shepherd. It's perfectly true, that a' the newspaper chiels speak out bauldly upon the principles and yelements o' the science—and though I am wullin to alloo that there's some verra clever fallows amang them yet oh! man, it's mair than laughable, for it's loathsome, to hear them ca'in that ower kittle for Sir Walter that's sae easy to themselves, wha write, in my opinion, a sair splutterin' style,—as to langage,—and, as to thocht, they gang roun' and roun', and across and re-across, backards and forruts, out o' ae yett and in at anither, now loupin' ower the hedges, and now bringin' down the stane-wa's,—sometimes playin' plouter into a wat place up to the oxters, and sometimes stumblin' amang stanes,—noo rinnin' fast fast, like a jowler on the scent, and then sittin' down on a knowe, and yowlin' like a colly at the moon,—in short, like a fou' fallow that has lost his way in a darkish nicht, and after sax hours sair and unavailling travel, is discovered snoring sound asleep on the road-side by decent folk riding into the market.

North. I shall probably have two pretty stiffish articles about public men and things in this Number; and therefore fear that I must delay the Currency Question for another month. I shall then, in my usual way, settle it for ever.

Tickler. Malachi Malagrowther is in the wrong, and the Courier scribe has done him.*

* This refers to what was an important transaction not only in the life of Sir Walter Scott, but in the modern history of Scotland. In 1825, Great Britain was devastated by a commercial crisis, (usually called The Panic of 1825,) which overthrew some of the first mercantile houses in the country. Early in 1826, when Parliament assembled, discussion took place as to the causes of the crash. Ministers, tracing it mainly to the rash facility of bankers in yielding credit to speculators, and thereby forcing their own notes into circulation, proposed to strike at the root of the evil, by taking from private banks the privilege of circulating their own notes as money, and even preventing the Bank of England from issuing notes of less value than five pounds. It was intended to extend this restriction to Scotland, as well as England, (Ireland being left untouched,) but the Scottish nation rose almost in arms against it. In truth, it was a paper currency (issued, however, with the caution which distinguishes Scotchmen) which had made North Britain prosperous. The Banks, also, dreaded a curtailment of their profits, while merchants and traders, who benefited largely by the accommodation afforded them by the banks, joined in the outcry. This was a few months after the Panic had ruined Sir Wal-

North. Malachi Malagrowther is in the right, and the Courier prig has done himself. I have a twenty-page article in my head; and it will spring forth, full-grown and armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove.

Shepherd. Ma faith! you and Malachi 'll skelp their doups for them, and gar them skirl.

North. O Lord, James! but the Chancellor of the Exchequer* is a heavy joker! If his taxes were as heavy as his wit, the country would indeed be sorely burthened. There is a grace and brilliancy about all Canning says, and he never makes a pass without a palpable hit. Robinson should stick to his own figures—arithmetical ones, I mean—yet there was "Hear, hear!" And the Chancellor cackled, flapped his wings, and crowed after the fashion of an unwieldy barn-door fowl, who sees that a game-cock, who would kill him at a single blow, is at a safe distance in another croft, attending to his own pursuits.

Tickler. I disagree entirely——

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, Mr. Tickler, I'm quite convinced by Mr. North's twenty-page article, that's to loup out like Minerva. Besides, eh! man, a' the Englishers, like gowks, canna see that Malachi has a way o' expressin' himself peculiar to the Malagrowthers; and they set about answering him wi' grave faces the length o' my arm.

North. Very silly indeed, James—but there's a braw time comin'. Tickler, have you been at the Exhibition?

Tickler. John Watson Gordon is great. His Dr. Hunter is equal to any thing of Raeburn's.

North. I doubt that.

Tickler. Well then—next to Raeburn—John stands first among our Scottish modern portrait painters.†

ter Scott, by breaking up the speculating house of his publisher, Constable. Several of the Edinburgh banks had exercised the most generous forbearance towards himself. Viewing the subject, also, as a national one, he wrote three Letters in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, which, from the signature he had affixed, are now spoken of as "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther." They were collected into a pamphlet and published by Mr. Blackwood. It is stated by Lockhart that "these diatribes produced in Scotland a sensation, not perhaps inferior to that of the Drapier's Letters (by Swift) in Ireland; a greater one, certainly, than any political tract had excited in the British public at large since the appearance of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. So important were they considered, that on the part of the Government, they were replied to in the London Courier (the semi-official Ministerial paper) by no less a personage than John Wilson Croker, then Secretary of the Admiralty. Meanwhile the Malagrowther Letters had awakened public indignation throughout Scotland. Meetings were held throughout the length and breadth of that country. Petitions to Parliament, most numerously signed, kept pouring in. The result was, the Government had to drop the Scotch part of their measure, and even to this hour, Scotland has continued to enjoy £1 notes. Many of Scott's ministerial friends in London, particularly Lord Melville and Mr. Croker, rather cooled to him, because of his onslaught upon their measure, but the breach was soon made up. In 1830, when the Reform Ministry came in, Scott wrote a fourth Letter of Malachi Malagrowther, upon the public affairs of the period, which his immediate friends had much difficulty in persuading him not to publish. It recommended the imposition of an Income Tax, and strongly opposed Parliamentary Reform.—M.

* Frederick Robinson, (commonly called "Prosperity Robinson,") subsequently created Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon.—M.

† Sir John Watson Gordon is, as Sir Henry Raeburn was, the best portrait-painter of his day, in Scotland.—M.

Shepherd. What for does every person cry out, "Ower many portraits, ower many portraits?" Can ony thing be mair pleasant than just a' at ance, when your friend is a thousand miles aff, or perhaps dead, to see the very cretur himsel' on canvas, lookin' at you' wi' a smile or a frown?

Tickler. If people would not be so excessively ugly, James! Portraits are in general very unpardonable. Mr. Colvin Smith forces upon you strong and striking likenesses, and I augur well of the young man when he shall have learned to draw and color; but why represent all his gentlemen as half-seas over, and all his ladies as little better than they should be?

North. Vile taste and feeling indeed! His pictures are clever and coarse; and woe betide the wight who passes through his hands, for he instantly loses all appearance of a gentleman.

Shepherd. Weel, I just think his pictures capital. It's a' nonsense your talkin' about leddies and gentlemen. Painters are ower fond o' flattery; and if his portraits are vulgar, as you ca't, how can Mr. Smith help that, gin he wishes to be true to his original?

North. Simpson, in landscape, is delightful this year. He has an exquisite sense of the beautiful in scenery—and is a master of the principles of his art.

Tickler. Come, come, let us have no drivelling about pictures. There's the Shepherd himself, a much better painter than the best of the whole set.

North. Did you never use pencil or brush, James? I do not remember any thing of yours, "by an amateur," in any of our Exhibitions.

Shepherd. I've skarted some odds and ends wi' the keelavine on brown paper—and Mr. Scroope* tell't Sir Walter they showed a gran' natural genius. I fin' maist diffeeculty in the foreshortnin' and perspective. Things wunna retire and come forrit as I wush; and the back-grun will be the fore-grund whether I will or no. Sometimes, however, I dash the distance aff wi' a lucky stroke, and then I can get in the sheep or cattle in front, and the sketch, when you dinna stan' ower near, has a' the effect o' nature.

North. Do you work after Salvator Rosa, or Claude Lorraine James?

Shepherd. I'm just as original in paintin' as in poetry, and follow nae master! I'm partial to close scenes—a bit neuk, wi' a big mossy stane, aiblins a birk tree, a burnie maist dried up, a' but ae deep pool, into which slides a thread o' water down a rock; a shepherd readin' —nae ither leevin' thing, for the flock are ayont the knowes, and up

* The late William Scrope, representative of the Lords Scrope of Bolton, was a great angler, a zealous deer-stalker, and an excellent amateur artist. In 1839, he published a sumptuous book, written and illustrated by himself, called "Art of Deer Stalking."—M.

amang the green hills; ay, anither leevin' thing, and just ane, his colley, rowed up half-asleep, wi' a pair o' lugs that still seem listenin', and his closin' een towards his maister. That's a simple matter, sir, but, properly disposed, it makes a bonny pictur.

North. I should have thought it easier to "dash off" a wide open country with the keelavine.

Shepherd. So it is. I've dun a moor; gin you saw't you would loubt the earth being roun', there's sic an extent o' flat; and then, though there's nae mountain-taps, you feel you're on table-land. I contrive that by means o' the cluds. You never beheld stronger bent, some o' the stalks thick as your arm—and places wi' naething but stanes. Here and there earth-chasms, cut by the far-off folk for their peats—and on the foreground something like water, black and sullen, as if it quaked. Nae birds, but some whawps—ane fleein', and ane walkin' by itsel, and ane just showin' its lang neck amang some rushes. You think, at first, it may be the head o' a serpent; but there's nane amang our mosses, only asks, which is a sort o' lizards, or wee alligators, green, and glidin' awa without noise or rustle intil the heather. Time—evening, or rather late on in the afternoon, when Nature shows a solemn, maist an awfu' stillness—and solitude, as I hae often thocht, is deeper than at midnight.

North. James, I will give you twenty guineas for that keelavine sketch.

Shepherd. Ye'se ha't for naethin, sir, and welcome—if you'll only fasten't against the wa' wi' a prin, aboon the brace-piece o' your Leebrary-room. Let it be in the middle, and you sall hae Twa Briggs to hing at either side on't. The ane, a' the time I was drawin't, I could hardly persuade mysel wasna a rainbow. You see it's flung across a torrent gayen far up a hillside, and I was sitten' sketchin't a gude piece down below, on a cairn. The spray o' the torrent had wat a' the mosses, and flowers, and weeds, and sic like, on the arch, and the sun smote it wi' sudden glory, till in an instant it burst into a variegated low, and I could hae ta'en my Bible-oath it was the rainbow. Oh! man, that I had had a pallet o' colors! I'm sure I could hae mixed them up prismatically aneuch—yet wi' the verra mere, naked, unassisted keelavine, (that day fortunately it was a red ane,) I caught the character o' the apparition, and keepin' my een for about a minute on the paper, shadin' aff and aff, you ken, as fine as I could,—when I luckit up again, naething but a bare stane and lime Brigg, wi' an auld man sittin on a powney, wi' his knees up to his chin, for he happened to be a cadger, and he had his creels. I felt as if it had been a' glamour. Sae muckle for ane o' the Twa Briggs.

Tickler. Now, James, if you please, we shall adjourn to supper. It is now exactly ten o'clock, and I smell the turkey. From seven o'clock to this blessed moment, your tongue has never ceased wagging. I must now have my turn.

Shepherd. Tak your turn, and welcome. As for me, I never speak nane during supper. But you may e'en give us a soliloquy.

North. Ten o'clock! Now, James, eye the folding-doors—for Ambrose is true to a second. Lo, and behold!

(*The doors are thrown open.*)

Shepherd. Stop, Mullion, stop. What! will ye daur to walk before Mr. North?—Tak my arm, sir.

North. My dear James, you are indeed my right hand man. You are as firm as a rock. Thou art indeed the "Gentle Shepherd——"

Shepherd. Gentle is that gentle does—and I hope, on the whole, nane o' my freens hae ony reason to be ashamed o' me, though I hae my failins.

North. I know not what they are, James. There—there—on the right hand—ay, say the grace, James.——Thank ye, James; we have been joking away, but now it behoves us to sit down to serious eating, while Timothy regales our ears with a monologue.

No. XXVI.—JUNE, 1826.

Blue Parlor.

KLER—SHEPHERD—CLERK OF THE BALAAM-BOX—MR. BROSE—DEVIL—PORTERS—AND INCREMATORS.

Shepherd. Safe us! I was never at an Incremation afore!

North. Mr. Ambrose, bring in Balaam, and place him on the table.

Mr. Ambrose. May I crave the assistance of the Incremators, sir?—for he is heavier this year than I ever remember him, since that succeeding the Chaldee.

Shepherd. Is yon him ower by in the window neuk? I'se tak haud o' ane o' the end-handles mysel. Come, you wee lazy deevil there, what for are you skartin your lug at that gate? get up and be usefu'. Noo, Mr. Ambrose, let us put a' our strength till't, and try to hoise him up, our twa lanes, ontil the table.

Tickler. My dear Shepherd, you'll burst a blood-vessel. Let me assist.

North. And me too!

Shepherd. Dinna loot wi' that lang back o' yours, Mr. Tickler. Pity me—I hear't crackin'. There, it muves! it muves! What for are you trampin on my taes, Awmrose? Dinna girn that way in my face, Mr. Beelzebub. Faith, it gars us a' fowre stoitter.

(SHEPHERD, TICKLER, BEELZEBUB, *and* AMBROSE *succeed in placing the Balaam-box on the table.*)

North. Thank ye, gentlemen. Here is a glass of Madeira to each of you.

Shepherd. North, rax me ower the Stork. There—that's a hantle heartsomer than ony o' your wines, either white or black. It's just maist excellent whisky, Glenlivet or no Glenlivet. But hech, sirs, that's a sad box, that Balaam, and I'll weigh't against its ain bouk, lead only excepted, o' ony ither material noo extant, and gie a stane.

North. Let the Incremators take their stations. (*They do so, one at each side of the chimney. The Incremators are firemen belonging to the Sun Fire Office.*) Devil!

Devil. Here!

North. Clerk of the B. B.!

C. B. B. Here!

North. Open Balaam.

C. B. B. Please, sir, to remember the catastrophe of last year. We must take the necessary precautions.

North. Certainly. Mr. Hogg, on opening Balaam, last year, we had neglected to put weight on the lid, and the moment the clerk had turned the key, it flew up with prodigious violence, and the jammed-down articles, as if discharged from a culverin, wafted destruction around—breaking that beautiful fifty-guinea mirror, in whose calm and lucid depths we had so often seen ourselves reflected to the very life—all but speech!

Shepherd. I could greet to think on't. A' dung to shivers—scarcely ae bit big aneugh to shave by; but the same shinna befa' the year—for I'se sit doun upon the lid like a guardian angel, and the lid 'll hae a powerful spring indeed, gin it whamles me ower after sic a denner.

(*The* SHEPHERD *mounts the table with youthful alacrity and sits down on the Balaam-box.*)

North. Use both your hands, sir.

C. B. B. Beg your pardon—Mr. North—there, the key turns. Sit fast, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. Never mind me—I'm sittin as fast as a rock.

(*The lid, like a catapulta, dislodges the* SHEPHERD, *who alights on his feet a few yards from the table.*)

Tickler. My dear Shepherd, why, you are a rejected contributor!

Shepherd. Mercy on us, only see how the articles are bouncin' about the parlor! Put your foot, Tickler, on that ane, and haud it doon, for it's made o' parchment, and has breaken my shins. Look at yon ane, the wee wizened yellow creatur, how it's loupin atower the sopha, and then rinnin alang the floor like a moose, as if it were fain to escape aneath the door! What's the maitter, Mr. North? Dear me, what's the maitter?

North. The matter, James? Why, that cursed communication on the Catholic Question has, I verily believe, fractured my skull. Had it hit me a little nearer the temple, I should have been a dead Editor.

Shepherd. Wae's me! Wae's me! A fracture o' Mr. North's skull! It maun indeed hae been a hard article that did that; but wha can we get to reduce it?

Tickler. Well—who could have thought they had such spunk in them? Perfect Robin Good Fellows all—hop, step, and jump was the order of the day; and a cleaner somerset never did I see than that performed a minute ago by yonder lubberly-looking article now lying on his side on the rug in the jaws of the Tiger, who in the attempt to swallow him is evidently worsted.

Shepherd. I hae na had siccan a whamle sin' I was flung out o' a gig the summer afore last; but to be sure, in this case, there were nae reins to entangle about ane's legs, and nae wheels to gang shavin'

close by your lugs, wi' your head lying in a rut. But let's rub your brows wi' vinegar, sir!

North. I warded off the force of the blow, James, with my crutch, else it might have been fatal.

Shepherd. Only to think o't, Mr. North! But let's see what the article is! Burnin' wull be ower gude for't. It shanna be burned, no it. Oh my prophetic soul! a Cockney Stink Pot!

North. Mr. Ambrose, send in the scavenger.—Sorters, collect and arrange. (*C. B. B., Sorters, and Devil in full employment.*)

Shepherd. Thae Incremawtors hae a gran' effec! They canna be less than sax feet four, and then what whuskers! I scarcely ken whether black whuskers or red whuskers be the maist fearsome! What tangs in their hauns! and what pokers!—Lucifer and Beelzebub!

North. At home, James, and at their own firesides, they are the most peaceable of men.

Shepherd. I canna believe't, Mr. North, I canna believe't; they can hae nae human feeling—neither sighs nor tears.

North. They are men, James, and do their duty. He with the red whiskers was married this forenoon to a pretty delicate little girl of eighteen, quite a fairy of a thing—seemingly made of animated wax—so soft that, like the winged butterfly, you would fear to touch her, lest you might spoil the burnished beauty.

Shepherd. Married—on him wi' the red whuskers!

North. Come now, James, no affected simplicity, no Arcadian innocence!

Shepherd. You micht hae gien him the play the day, I think, sir; you micht hae gien him the play. The Incremawtor!

Devil. The sorters have made up a skuttlefu' o' poetry—Sir, shall I deliver up to Lucifer or Beelzebub?

North. All poetry to Beelzebub.

Shepherd. A' poetry to Beelzebub!! O wae's me, wae's me—Well-a-day, well-a-day! Has it indeed come to this! A' poetry to Beelzebub! I can scarce believe my lugs.

North. Stop, Beelzebub—read aloud that bit of paper you have in your fist.

Beelzebub. Yes, sir.

Shepherd. Lord safe us, what a voice! They're my ain verses too. Whisht—whisht.

Beelzebub—recites.

THE GREAT MUCKLE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPEL.

Air—"*Soger Laddie.*"

1.

D'ye ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?

'Tis steeped in iniquity up to the thrapple,
And what's to become of poor Balmaquhapple!
Fling a' off your bonnets, and kneel for your life, folks,
And pray to Saint Andrew, the god o' the Fife folks;
Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion:

2.

"O blessed Saint Andrew, if e'er ye could pity folk,
Men folk or women folk, country or city folk,
Come for this ance wi' the auld thief to grapple,
And save the poor village of Balmaquhapple!
Frae drinking, and leeing, and flyting, and swearing,
And sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
And cheating, and stealing, O grant them redemption,
All save and except the few after to mention.

3.

"There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, and sae greedy,
Wha prays every hour, as the wayfarer passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses:
He's cheated a thousand, and e'en to this day yet
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it;
Then gie him his way, he's sae sly and sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may cheat Mr. Devil.

4.

"There's Cappie the cobbler, and Tammy the tinman,
And Dickie the brewer, and Peter the skinman;
And Geordie, our deacon, for want of a better;
And Bess, that delights in the sins that beset her.
O worthy Saint Andrew, we canna compel ye,
But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae shockit,
Your garrat o' blue will but thinly be stockit.

5.

"But for a' the rest, for the women's sake, save them!
Their bodies at least, and their souls if they have them;
But it puzzles Jock Linton, and small it avails,
If they dwell in their stomachs, their heads, or their tails
And save without frown or confession auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters, and Bell in particular;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride and the stapple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple."

North (*to* TICKLER, *aside*). Bad—Hogg's.

Shepherd. What's that you two are speaking about? Speak up.

North. These fine lines must be preserved, James. Pray, are they allegorical?

Shepherd. What a dracht in that lum! It's a vera fiery furnace!

Hear till't hoo it roars, like wund in a cavern! Sonnets, charauds, elegies, pastorals, lyrics, farces, tragedies, and yepics—in they a' gang into the general bleeze; then there is naething but sparking ashes, and noo the thin black wavering coom o' annihilation and oblivion! It's a sad sicht, and but for the bairnliness o't, I could weel greet. Puir chiels and lasses, they had ither hopes when they sat down to compose, and invoked Apollo and the Muses!

North. James, the poor creatures have been all happy in their inspiration. Why weep? Probably, too, they kept copies, and other Balaam-boxes may be groaning with duplicates. 'Tis a strange world we live in!

Shepherd. Was you ever at the burning o' heather or whins, Mr. North?

North. I have, and have enjoyed the illuminated heavens.

Tickler. Describe.

North. In half an hour from the first spark, the hill glowed with fire unextinguishable by water-spout. The crackle became a growl, as acre after-acre joined the flames. Here and there a rock stood in the way, and the burning waves broke against it, till the crowning birch-tree took fire, and its tresses, like a shower of flaming diamonds, were in a minute consumed. Whirr, whirr, played the frequent gor-cock, gobbling in his fear; and, swift as shadows, the old hawks flew screaming from their young, all smothered in a nest of ashes.

Tickler. Good—excellent! Go it again.

North. The great pine-forest on the mountain side, two miles off, frowned in ghastly light, as in a stormy sunset; and you could see the herd of red-deer, a whirlwind of antlers, descending in their terror into the black glen, whose entrance gleamed once—twice—thrice, as if there had been lightning; and then, as the wind changed the direction of the flames, all the distance sunk in dark repose.

Tickler. Vivid coloring, indeed, sir. Paint away.

North. That was an eagle that shot between me and the moon.

Tickler. What an image!

North. Millions of millions of sparks of fire in heaven, but only some six or seven stars. How calm the large lustre of Hesperus!

Tickler. James, what do you think of that, eh?

Shepherd. Didna ye pity the taeds and paddocks, and asks and beetles, and slaters and snails and spiders, and worms and ants, and caterpillars and bumbees, and a' the rest o' the insect-world perishin' in the flaming nicht o' their last judgment?

North. In another season, James, what life, beauty, and bliss over the verdant wilderness! There you see and hear the bees busy on the white clover—while the lark comes wavering down from heaven, to sit beside his mate on her nest! Here and there are still seen the traces of fire, but they are nearly hidden by flowers—and——

Shepherd. For a town-chiel, Mr. North, you describe the kintra wi' surprisin' truth and spirit; but there's aye something rather wantin' about your happiest pictures, as if you had glowered on every thing in a dream or trance.

North. Like your own Kilmeny, James, I am fain to steal away from this every-day world into the Land of glamoury.

Shepherd. Hoo many volumes o' poetry, think ye, the Incremawtor has thrust, just noo, intil the fire?

North. I should think about some score, or so, of crown octavo—350 pages—twenty lines to the page. Calculate that, James.

Shepherd. Here's my keelavine.

	350	
	20	
	7000	pages—which multiply
by	20	
	140,000	lines.

Maist equal to a "farther portion" o' the "Excursion!" Surely, surely, there maun hae been twa three thousan' gude lines amang sic a multitude!

Tickler. Devil the one—all fudge and flummery. More meaning in any one paragraph of Pope, than in the whole skuttleful.

Shepherd. A skuttlefu' o' poetry! I canna thole either the sicht or the soun'. It's degrawdin' to the divine art. Get out o' my reach, ye wee wicked weezen'd deevil, or I'll clour your pow for you. And as for thae Incremawtors——

North. Why, James, would you believe it, that Stoic with the black whiskers is himself a poet; and has even now, with his inexorable poker, in all probability, thrust into nothingness a quire of his own versified MSS.!

Shepherd. Oh! wae's me! that poetry should be siccan a drog! Is there nae chance, think ye, sir, o' it's lookin' up?

North. None, James. Not till new men effulge. All your old stagers are done up. Scott has done his best in verse—so has Southey—so Moore—so Wordsworth—so Crabbe—so Campbell—so Hogg.

Tickler. And really, Mr. North, after all, what have they done? Sir Walter has versified a few old stories, and is at the head of all modern ballad-mongers. What more? Southey has written one wild and wondrous tale, Thalaba; but all his other attempts are abortive—and the last spark of inspiration within him has been for years extinct. Many of Moore's songs will live—but a man cannot be song-singing all his days; and as for Wordsworth, take him out of the Lake country, and his prattle is tedious. Crabbe, and Campbell, and Hogg——

North. Come, come, don't be silly, Tickler. A man looks like a ninny the moment he begins even to think about versemen.

Tickler. There it goes up the chimney—an Ode to the Moon—pursued by The Sleeping Infant—The Horned Owl—The late Elephant—and General Bolivar.

Shepherd. Oh, sirs! the room's gettin' desperate warm. I pity the poor Incremawtors—they maun be unco dry. Beelzebub, open the window, man, ye ugly deevil, and let in a current o' cool air. Mr. North, I canna thole the heat; and I ask it as a particular favor, no to burn the prose till after supper. At a' events, let the married Incremawtor gang hame to his bride—and there's five shillings to him to drink my health at his ain ingle.

(*Incremator, Devil, Clerk of the Balaam-box, Porters, and Mr. Ambrose retire.*)

North. Who are the wittiest men of our day, Tickler?

Tickler. Christopher North, Timothy Tickler, and James Hogg.

North. Pooh, pooh—we all know that—but out of doors?

Tickler. Canning, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey.

North. I fear it is so. Canning's wit is infallible. It is never out of time or place, and is finely proportioned to its object. Has he a good-natured, gentlemanly, well-educated blockhead—say of the landed interest—to make ridiculous, he does it so pleasingly, that the Esquire joins in the general smile. Is it a coarse calculating dunce of the mercantile school, he suddenly hits him such a heavy blow on the organ of number, that the stunned economist is unable to sum up the total of the whole. Would some pert prig of the profession be facetious overmuch, Canning ventures to the very borders of vulgarity, and discomfits him with an old Joe. Doth some mouthing member of mediocrity sport orator, and make use of a dead tongue, then the classical Secretary runs him through and through with apt quotations, and before the Member feels himself wounded, the whole House sees that he is a dead man.

Tickler. His wit is shown in greatest power in the battles of the giants. When Brougham bellows against him, a Bull of Bashan, the Secretary waits till his horns are lowered for the death-blow, and then stepping aside, he plants with graceful dexterity the fine-tempered weapon in the spine of the mighty Brute.

Shepherd. Whish!—Nae personality the nicht. Michty Brute!—Do you ca' Hairy Brumm a michty Brute? He's just a maist agreeable enterteenin' fallow, and I recollect sitten up wi' him a' nicht, for three nichts rinnin', about thretty years syne, at Miss Ritchie's hottle, Peebles. O man, but he was wutty, wutty—and bricht thochts o' a maist extraordinary kind met thegither, frae the opposite poles o' the human understanding. I prophesied at every new half-mutchkin, that

Mr. Brumm would be a distinguished character, and there he is, you see, Leader o' the Opposition.

Tickler. His Majesty's Opposition!

North. Sydney Smith is a wit.

Shepherd. No him—perpetually playin' upon words.* I canna thole to hear words played upon till they lose their natural downright meaning and signification. It was only last week that a fallow frae Edinburgh came out to the south for orders o' speerits amang the glens, (rum, and brandy, and Hollands,) and I asked him to dine at Mount Benger. He had hardly put his hat on a peg in the trans, afore he began playin' wi' his ain words; and he had nae sooner sat down, than he began playin' wi' mine too, makin' puns o' them, and double entendres, and bits o' intolerable wutticisms, eneuch to make a body scunner. Faith, I cut him short, by tellin' him that nae speerit-dealer in the kingdom should play the fule in my house, and that if he was a wut, he had better saddle his powney and be aff to Selkirk. He grew red, red in the face; but for the rest o' the evening, and we didna gang to bed till the sma' hours, he was not only rational, but clever and weel-informed, and I gied him an order for twenty gallons.

Tickler. Yes—Sydney Smith has a rare genius for the grotesque. He is, with his quips and cranks, a formidable enemy to pomposity and pretension. No man can wear a big wig comfortably in his presence; the absurdity of such enormous frizzle is felt; and the dignitary would fain exchange all that horsehair for a few scattered locks of another animal.

North. He would make a lively interlocutor at a Noctes. Indeed, I intend to ask him, and Mr. Jeffrey, and Cobbett, and Joseph Hume, and a few more choice spirits, to join our festive board——

Shepherd. O man, that will be capital sport.† Sic conversation!

Tickler. O my dear James, conversation is at a very low ebb in this world!

Shepherd. I've often thought and felt that, at parties where ane micht hae expeckit better things. First o' a' comes the wather—no a bad toppic, but ane that town's folks kens naething about. Wather! My faith, had ye been but in Yarrow last Thursday.

Tickler. What was the matter, James, the last Thursday in Yarrow?

* The Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, was so much a wit that he played upon words and with thoughts—because he could not help it. The spontaneity of his conversational *jeux d'esprit* constituted their charm. He was seventy-six years old when he died, in February, 1848, and jested to the last.—M.

† North would have got on very well with Cobbett, who spoke good English, had a rich vein of quiet humor, and a vast fund of personal anecdote. But Mr. Joseph Hume would have cut a very poor figure at a "Noctes," for his conversational powers are small, and, though he has been nearly half a century in public life, his reminiscences are few. It is not generally known that Mr. Hume actually translated Tasso into English verse. A copy of the book is very rare.—M.

Shepherd. I'se tell you, and judge for yoursel. At four in the mornin', it was that hard frost that the dubs were bearin', and the midden was as hard as a rickle o' stanes. We could na plant the potawtoes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw-storm came down frae the mountains about Loch Skene, noo a whirl, and noo a blash, till the grun was whitey-blue, wi' a sliddery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo, alang its frost-bound borders, and aneath its banks, a' hanging wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wund had shifted—and afore dinner-time, it was an even-down pour. It fell loun about sax—and the air grew close and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wud hae expeckit a thunder-storm on the eve o' sic a day? But the heavens—in the thundery airt—were like a dungeon,—and I saw the lightning playing like meteors athwart the blackness, lang before ony growl was in the gloom. Then, a' at ance, like a wauken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and shakin' his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic a roar, that the very sun shuddered in eclipse,—and the grews and collies that happened to be sittin' beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin' into the house wi' their tails atween their legs, just venturin' a hafflin' glance to the howling heavens noo a' in low, for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and at intervals the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagration like verra volcanoes.

Tickler. Επεα πτεροεντα!

Shepherd. Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile!

North. Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

Tickler. Oh! James—James—James!

Shepherd. The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrive (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin' than an evenin' twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa' into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream!

North. Proof positive, that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather——

Shepherd. I could speak for hours, days, months, and years, about the weather, without e'er becoming tiresome. O man, a cawm!

North. On shore, or at sea?

Shepherd. Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin' a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briers, and broom and birks, and mosses maist beautifu' to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin the face frae the cloudless sunshine!

North. A rivulet leaping from the rock——

Shepherd. No, Mr. North, no loupin'; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion! No doubt, if you were walkin' along the bank, it would be murmuring at your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff!

North. Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

Shepherd. Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulded wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a simmer-dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of midday sleep, comin' back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin' in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wun' that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

Tickler. I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

Shepherd. Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings—say rather starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

North. Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

Shepherd. Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in the silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin' that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The melting dew quakes! Ay, sing awa', my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himself in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle, panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him. I too feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain solitude.

North. Not with such a show of clouds.

Shepherd. No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the Temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapors—that ere long

will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapor steps, and its mist-towers, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

Tickler. Bravo, Shepherd, bravo! You have nobly vindicated the weather as a topic of conversation. What think you of the Theatre—Preaching—Politics—Magazines and Reviews, and the threatened Millennium?

Shepherd. Na, let me tak my breath. What think ye, Mr. Tickler, yoursel', o' preachin'?

Tickler. No man goes to church more regularly than I do; but the people of Scotland are cruelly used by their ministers. No sermon should exceed half an hour at the utmost. That is a full allowance.

North. The congregation, if assured that the sermon would stop within that period of time, would all prick up their ears, and keep their eyes open during the whole performance. But when there is no security against an hour, or even an hour and a half, the audience soon cease to deserve that name, and the whole discourse is lost.

Tickler. Then, most ministers do drawl, or drivel, or cant after a very inexcusable fashion. A moderate degree of animation would carry almost any preacher through half an hour agreeably to an audience—yet is it not true, that, generally speaking, eyelids begin to fall under ten minutes, or from that to a quarter of an hour! Why is it thus?

Shepherd. What yawns have I not seen in kirks! The women, at least the young anes, dinna like to open their mouths verra wide, for it's no becoming, and they're feared the lads may be glowering at them; so they just pucker up their bit lips, draw in their breath, haud down their heads, and put up their hauns to their chafts, to conceal a suppressed gaunt, and then straughtenin' themsells up, pretend to be hearkenin' to the practical conclusions.

Tickler. And pray, James, what business have you to be making such observations during divine service?

Shepherd. I'm speakin' o' ither years, Mr. Tickler, and human nature's the same noo as in the ninety-eight. As for the auld wives, they lay their big-bonneted heads on their shouther, and fa' ower into a deep sleep at ance; yet you'll never hear a single ane among them committing a snore. I've often wondered at that, for maist o' the cummers hae sonorous noses when lyin' beside the gudeman, and may be heard through a' the house, as regular as clock-wark.

Tickler. Yes, James, the power of the mind over itself in sleep is

ndeed inexplicable. The worthy fat old matron says to herself, as her eyes are closing, "I must not snore in the kirk;" and she snores not —at the most, a sort of snuffle. How is this?

Shepherd. Noo and then you'll see an ill-faured, pock-marked, black-a-viced hizzie in the front laft, opposite the poopit, wha has naething to houp frae our side o' the house, openin' the great muckle ugly mouth o' her, like that o' a bull-trout in Tarrass Moss, as if she ware ettlin to swallow the minister.

North. James—James—spare the softer sex!

Shepherd. But the curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are gettin' drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and, unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin' stillness o' the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'.

North. Your words, James, are like poppy and mandragora.

Shepherd. Then, a'thegither inconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmering een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid noddin upon you, for great part o' ane o' the dizzen divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit lauch at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the soft-rounded chin draps down towards the bonnie bosom; the blue-veined violet eyelids close the twilight whose dewy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin' craddle.

North. My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the facetious, it yet leaves a pleasant impression on my mind of the Sabbath-service in one of our lowly kirks.

Shepherd. Far be it frae me or mine, Mr. North, to treat wi' levity ony sacred subject. But gin folk wull sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in sayin' that they do so? My ain opinion is, that the mair dourly you set yoursell to listen to a no verra bricht discoorse, as if you had taken an oath to devour't frae stoop to roop, the mair certain-sure you are o' fa'n ower into a deep lang sleep. The verra attitude o' leanin' back, and stretchin' out your legs, and fixing your een in ae direction, is a maist dangerous attitude; and then, gin the minister has ony action,—say jooking down his head, or see-sawing wi' his hauns, or leanin' ower as if he wanted to speak wi' the precentor, or keeping his een fixed on the roof, as if there were a hole in't lettin' in the licht o' heaven, or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither,

that the congregation may hae an equal share o' his front physiognomy as weel's his side face,—or staunin' bolt upright in the verra middle o' the poopit, without ever ance movin' ony mair than gin he were a corp set up on end by some cantrip, and lettin' out the dry, dusty, moral apothegms wi' ae continued and monotonous girn—oh! Mr. North, Mr. North, could even an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics, ony mair than the honestest o' men, were the banns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday morning?

North. Yet, after all, James, I believe country congregations are, in general, very attentive.

Shepherd. Ay, ay, sir. If twa are sleepin', ten are wauken; and I seriously think that mair than ae half o' them that's sleepin' enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the heads; and, fa'in asleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense alang wi' them; neither can they be said no to hear an accompanying soun', so that it wadna be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they dinna listen to; for thochts, and ideas, and feelings, keep floatin' doun alang the streams o' silent thocht, and when they awaken at the "Amen," their minds, if no greatly instructed, hae been tranquilleezed; they join loudly in the ensuing psalm, and without remembering mony o' the words, carry hame the feck o' the meaning o' the discoorse, and a' the peculiarities of the doctrine.

North. I never heard a bad sermon in a country church in my life.

Shepherd. Nor me either. Oh, man, it's great nonsense a' that talk about preachin' that gangs on in Embro'. Simplicity, sincerity, and earnestness, are a' I ask frae ony preacher. Our duty is plain, and it requires neither great genius nor great erudition to teach and enforce 't. To me nae mair disgusting sight than a cretur thinkin' o' himsel', and the great appearance he is makin' afore his brother-worms!

Tickler. The popular preacher has written his sermon according to the rules of rhetoric, and for the sake of effect. He chuckles inwardly before he delivers the blow that tells; and at the close of every climax the inward man exclaims, "What a fine boy am I!"

North. He dares some antagonist to the fight who has been dead for a hundred years—digs up such of his bones as are yet unmouldered, and erects them into a skeleton-figure veiled with its cerements. There stands the champion of infidelity; and there the defender of the Faith! Twenty to one—Flesh against Bones—and at the first facer, Hume or Voltaire is grassed, and gives in!

Tickler. The pride of the presbytery is in high condition, and kicks his prostrate foe till the shroud rings again like a bag of bones.

Shepherd. Then, when the kirk scales, what a speerin o' questions about the discoorse! "Oh, was na the doctor great the day?" "Oh!

Mem, was na he beautifu' about the myrrh?" "Will you go, Miss Katie, and hear him speak in the General Assembly?" "He seemed very much fatigued, and perspired most profusely—he is quite equal to Chalmers." And so the vulgar slang spreads along the streets, and renders denner itsel' loathsome. Is this, I ask, the spirit of religious worship on God's holy day?

North. No, James—a thousand times worse than the sleeping you so beautifully described.

Shepherd. Hard-working auld men, wi' white heads, that hae walked four or sax miles to the kirk, may weel close their een, for a short space, during ony discoorse ever delivered by one of woman born—so may their wives, whose hauns have never had an idle hour during the stirring week—so may their sons, who have been sowing, or reaping the harvest—and so may their daughters, God bless them! who have been singing at their domestic toils, frae the earliest glint o' morn to the lustre o' the evening star. But thinkna that I meant to speak the exact truth when I was jokin' about their sleepin' in the kirk. I kent whom I was talkin' to, and that they would na mistake the spirit o' my pictur. A country congregation carries into the House of God heart-offerings o' piety, gratefu' to Him and his angels. They go there to sing his praises, and to join in prayer to his throne, and to hear expounded his Holy Word. They go not thither as to a theatre, to see an actor——

North. Nor to compare Mr. This with Dr. That——

Tickler. Nor to cock the critic eye at the preacher, and palaver about the sermon, as about an article in the Edinburgh Review——

North. Nor to assume a Sabbath-sanctity, from which their week-day avocations are all abhorrent.

Shepherd. Nor to turn up the whites of their eyes to Heaven, that have their natural expression only when devouring the dust o' the earth.

Tickler. Nor to dismiss all charity from their hearts towards "the sitters below another preacher," and to look upon them returning from their own church as so many lost sheep.

North. Nor to drive away home, in unpaid chariots, the most pious of women, but the sulkiest of wives.

Tickler. Nor unforgetful of the cards of yester-night, nor unhopeful of the rubber of to-morrow.

Shepherd. To eat a cold denner, wi' a sour temper, and a face that, under the gloom o' an artificial religion that owns no relation wi' the heart, looks as ugly at forty, as that o' a kintra wife's at threescore.

North. What the deuce is the meaning of all this vituperation?

Shepherd. De'il tak me gin I ken. But I fin' mysel gettin' desperate angry at something or ither, and could abuse maist ony body. Wha was't that introduced the topic o' kirks? I'm sure it wasna me. It was you, Mr. Tickler.

Tickler. Me introduce the top of kirks?

Shepherd. Yes; you said, "What think you of the Theatre—Preaching—Politics—Magazines and Reviews, and the threatened Millennium?" I'll swear to the verra words, as if I had ta'en them down wi' the keelavine.

North. James, don't you think Tickler would have been an admirable preacher?

Shepherd. I canna say; but I could answer for he's being a good precentor.

Tickler. Why not a preacher?

Shepherd. You wadna hae been to be depended on. Your discourses, like your ain figure, wad hae wanted proportion; and as for doctrine, I doubt you wad hae been heterodox. Then, you wad hae been sic a queer-lookin' chiel in the poopit!

Tickler. Don't you think I would have been an admirable Moderator?

Shepherd. You're just best as you are—a gentleman at large. You're scarcely weel adapted for ony profession—except maybe a fizician. You wad hae faun a pulse wi' a true Esculawpian solemnity; and that face o' yours, when you looked glum or grusome, wad hae frichtened families into fees, and held patients down to sick beds, season after season. O man! but you wad hae had gran' practice.

Tickler. I could not have endured the quackery of the thing, Hogg.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue. There's equal quackery in a' things alike. Look at a sodger—that is an offisher—a wavin' wi' white plumes, glitterin' wi' gowd, and ringin' wi' iron—gallopin' on a gray horse, that caves the foam frae its fiery nostrils, wi' a mane o' clouds, and a tail that flows like a cataract; mustaches about the mouth like a devourin' cannibal, and proud fierce een, that seem glowerin' for an enemy into the distant horrison—his long swurd swinging in the scabbard wi' a fearsome clatter aneath Bellerophon's belly—and his doup dunshin' down among the spats o' a teeger's skin, or that o' a leopard —till the sound o' a trumpet gangs up to the sky, answered by the rampaugin' Arabs, "ha, ha"—and a' the stopped street stares on the aid-de-camp o' the stawf, writers'-clerks, bakers, butchers, and printers' deevils, a' wushin' they were sodgers—and leddies frae balconies where they sit shooin' silk-purses in the sunshine, start up, and wi palpitatin' hearts, send looks o' love and languishment after the Flyin' Dragon.

North. Mercy on us, James, you are a perfect Tyrtæus.

Shepherd. O! wad you believe't—but it's true that at school that symbol o' extermination was ca'd Fozie Tam?

North. Spare us, James—spare us. The pain in our side returns.

Shepherd. Every callant in the class could gie him his licks; and

I recollec ance a lassie gi'en him a bloody nose. He durstna gang into the dookin aboon his doup, for fear o' drownin', and even then wi' seggs; and as for speelin' trees, he never ventured aboon the rotten branches o' a Scotch fir. He was feared for ghosts, and wadna sleep in a room by himsell; and ance on a Halloween, he swarfed at the apparition o' a lowin' turnip. But noo he's a warrior and fought at Waterloo. Yes—Fozie Tam wears a medal, for he overthrew Napoleon. Ca' ye na that quackery, wi' a vengeance?

North. Why, James, you do not mean surely thus to characterize the British soldier?

Shepherd. No. The British army, drawn up in order o' battle, seems to me an earthly image of the power of the right hand of God. But still what I said was true, and nae ither name had he at school but Fozie Tam.* Oh, sirs, when I see what creturs like him can do, I could greet that I'm no a sodger.

Tickler. What the deuce can they do, that you or I, James, cannot do as well, or better?

Shepherd. I wonder to hear you askin'. Let you or me gang into a public room at ae door, amang a hunder bonnie lasses, and Fozie Tam in full uniform at anither, and every star in the firmament will shine on him alone—no a glint for ane o' us twa—no a smile or a syllable—we can only see the back o' their necks.

Tickler. And bare enough they probably are, James.

Shepherd. Nae great harm in that, Mr. Tickler, for a bonny bare neck can do naebody ill, and to me has aye rather the look o' innocence; but maun a poet, or orator——

Tickler. Be neglected on account of Fozie Tam?

Shepherd. And by mony o' the verra same creturs that at a great leeterary sooper the nicht afore were sae affable and sae flatterin', askin' me to receet my ain verses, and sing my ain sangs,—drinkin' the health o' the Author of the Queen's Wake in toddy out o' his ain tumbler—shakin' hauns at partin', and in the confusion at the foot o' the stairs, puttin' their faces sae near mine, that their sweet warm breath was maist like a faint, doubtfu' kiss, dirlin' to ane's verra heart; and after a' this, and mair than this, only think o' being clean forgotten, overlooked, or despised for the sake o' Fozie Tam!

Tickler. We may have our revenge. Wait till you find him in plain clothes—on half-pay James, or sold out—and then, like Romeo, when the play is over, and the satin breeches off, he walks behind the scenes, no better than a tavern-waiter, or a man-milliner's apprentice.

Shepherd. There's some comfort in that, undoubtedly. Still I wish I had been a "soldier in my youth." I wadna care sae muckle

* *Fozie Tam*—soft Tom.—M.

about shoemakers; but let even a tailor enlist, and nae sooner has he got a feather on his head, than he can whussle out the proudest lass in the village.

North. Somewhat too much of this. None of us, perhaps, have had any great reason to complain—and really, at our time of life——

Tickler. Agreed. You were at the Professional Concert, James, 'other night, I think?

Shepherd. Faith, no. Catch me at a Professional Concert again, and I'll gie a sooper to the whole orchestra.

Tickler. These fiddlers carry things with a very high hand indeed, and the amateurs, as they call themselves, are even more insufferable There they go off at score, every wrist wriggling in some wretched concerto, and the face of every scraper on catgut as intent on the miscreated noise, as if not only his own and his family's subsistence depended on it, but also their eternal salvation!

Shepherd. And they ca' that music! It may be sae to them, for there's nae sayin' what a man's lugs may be brought to by evil education—but look at the puir audience, and the hardest heart maun pity them, for they're in great pain, and wad fain be out; but that maunna be—they maun sit still there on the verra same bit o' the hard bench—without speakin' or even whisperin' for twa—three—four hours—the room het and close—not a drap o' ony thing to drink—nae air but the flirt o' a fan—the cursed concertos gettin' louder and louder—the fiddlers' faces mair intolerably impudent the stronger they strum——

North. Concerts are curses, certainly. The noise made at them by persons on fiddles, and other instruments, ought to be put down by the public. Let Yaniewicz, and Finlay Dun, and Murray,* play solos of various kinds—divine airs of the great old masters, illustrious or obscure—airs that may lap the soul in Elysium. Let them also, at times, join their eloquent violins, and harmoniously discourse in a celestial colloquy: they are men of taste, feeling, and genius. Let the fine-eared spirits of Italy, and Germany, and Scotland, enthrall our——

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, Mr. North, you're gettin' ower flowery. What I say's this—that, wi' the exception o' some dizzen, ae half o' whom are mere priggish pretenders, every ither leevin' soul at a concert sits in a state o' sulky stupefaction. And to pay five shillings, or seven, or aiblins half a guinea, for tickets to be admitted, for a long winter's nicht, into purgatory—or without offence, say at ance, into hell!

Tickler. The fiddling junto should be kicked to the devil. Let the public absent herself from such concerts, and then we may have

* Musicians then residing in Edinburgh.—M.

music—but not till then. The performers must be starved out of their insolent self-sufficiency. Nothing else will do.

North. We deserve it. We must needs be Athenians in *all* things; and, in fear of being reckoned unscientific, hundreds of people, not generally esteemed as idiots, will crowd to a concert, at which they know, that before they have sat half an hour, they will most devoutly desire that fiddles had never been found out, and the arm of every fiddler palsied beyond the power of future torments.

Shepherd. Why dinna ye gie them a dressin' in the Magazine?

North. Perhaps, James, they are beneath print——

Shepherd. Na, na; gie them a skelp or twa—for they're as sensitive as skinned paddocks.

North. I must have some talk with my friend Sandy Ballantyne,* with whom, by the by, I have not smoked a cigar for some moons bygone, for he knows I love music, and that I could sit from sunset to sunrise beneath the power of his matchless violin. But says I, my dear Sandy—my dear Sandy, says I——

Shepherd. You may just as well at ance haud your tongue, as to speak to him, or the like o' him, on the subject. He's far ower gran' a sceeantific player to mind ae word that you say; and him, and George Thamson, and George Hogarth,† and the lave o' the yamatoors, will just lauch at ye as an ignoramus, that kens naething o' acowstics, or the dooble-dooble-baiss, or Batehooven, or Mowsart, or that Carle Weber.

Tickler. I have better hopes, James. The feeling, taste, knowledge of the majority must be consulted. Science must not be sacrificed, for without science what would be a concert? But whenever five hundred human beings are collected in one room, not for punishment but enjoyment, they are entitled, on the score of their humanity, to some small portion of pleasure, and none but directors, with black hearts, will consign them all up to unmitigated torments. I am confident, therefore, that Mr. Alexander Ballantyne——

Shepherd. He'll cry "whish," if you sae much as whisper, and wull rouse to the skies thae cursed concert-chiels in the orchestra coming out wi' a crash that crushes in the drums o' your lugs, pierces the verra ceiling, and dumfounders the understanding by a confused noise o' naethingness, frae which a' sense is banished; and that has nae mair

* Alexander Ballantyne was the third of the brothers with whom, by early friendship, Walter Scott became deeply involved. He was a fine musician, played admirably on the flageolet, and (says Lockhart) was a most amiable and modest man, never connected with Scott in any business matters, but always much his favorite in private.—M.

† George Thompson, for whom Burns wrote many of his finest songs—receiving for sixty-three of them the magnificent sum of £10, in two payments!—was a good musician, and lived more than half a century after Burns' death. George Hogarth was a writer of the Signet, in Edinburgh, in 1826, but has long quitted law for letters, and is musical critic upon one of the London daily journals. He has written a History of Music. The wife of James Ballantyne was his sister, and one of his daughters is married to Charles Dickens.—M.

claim to be ca'd music than the routin' o' ten thousand kye at Fakirk Tryst.

North. It is many years, James, since I have been so much pleased with any one's singing as with Miss Noel's. She is a sweet, gentle, modest creature, and her pipe has both power and pathos.

Shepherd. She's just ane o' the verra best singers I ever heard in a' my life—and the proof o't is, that although an English lassie, she can sing sweetly a Scottish sang. That tries the heart at ance, you see, Mr. North; and unless the singer be innocent and amiable and fu' o' natural sensibility, such as a father wad like in his ain dochter, she needna try ane o' our lyrics. Here's Miss Noel's health,* and a' that's gude to her!

North. Vocal music, James, when good, how divine! Your own fair young daughter sitting with her arm on your knee, and looking up in her old father's face, while her innocent lips distil sounds that melt into his yearning heart, and her blue eyes fill with happy tears under the pensive charm of her own melody!

Shepherd. I canna conceive a purer happiness. O man, Mr. North, my dear sir, why dinna, why wunna ye marry? You that are sae familiar in imagination wi' the hail range o' a' pawrents' thochts and feelings. Oh! why, why sudna ye marry?

North. James—look on this crutch—that slit shoe—these chalk-stoned fingers—hear that short cat-cough——

Shepherd. Deil the fears. Mony a young woman wad loup at the offer. Ye hae that in your ee, sir, that takes a woman's heart. And then, Fame, Fame, Fame—that's the idol they worship upon their knees; witness the Duke o' Wellington and mony ithers.

North. It would kill me quite to be refused.

Shepherd. Refused! There's no a woman, either maid or widow, in a' Scotland, that's reached the years o' understandin', that wad refuse you. The world wad think her mad. I ken mair than a dizzen, no out o' their teens yet, that's dyin' for you. Isna that true, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. True! Ay, true as Waterton on the Cayman. But North is vain enough already of his empiry over the fair sex—too much so, indeed, I fear, ever to confine himself within the narrow limits of the conjugal state. He is like the air, "a chartered libertine."

Shepherd. Think shame o' yousel', Mr. Tickler. That never was Mr. North's character, even in lusty youth-head. Ma faith, he was ower muckle o' a man. Open bosoms werena the treasures he coveted—in his estimation no worth the riflin'. He has had, beyond a' doubt, his ain dear, secret, sighin', and sabbin' hours, when there were nae starnies in heaven, but when twa lampin' e'en, far mair beautifu'

* Miss Noel was a favorite vocalist in Edinburgh. She married, and became a popular teacher of music and singing.—M.

than them, were close upon him, wi' their large liquid lustre, till his gazing soul owerflowed with unendurable bliss. When——

North. Good heavens, James, remember, those secrets were confided to you at the Confessional!

Shepherd. They are as safe as gin they were my ain, Mr. North. How's the Ludge lookin' this spring?

North. In great beauty. The garden-wall you abused so three years ago is now one blush of blossoms. What you called the "wee pookit shrubs," now form a balmy wilderness, populous with bees and birds; all the gravel-walks are now overshadowed with the cool dimness of perpetual twilight. Ten yards off you cannot see the house—only its rounded chimneys; and indeed, on a chosen day of cloudless sunshine, yet unsultry air, you might imagine yourself beneath the skies of Italy, and in the neighborhood of Rome.

Tickler. Of Modern Athens, if you please, sir.

Shepherd. Just o' Auld Reekie, gin you like. Are the Fife hens layin'?

North. Yes, James—and Tapitoury is sitting.

Shepherd. That's richt. Weel, o' a' the hou-touddies I ever ate, yon species is the maist truly gigantic. I could hae ta'en my Bible-oath that they were turkeys. Then I thocht, "surely they maun be capons;" but when I howked into the inside o' ane o' them, and brought out a spoonful o' yellow eggs, frae the size o' a pepper-corn to that o' a boy's bools, and up to the bulk o' a ba' o' thread, thinks I to mysel, "sure aneuch they are hens," and close upon the layin'. Maist a pity to kill them!

North. James, you shall have a dozen eggs to set, and future ages will wonder at the poultry of the Forest. Did you ever see a caper-cailzie?

Shepherd. Never. They have been extinct in Scotland for fifty years.* But the truth is, Mr. North, that all domesticated fowl would live brawly if turned out into the wilds and woods. They might lose in size, but they would gain in sweetness—a wild sweetness—caught frae leaves and heather-berries, and the products o' desert places, that are blooming like the rose. A tame turkey wad be a wild ane in sax months; and oh, sir! it wad be gran' sport to see and hear a great big bubbly-jock gettin' on the wing in a wood, wi' a loud gobble, gobble, gobble, redder than ordinar in the face, and the ugly feet o' him danglin' aneath his heavy hinder-end, till the hail brought him down with a thud and a squelch amang the astonished pointers!

North. I have not taken a game certificate this year, James. Indeed—

* In 1826, the capercailzie (or great cock of the wood) was extinct in Scotland. Of late years, however, the species has been re-introduced from Norway, at much cost, by several of the wealthy Scottish landlords, and there is little cause to fear now that it will again be suffered to die out.—M.

Shepherd. You're just becomin' perfectly useless a'thegether, Mr. North; and then look at the Magazine—you would seem no to hae ta'en out a game certificate there either—and there are poachers on the manor.

North. I never cut up any body now-a-days; for old age, James, like an intimate knowledge of the Fine Arts—"*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*"

Shepherd. You're far ower good-natured, Mr. North; and the corbies, thinkin' there's nae gun about the house, or, at least, nae powther and lead, are beginnin' to come croakin' close in upon the premises wi' their ugly thrapples, the foul carrion! You should lay brown bess ower the garden-dyke, and send the hail into their brains for them, and then hing the brutes up by the heels frae a stab, wi' their bloody beaks downmost, till a' the tribe keep aloof in their dark neuks frae the smell o' kindred corruption; or gin you wad only gie me the gun—

North. Poo—poo—James—the vermin murder one another; and nothing you know is more common than to come upon a poor emaciated dying devil in a ditch, surrounded by birds of the same nest, who keep hopping about at some little distance, narrowing and narrowing the circle, as the croak of the carrion gets more hoarse and husky, till they close in upon the famished fowl in his last blindness, making prey of a carcass that is hardly worth tearing in pieces, a fleshless bundle of fetid feathers, here and there bedabbled with thin blood, changed almost into water by that alchemist—Hunger.

Tickler. Were the hares numerous in the Forest last season, James?

Shepherd. Just atween the twa. I gripped about a hunder and forty wi' the grews. I never recollec them rin stronger—perfec' witches and warlocks. What for cam ye never out?

Tickler. I have given up the sports of the field too, James—even angling itself.

Shepherd. Weel, I get fonder and fonder o' grewin' every season. My heart loups when Poossie starts frae the rashes wi' her lang horn-like lugs and crooked fud, the slut, and before she sees the dowgs, keeps ganging rather leisurely up the knowe—till catching a glimpse o' Claverse, doon drap her lugs a' at ance, and laying her belly to the brae, awa' she flees, Claverse turning her a thousand times, till, wi' a desperate spang, he flings himsel on her open-mouthed; a caterwaulin as o' weans greetin' for sook at midnight, and then a's husht, and puir Poossie dead as a herring.

North. You seem melancholy, Tickler—a penny for your thoughts.

Tickler. I am depressed under the weight of an unwritten article. That everlasting Magazine of yours embitters my existence. O, that there were but one month in the year without a Blackwood!

Shepherd. Or rather a year in ane's life without it, that a body micht hae leisure to prepare for anither warld. Hoo the Numbers

accumulate on the shelve o' ane's leebrary! I begin to think they breed. Then a dozen or twa are maistly lyin' on the drawers-head —twice as mony mair in the neuks o' rooms, up and down stairs; the servants get haud o' them in the kitchen, and ye canna open the press to take a dram, but there's the face o' Geordy Buchanan.*

Tickler. My dear Shepherd, you are a happy man in the Forest, beyond the clutches and the clack of an Editor. But here am I worried to death by devils, from the tenth to the twentieth of every month. I wish I was dead.

Shepherd. You dinna wush ony such thing, Mr. Tickler. That appeteet o' yours is worth five thousan' a-year. O man! it would be a sair pity to die wi' sic an appeteet! Tell me about the Haggis-Feast.

Tickler. A dozen of us entered our Haggises for a sweepstakes—and the match was decided at worthy Mrs. Ferguson's, High Street. My Haggis (they were all made, either by our wives or cooks, at our respective places of abode) ran second to Meg Dods's. The Director General's (which was what sporting men would have called a roarer) came in third—none of the others were placed.

Shepherd. Did ony accident happen amang the Haggises? I see by your face that ane at least amang the dizzen played the deevil. I recollec' ance the awfu'est scene wi' a Haggis, in auld Mr. Laidlaw's house. It was a great muckle big ane, answering to Robert Burns's description, wi' its hurdies like twa distant hills, and occupied the centre o' the table, round whilk sat a score o' lads and lasses. The auld man had shut his een to ask a blessing, when some evil speerit put it into my head to gie the bag a slit wi' my gulley. Like water on the breakin' o' a dam, out rushed, in an instantawneous overflow, the inside o' the great chieftain o' the Pudding race, and the women-folk brak out into sic a shriek, that the master thocht somebody had drapped down dead. Meanwhile, its contents didna stop at the edge o' the table, but gaed ower wi' a sclutter upon the lads' breeks and the lasses' petticoats, burnin' the wearers to the bane; for what's better than a Haggis?

Tickler. Nothing on this side of the grave.

Shepherd. What a skirlin'! And then a' the colleys began yelpin' and youffin', for some o' them had their tauted hips scalded, and ithers o' them could na see for the stew that was rinnin' down their chafts. Glee'd Shooshy Dagleish fell a'her length in the thickest part o'the inundation, wi' lang Tommy Potts aboon her, and we thocht they would never hae found their feet again, for the floor was as sliddery as ice—and——

North. Now, James, were you to write that down, and give it to the world in a book, it would be called coarse.

Shepherd. Nae doubt. Every thing nat'ral, and easy, and true, is

* A medallion portrait of George Buchanan, the Scottish historian and sage, has embellished the cover of Blackwood *ab initio*.—M.

ca'd coorse—as I think I hae observed afore too in this verra room; and what has been the consequence o' sic puling criticism? Wishy-washy water-colors, sae faint that you canna tell a tree frae a tether, or a doug frae a soo, or a fish frae a fule, or a man frae a woman. Why, Mr. North, I'd lay my lugs, that gin our conversation here were a' taen doon in short hand, and prented in the Magazine, there wadna be wantin' puir cheepin' fuizenless creturs to ca't coorse.

North. Theocritus has been blamed, James, on the same score.

Shepherd. The Allan Ramsay o' Sicily, as I hae heard; and the best pastoral poet o' the ancient warld. Thank God, Mr. North, the fresh airs o' heaven blaw through your shepherd's hut, and purify it frae a' pollution. Things hae really come to a queer pass when towns' bodies, leevin' in shops and cellars, and garrets and common stairs, and lanes and streets that, wi' a' their fine gas lamp-posts, are pestilential wi' filth and foulzie; and infested wi' lean, mangy dowgs, ruggin' out stinkin' banes frae the sewers; and wi' auld wives, like broken-backed witches, that are little mair than bundles o' movin' rags, clautin' amang the bakiefu's o' ashes; and wi' squads o' routin' or spewin' bullies o' chiels, staggerin' hame frae tripe-soopers, to the disturbance o' the flaes in their yellow-tinged-lookin' blankets; and wi' anes, and twas, and threes, o' what's far waur than a' these, great lang-legged, tawdry, and tawpy limmers, standin' at closes, wi' mouths red wi' paint, and stinkin' o' gin like the bungs o' speerit-casks, when the speerit has been years in the wudd; while far and wide ower the city (I'm speakin' o' the Auld Town) you hear a hellish howl o' thieves and prostitutes carousin' on red herrings and distillery whusky, deep down in dungeons aneath the verra stanes o' the street; and faint far-aff echoes o' fechts wi' watchmen, and cries o' "murder, murder—fire, fire," drowned in the fiercer hubbub o' curses, endin' in shouts o' deevilish lauchter—I say—what was I gaun to say, sir? something about the peace and pleasantness o' Mount Benger, was't no? and o' the harmless life and conversation o' us shepherds amang the braes, and within the murmurs o' the sheepwashing Yarrow?

North. I hope it was so—for that dark picture needs relief.

Shepherd. And it shall hae relief. Wad it no be relief to rise, at Mount Benger, just a wee bit dim, dewy half-hour afore the sun; and when a' the household were yet asleep in the heaven o' mornin' dreams, to dauner awa' down to the soun' o' the waterfa', that ye skently see glimmerin' in the uncertain twilight?

North. And so leap in upon the Naiad before she has braided her tresses, or arranged the cerulean folds of her flowing cymar.

Shepherd. Wad it no be relief to see green glittering Nature becoming distincter and distincter, far and wide ower the vale and braes, and hills and mountains, till ere you can finish the unpremeditated prayer that God's beautiful creation has breathed into your heart, Earth and

Heaven are in broad daylight, and, solemn thocht! anither morning is added to the span of man's mortal years?

Tickler. O rus!

Shepherd. A' the larks are awa' up wi' their sangs to heaven—a' the linties are low down in the broom wi' theirs—sic is the variety o' instinct among the bonny creturs that live in nests! And the trouts are loupin' in the water, and the lambs are rinnin' races on the braes and gin I were there to see, perhaps the wild swan is amang the water-lilies of St. Mary's Loch, or say rather the Loch o' the Lowes, for that is a lonelier water, and farther up amang the shadows o' the hills.

North. A morning landscape, by Claude Lorraine!

Shepherd. Returnin' back hame, the wife and the weans are a' at the door; and isna my wee Jamie a fine fellow, wi' his licht-blue cunnin' een, and that bashfu' lovin' lauch, when he sees his father, and that saft and low forest voice, that gars me, every time I see the blessed face o' him, thank God for his goodness, and my heart overflow wi' what is surely happiness, if there be sic a thing as happiness on this inexplicable earth?

Tickler. Here's your fireside, James—your porch—the rooftree. North, fill a bumper. (*Three times three.*)

North. You once were so good as to flatter me by saying that I ought to go into parliament. Now, James, if you wish it, I will bring you in.

Shepherd. I haena the least ambition. Sae far frae envyin' the glory o' the orators in that House, I wudna swap ane o' my ain bit wee sangs wi' the langest-wunded speech that has been "hear'd, hear'd," this session.

Tickler. James, let us have Meg of Marley.

MEG O' MARLEY.

1.

O ken ye Meg o' Marley glen,
The bonny blue-ee'd deary?
She's play'd the deil amang the men,
An' a' the land's grown eiry;
She's stown the Bangor frae the clerk,
An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't;
The minister's fa'en through the text,
And Meg gets a' the blame o't.

2.

The plowman plows without the sock,
The goadman whistles sparly,
The shepherd pines amang his flock,
And turns his ee to Marley;

The tailor's fa'en out-ower the bed,
The cobbler ca's a parley,
The weaver's fa'en out-through the web;
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

3.

What's to be done? for our goodman
Is flyting late an' early:
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to ferly.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe,
O light his torches warly,
At the bright ee an' blithesome brow
Of bonny Meg o' Marley.

North. A simple matter—but well worth Joseph Hume's four hours' speech, and forty-seven resolutions.

(*Clock strikes ten—folding doors fly open, and the* Tria Lumina Scotorum *sit down to supper.*)

No. XXVII.—JULY, 1826.

SCENE—*Buchanan Lodge—Porch.*

Time—Afternoon.

NORTH, TICKLER, SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. What a changed warld, sirs, since that April forenoon we druve doun to the Lodge in a cotch! I cu'dna but pity the puir Spring.

Tickler. Not a primrose to salute his feet that shivered in the snow-wreath.

North. Not a lark to hymn his advent in the uncertain sunshine.

Shepherd. No a bit butterflee on its silent waver, meeting the murmur of the straightforward bee.

Tickler. In vain Spring sought his Flora, in haunts beloved of old, on the bank of the shaded rivulet—

North. Or in nooks among the rocky mountains—

Shepherd. Or oases among the heather—

Tickler. Or parterres of grove-guarded gardens—

North. Or within the shadow of veranda—

Shepherd. Or forest glade, where move the antlers of the unhunted red-deer. In siccan bonny spats hae I often seen the Spring, like a doubtfu' glimmer o' sunshine, appearing and disappearing frae amang the birk trees, twenty times in the course o' an April day. But, oh! sirs, you was just a maist detestable forenoon—and as for the hackney cotch—

Tickler. The meanest of miseries!

Shepherd. It's waur than sleepin' in damp sheets. You haena sat twa hunder yards till your breeks are glued to the clammy seat, that fin's saft and hard aneath you, at ane and the same time, in a maist unaccountable manner. The auld, cracked, stained, faded, tarnished, red leather lining stinks like a tan-yard. Gin you want to let down the window, or pu't up, it's a' alike; you keep ruggin' at the lang slobbery worsted till it cums aff wi' a tear in your haun', and leaves you at the mercy o' wind and weather. Then what a sharp and continual rattle o' wheels! far waur than a cart; intolerable aneuch ower the macadam, but, Lord hae mercy on us, when you're on the cause-

way! you could swear the wheels are o' different sizes; up wi' the tae side, down wi' the tither, sae that nae man can be sufficiently sober to keep his balance. Puch! puch! what dung-like straw aneath your soles; and as for the roof, sae laigh, that you canna keep on your hat, or it'll be dunshed down atower your ee-brees; then, if there's sax or eight o' you in ae fare—

Tickler. Why don't you keep your own carriage, James?

Shepherd. So I do—a gig—but when I happen to foregather wi sic scrubs as you, that grudge the expense o' a yeckipage o' their ain, I maun submit to a glass-cotch and a' its abominations.

North. How do you like that punch, James?

Shepherd. It's rather ower sair iced, I jalousa, and will be apt to gie ane the toothache; but it has a gran' taste, and a maist seducin' smell. Oh! man, that's a bonny ladle! and you hae a nice way o' steerin'! Only half-fu', if you please, sir, for thae wine-glasses are perfec tummlers, and though the drink seems to be, when you are preein't, as innocent as the dew o' lauchin' lassy's lip, yet it's just as dangerous, and leads insensibly on, by littles and wees, to a state o' unconscious intoxication.

Tickler. I never saw you the worse of liquor in my life, James.

Shepherd. Nor me you.

North. None but your sober men ever get drunk.

Shepherd. I've observed that many a thousan' times; just as nane but your excessively healthy men ever die. Whene'er I hear in the kintra o' ony man's being killed aff his horse, I ken at ance that he's a sober coof, that's been getting himsel drunk at Selkirk or Hawick, and sweein' aff at a sharp turn ower the bank, he has played wallop into the water, or is aiblins been fun' lyin' in the middle o' the road, wi' his neck dislocate, the doctors canna tell hoo; or ayont the wa' wi' his harns stickin' on the coupin-stane.

North. Or foot in stirrup, and face trailing the pebbly mire, swept homewards by a spanking half-bred, and disentangled at the door by shriek and candle-light.

Shepherd. Had he been in the habit o' takin' his glass like a Christian, he wad hae ridden like a Centaur; and instead o' havin' been brought hame a corp, he would hae been staggerin' gaen steady into the parlor, wi' a' the weans ruggin' at his pouches for fairin's, and his wife half angry, half pleased, helping him tidily and tenderly aff wi' his big boots; and then by and by mixin him the bowster cup—and then—

Tickler. Your sober man, on every public occasion of festivity, is uniformly seen, soon after "the Duke of York and the Army," led off between two waiters, with his face as white as the table-cloth, eyes upwards, and a ghastly smile about his gaping mouth, that seems to threaten unutterable things before he reach the lobby.

North. He turns round his head at the three times three, with a loyal hiccup, and is borne off a speechless martyr to the cause of the Hanoverian Succession.

Shepherd. I wad rather get fou five hunder times in an ordinar way like, than ance to expose myself sae afore my fellow-citizens. Yet, meet my gentleman next forenoon in the Parliament House, or in a bookseller's shop, or in Prince's Street, arm in arm wi' a minister, and he hauds up his face as if naething had happened, speaks o' the pleasant party, expresses his regret at having been obliged to leave it so soon, at the call of a client, and ten to ane denounces you to his cronies for a drunkard, who exposes himself in company, and is getting constantly into scrapes that promise a fatal termination.

North. Hush! the minstrels!

Shepherd. Maist delightful music! O, sir, hoo it sweetens, and strengthens, and merrifies as it comes up the avenue! Are they foreigners?

North. An itinerant family of Savoyards.

Shepherd. Look at them—look at them! What an outlandish, toosey-headed, wee sunbrunt deevil o' a lassie that, playin' her antics, heel and head, wi' the tambourine: Yon's a darlin' wi' her thoom coquet coquettin' on the guitaur, and makin' music without kennin't—a' the while she is curtshyin', and singin' wi' lauchin' rosy mouth, and then blushin' because we're glowerin' on her, and lettin' fa' her big black een on the grun', as if a body were askin' for a kiss! That maun be her younger sister, as dark as a gypsy, that hafflins lassie wi' the buddin' breast, her that's tinklin' on the triangle that surely maun be o' silver, sae dewy sweet the soun'! Safe us, only look at the auld man and his wife! There's mony a comical auld woman in Scotland, especially in the Heelans, but I never saw the match o' that ane. She maun be mony hunder year auld, and yet her petticoat's as short as a play-actress dancin' on the stage. Gude legs too—thin ankles, and a thick calve—girl, wife, and witch a' in ane, and only think o't—playin' on a base drum! Savyaurds! It'll be a mountainous kintra theirs—for sic a lang-backed, short-thee'd, sinewy and muscular, hap-and-stap jump o' a bouncin' body as that man o' hers, wi' the swarthy face and head harlequinaddin' on the Pan's-pipes, could never hae been bred and born on a flat. But whish—whish—they're beginning to play something pathetic!

Tickler. Music is the universal language.

Shepherd. It's a lament that the puir wandering creturs are singin' and playin' about their native land. I wush I may hae ony change in my pocket—

Tickler. They are as happy in their own way as we are in ours, my dear James. May they find their mountain cottage unharmed by wind or weather on their return, and let us join our little subscription—

Shepherd. There's a five shillin' crown-piece for mine.

North. And mine.

Tickler. And mine.

Shepherd. I'll gee't to them. (*Shepherd leaps out.*) There, my bonny bloomin' brunette with the raven hair, that are just perfectly beautifu', wanderin' wi' your melody hameless but happy, and may nae hand untie its snood till your bridal night in the hut on the hill, when the evening marriage dance and song are hushed and silent, and love and innocence in their lawfu' delight lie in each other's arms. If your sweetheart's a shepherd, so am I—

Tickler. Hallo, Hogg,—no whispering. Here, give each of them a tumbler of punch, and God be with the joyous Savoyards.

Shepherd. Did you see, sirs, hoo desperate thirsty they a' were—nae wonner, singin' frae morn to night a' up and down the dusty streets and squares. Yet they askt for naething, contented creturs! Hear till them singin' awa down the avenue, "God save the King," in compliment to us and our country. A weel-timed interlude this, Mr. North, and it has putten me in a gran' mood for a sang.

North and Tickler. A song—a song—a song!

Shepherd (*sings*).

SONG—MY BONNY MARY.

Where Yarrow rowes amang the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A blithe young Shepherd fed his flocks
Unused to branglement or din.
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast so brisk an' airy,
And his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sung of bonny Mary.

"O Mary, thou'rt sae mild an' sweet,
My very being clings about thee,
This heart wad rather cease to beat;
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.
I see thee in the evening beam,
A radiant glorious apparition;
I see thee in the midnight dream,
By the dim light of heavenly vision.

"When over Benger's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
I climb the mountain's velvet side,
For quiet rest I get nae ony.
How sweet the brow on Brownhill cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry!
For there I see the twisted reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary.

"When Phœbus mounts outower the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily,
When morn has breathed its fragrance pure,
An' life an' joy ring through the valley,
I drive my flocks to yonder brook,
The feeble in my arms I carry,
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary.

"Oft has the lark sung o'er my head,
And shook the dew-draps frae her wing,
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
And round their shepherd form'd a ring.
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd an' canna vary,
Aye turning down the westlan brae,
Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary.

"When gloaming o'er the welkin steals,
And haps the hills in solemn gray,
And bitterns, in their airy wheels,
Amuse the wanderer on his way;
Regardless of the wind or rain,
With cautious step and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen,
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary.

"When midnight draws her curtain deep,
And lays the breeze amang the bushes,
And Yarrow, in her sounding sweep,
By rocks and ruins raves and rushes;
Then, sunk in short and restless sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary.

"The exile may forget his home,
Where blooming youth to manhood grew,
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary."

Tickler. Equal to any thing of Burns'.

North. Not a better in all George Thompson's collection. Thank ye, James—God bless you, James—give me your hand—you're a most admirable fellow—and there's no end to your genius.

Shepherd. A man may be sair mista'en about mony things—such as yepics, and tragedies, and tales, and even lang-set elegies about the death o' great public characters, and hymns, and odds, and the like—

but he canna be mista'en about a sang. As soon's it's doon on the sclate, I ken whether it's gude, bad, or meddlin'—if ony o' the twa last, I dight it out wi' my elbow—if the first, I copy't ower into write, and then get it aff by heart, when it's as sure o' no being lost as if it were engraven on a brass-plate; for though I hae a treacherous memory about things in ordinar, a' my happy sangs will cleave to my heart till my dying day, and I shouldna wonder gin I was to croon a verse or twa frae some o' them on my death-bed.

North. Once more we thank you, my dear James. There, the chill is quite gone—and I think I have been almost as happy in this bowl as you have been in your inimitable lyric.

Tickler. What think you, Kit, of the Rev. Cæsar Malan?*

North. What think you, Timothy, of his audience?

Shepherd. A French sermon in a chapel in Rose Street o' Embro' for purchasing the freedom o' a black wench in the West Indies! He maun hae been a man o' genius that first started the idea, for it's a'thegither out o' the ordinary course o' nature. Was you there, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. I was—but you will pardon me, James, when I tell you how it happened. I was going to order a cheese at Mrs. M'Alpine's shop, when I found myself unexpectedly walking in a hurried procession. Being in a somewhat passive mood, for the cheese had been a mere passing thought, I sailed along with the stream, and ere long found myself sitting in a pew between two very good-looking middle-aged women, in Dunstable bonnets, streaming with ribbons, and tastily enveloped in half-withdrawn green veils, that on either side descended to my shoulder.

Shepherd. Mr. North, did you ever ken ony chiel fa' on his feet at a' times like Mr. Tickler? He never gangs out to walk in the Meadows, or down to Leith, or roun the Calton, or up Arthur's Seat, or out-bye yonder to Duddistone, but he is sure to foregather, as if by appointment, wi' some bonny leddy, wha cleeks his arm wi' little pressin', and then walks off wi' him, looking up and laughing sae sweetly in his face, and takin' half-a-dizzen wee bit triflin' fairy steps to ane o' his lang strides, till they disappear ayont the horizon.

North. But let us hear about Cæsar Malan and the negro wench.

Shepherd. It's the same way wi' him in the kintra—at kirk or market. The women folk a' crowd round him like fascinated creatures——

North. Whom are you speaking of, James?—the Rev. Cæsar Malan?

Shepherd. Na, na—the Rev. Timothy Tickler, wha'll preach a better sermon than ony Genevese Frenchman that ever snivelled.

Tickler. Cæsar, to my astonishment, began to speak French, and then I remembered the advertisement. I whispered to the Dunstable

* A Lutheran clergyman from Switzerland.—M.

Dianas, that they must be my interpreters—but they confessed themselves ignorant of the Gallic tongue.

Shepherd. No ane in ten, ay twenty—forty—were able to make him out, tak my word for't. It's a very different thing parleyvouing about the weather, and following out a discourse frae the poopit in a strange tongue. But I'm thinking Mr. Malan 'll be a gude-looking fallow, wi' a heigh nose and gleg een, and a saft insinuatin' manner.

Tickler. A gentlemanly-looking man enough, James, and even something of an orator, though rather wishy-washy.

Shepherd. And then, och, och! the shamefu' absurdity o' the subjec! Thousans and thousans o' our ain white brithers and sisters literally starving in every manufacturin' toon in Scotland, and a Frenchman o' the name o' Cæsar colleckin platefu's o' siller, I'se warrant, to be sent aff to the Wast Indies, to buy an abstract idea for an ugly black wench, wha suckles her weans out ower her shouther!

North. Why, James, that is the custom of the country.

Shepherd. And an ugly custom it is, and maist disgustfu'; at least when you compare't wi' the bosoms o' our ain nursing matrons.

North. An odd reason, James, for charity——

Shepherd. Nae odd reason at a', Mr. North. I mainteen, that at the present creesis, when thousands o' bonny white callans are tining the roses out o' their cheeks for verra hunger—and thousands o' growin' lasses sittin' disconsolate wi' cames sae trig in their silken hair, although they hae been obliged to sell their claes to buy bread for their parents—and thousands o' married women, that greet when they look on their unemployed and starving husbands—I mainteen, Mr. North, that under such affecting, distressing circumstances o' our ain hame condition, the he, or the she, or the it, that troubles their head about Wast India Niggers, and gangs to glower like a gawpus at a Gallic gull-grupper gollaring out geggery about some grewsome black doudy—stinking amang her piccaninnies——

Tickler. I plead guilty, James.

Shepherd. Were there nae white slaves, sir, about the door-cheek, haudin' out their hauns for an awmous? Nae sickly auld widows, wi' baskets aneath their arms, pretendin' to be selling tape, and thread, and chap ballads, or religious tracts, but, in truth, appealin' wi' silent looks to the charity o' the ingoers and outcomers, a' gossipin' about the Reverend Mr. Cæsar Malan?

North. What! are there slaves in Scotland, James?

Shepherd. Ay—ae half o' mankind, sir, are slaves a' ower the face o' the earth. I'm no gaun to blether about the Wast Indian question to a man like you, Mr. North, wha kens a' the ins and the outs o't, better than ony abolitionist that ever sacrificed the sincerity o' his soul at the shrine o' East Indian sugar.

Tickler. Hear—hear—hear.—Encore—"The shrine o' East Indian sugar!"

North. Speaking of the West India question, there is a great deal too much impertinence in Mr. Coleridge's "Six Months' Visit." An old man like myself may with some difficulty be excused for occasionally drivelling about his rheumatism, and all the world knowing his martyrdom; but who can endure this conceited mannikin, apparently, because he is the nephew of a bishop, prating, in print, of his bodily infirmities, in a style that might sicken a horse or an apothecary?

Tickler. Scotch and English puppies make a striking contrast. The Scotch puppy sports philosophical, and sets to rights Locke, Smith, Stewart, and Reid. In his minority he is as solemn as a major of two score—sits at table, even during dinner, with an argumentative face and in a logical position—and gives out his sentences deliberately, as if he were making a payment in sovereigns.

Shepherd. Oh, man, how I do hate sic formal young chiels—reason, reason, reasoning on things that you maun see whether you will or no, even gin you were to shut your een wi' a' your force, and then cover them wi' a bandage—chiels that are employed frae morning to nicht colleckin' facks out o' books, in that dark, dirty dungeon the Advocates' Leebrary, and that 'll no hesitate, wi' a breach o' a' good manners, to correct your verra chronology when you're in the middle o' a story that may hae happened equally weel on ony day frae the flood to the last judgment—chiels that quote Mr. Jeffrey and Hairy Cobrun, and even on their first introduction to Englishers, keep up a clatter about the Ooter-house—chiels that think it a great maitter to spoot aff by heart an oraution on the corn laws, in that puir puckit Gogotha, the Speculative Society, and treat you, ower the nits and prunes, wi' skreeds o' College Essays on Syllogism, and what's ca'd the Association o' Ideas—chiels that would rather be a Judge o' the Court o' Session than the Great Khan o' Tartary himsel, and look prouder when taking their forenoon's airing, alang Prince's Street, on a bit shaclan ewe-necked powney, coft frae a sportin' flesher, than Saladin, at the head of ten thousand chosen chivalry, shaking the desert—chiels——

North. Stop, James—just look at Tickler catching flies.

Shepherd. Sound asleep, as I'm a contributor. Oh! man, I wush we had a saut herring to put intil the mooth o' him, or a burned cork to gie him mistashies, or a string o' ingans to fasten to the nape o' his neck by way o' a pigtail, or——

North. Shamming Abraham.

Shepherd. Na—he's in a sort o' dwam—and nae wonner, for the Lodge is just a verra Castle o' Indolence. Thae broad vine-leaves hingin' in the veranda in the breathless heat, or stirrin' when the breeze sughs by, like water-lil 'es tremblin' in the sweli o' the blue loch-water,

inspire a dreamin' somnolency that the maist waukrife canna althegither resist; and the bonny twilight, chequering the stane floor a' round and round the shady Lodge, keeps the thochts confined within its glimmering boundaries, till every cause o' disturbance is afar off, and the life o' man gets tranquil as a wean's rest in its cradle, or amang the gowans on a sunny knowe; sae let us speak lown and no waken him, for he's buried in the umbrage of imagination, and weel ken I what a heavenly thing it is to soom down the silent stream o' that haunted world.

North. What say you to that smile on his face, James?

Shepherd. It's gey wicked ane. I'm thinkin' he's after some mischief. I'll put this raisin-stalk up his nose. Mercy on us, what a sneeze!

Tickler (starting and looking round). Ha! Hogg, my dear fellow, how are you? Soft—soft—I have it—why that hotch-potch, and that afternoon sun——But—but—what about Master Coleridge, is he a Prig?

North. Besides the counterfeited impertinence of my rheumatism, he treats the ladies and gentlemen who peruse his "Six Months' Visit" with eternal assurances that he is a young man—that his stomach is often out of order—and that he always travels with a medicine-chest—and that he is a very sweaty young gentleman.

Shepherd. That's really a disgustfu' species o' yegotism. But is't true?

North. May I request you to get me the volume? That's it beside Juno—

> There at the foot of yonder nodding bitch,
> That wreathes her old fantastic tail so low.

Shepherd. Nine and saxpence for a bit volumm like that, and a' about the author's stomach and bowels! But let's hear some extracks.

North. "I was steamed by one, showered by another, just escaped needling by a third, and was nearly boiled to the consistency of a pudding for the love of an oblong gentleman of Ireland," &c.

Shepherd. That's geyan stupid, but excusable aneuch wut in a verra young lad. Anither extrack.

North. "I went simply and sheerly on my own account, or rather on account of the aforesaid rheumatism; for as every other sort of chemical action had failed, I was willing to try if fusion would succeed." "If Yorick had written after me, he would have mentioned the Rheumatic Traveller." "This book is rheumatism from beginning to end." "I rarely argue a matter unless my shoulders or knees ache." "I trust they will think it is my rheumatism that chides."

Shepherd. I'm afraid that's geyan puppyish; but still, as I said be-

fore, I can excuse a laddie anxious to be enterteenin'. Anither extrack.

North. "I sat bolt upright, and for some time contemplated, by the glimmering of the lantern, the huge disarray of my pretty den. I fished for my clothes, but they were bathing; I essayed to rise, but I could find no resting-place for the sole of a rheumatic foot."

Tickler. Curse the whelp!—fling the book over the laburnums.

North. There it goes. Go where he will—do what he will—Master Coleridge is perpetually perspiring during his whole Six Months' Visit to the West Indies. He must have been very unpleasant company—especially as he was a valetudinarian. Had he been in fine fresh health, it might have passed; but what a nuisance a cabin passenger with the sallow and the sweating sickness!

Shepherd. Is he dead noo?

North. Not at all.

Shepherd. That's maist inexcusable.

North. He tells the world upwards of fifty times that he was at Eton—and——

Tickler. What the devil is the meaning of all this botheration about the Diary of an Invalid? Let the puppy keep in his own kennel.

North. I believe my temper was a little ruffled just now by the recollection of an article in the Quarterly Review, of which this poor prig's performance was the text-book. All the quotations were most loathsome. Fowell Buxton* is no great witch, but he has more sense and knowledge too in his little finger than this most perspiring young genius has in all his cranium. The Six Months' Visit should have been a book of Colburn's.

Tickler. Colburn has published many valuable, interesting, and successful books, within these few years, and I wish him that success in his trade which his enterprising spirit deserves.

North. So do I, and here's "The Trade," if you please, in a bumper.

Shepherd. The Tread—The Tread—The Tread—Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

North. But if he persists in that shameful and shameless puffery, which he has too long practised, the public will turn away with nausea from every volume that issues from his shop, and men of genius, scorning to submit their works to the pollution of his unprincipled paragraph-mongers, will shun a publisher, who, contrary to his natural sense and honor, has been betrayed into a system, that, were it to become general, would sink the literary character into deep degradation,

* Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a London brewer possessed of great wealth, whose sister-in-law was Mrs. Fry, celebrated for her improvements in prison discipline and her philanthropy towards prisoners. He took part in her labors. He was in Parliament from 1818 to 1837, and was recognised as successor to Wilberforce, who had so much exerted himself to procure the total abolition of slavery in the British dominions. He was made a Baronet in 1840, and died in 1845.—M.

till the name "Author" would become a byword of reproach and insult; and the mere suspicion of having written a book, be sufficient ground for expulsion from the society of gentlemen.

Tickler. Colburn, James, must have sent puffs of Vivian Grey to all the newspapers, fastening the authorship on various gentlemen, either by name or inuendo! thus attaching an interest to the book, at the sacrifice of the feelings of those gentlemen, and, I may add, the feelings of his own conscience. The foolish part of the public thus set agoing after Vivian Grey, for example, puff after puff continues to excite fading curiosity, and Colburn, knowing all the while that the writer is an obscure person,* for whom nobody cares a straw, chuckles over the temporary sale, and sees the names of distinguished writers opprobriously bandied about by the blackguards of the press, indifferent to every thing but the "Monish" which he is thus enabled to scrape together from defrauded purchasers, who, on the faith of puff and paragraph, believed the paltry catchpenny to be from the pen of a man of genius and achievement.

North. As far as I know, he is the only publisher guilty of this crime, and

"If old judgments hold their sacred course,"

there will come a day of punishment.

Tickler. Among the many useful discoveries of this age, none more so, my dear Hogg, than that poets are a set of very absurd inhabitants of this earth. The simple fact of their presuming to have a language of their own, should have dished them centuries ago. A pretty kind of language to be sure it was; and, conscious themselves of its absurdity, they palmed it upon the Muses, and justified their own use of it on the plea of inspiration!

North. Till, in course of time, an honest man of the name of Wordsworth was born, who had too much integrity to submit to the law of their lingo, and, to the anger and astonishment of the order, began to speak in good, sound, sober, intelligible prose. Then was a revolution. All who adhered to the ancient régime became in a few years utterly incomprehensible, and were coughed down by the public. On the other hand, all those who adopted the new theory observed that they were merely accommodating themselves to the language of their brethren of mankind.

Tickler. Then the pig came snorting out of the poke, and it ap-

* This "obscure person," whose father wrote Curiosities of Literature, was born in December, 1805, published Vivian Grey before he was twenty-one, spent some years in foreign travel, during which he composed several other popular works, entered Parliament in 1837, became leader of the Protectionist party in 1848, (on the death of Lord George Bentinck,) and Chancellor of the Exchequer from March to December, 1852. Benjamin Disraeli of 1826 was simply a young gentleman of promise,—the statesman, orator, and practised writer of 1854, is one of the foremost among the living great of England.—M.

peared that no such thing as poetry, essentially distinct from prose, could exist. True, that there are still some old women and children who rhyme; but the breed will soon be extinct, and a poet in Scotland be as scarce as a capercailzie.

North. Since the extinction, therefore, of English poetry, there has been a wide extension of the legitimate province of prose. People who have got any genius find that they may traverse it as they will, on foot, on horseback, or in chariot.

Tickler. A Pegasus with wings always seemed to me a silly and inefficient quadruped. A horse was never made to fly on feathers, but to gallop on hoofs. You destroy the idea of his peculiar powers the moment you clap pinions to his shoulder, and make him paw the clouds.

North. Certainly. How poor the image of

> "Heaven's warrior-horse, beneath his fiery form,
> Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm,"

to one of Wellington's aid-de-camps, on an English hunter, charging his way through the French Cuirassiers, to order up the Scotch Greys against the Old Guard moving on to redeem the disastrous day of Waterloo!

Tickler. Poetry, therefore, being by universal consent exploded, all men, women, and children are at liberty to use what style they choose, provided it be in the form of prose. Cram it full of imagery, as an egg is full of meat, if *caller*, down it will go, and the reader be grateful for his breakfast. Pour it out simple, like whey, or milk and water, and a swallow will be found enamored of the liquid murmur. Let it gurgle forth, rich and racy, like a haggis, and there are stomachs that will not scunner. Fat paragraphs will be bolted like bacon; and, as he puts a period to the existence of a lofty climax, the reader will exclaim, "Oh, the roast beef of Old England, and oh! the English roast beef!"

North. Well said, Tickler. That prose composition should always be a plain uncondimented dish, is a dogma no longer endurable. Henceforth I shall show not only favor, but praise to all prose books that contain any meaning however small; whereas I shall use all vampers like the great American shrike, commemorated in last Number, who sticks small-singing-birds on sharp-pointed thorns, and leaves them sticking there in the sunshine, a rueful, if not a saving spectacle to the choristers of the grove.

Shepherd. Haver awa', gentlemen—haver awa',—you'se hae a' your ain way o't, for ony thing I care—but gin either the tane or the tither o' you could write verses at a' passable, you would haud a different theory. What think you o' a prose sang? What would Burns's "Mary in Heaven" be out o' verse? or Moore's Melodies—or—

Tickler. The Queen's Wake.

Shepherd. It's no worth while repeatin a' the nonsense, Mr. North, that you and Tickler 'll speak in the course o' an afternoon, when your twa lang noses foregather ower a bowl o' punch. But I've a poem in my pouch that 'll pull down your theories wi' a single stanza; I got it frae Δ this forenoon, wha kent I was gaun to the Lodge to my denner, and I'll read it aloud whether you wull or no—but deevil tak it, I've lost my specs! I maun hae drawn them out, on the way doun, wi' my handkercher. I maun hae them adverteesed.

Tickler. There, James, mine will suit you.

Shepherd. Yours! What, glowerin' green anes! Aneuch to gie a body the jaundice!

North. Feel your nose, James.

Shepherd. Weel, that's waur than the butcher swearing through his teeth for his knife, wi' hit in his mouth a' the while. Hae I been sittin' wi' specs a' the afternoon?

North. You have, James, and very gash have you looked.

Shepherd. Oo! Oo! I recollec' noo. I put them on when that bonnie dark-haired, pale-faced, jimp-waisted lassie came in wi' a fresh velvet cushin for Mr. North's foot. And the sicht o' her being gude for sair een, I clean forgot to take aff the specs. But wheish—here's an answer to your theories.

A DIRGE.*

Weep not for her! Oh, she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seem'd to claim her from her birth:
A Spirit wander'd from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-link'd, shadeless months of Polar light;
Like Music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere Hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her!

* One of the few really good poems of David Macbeth Moir—Delta.—M.

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,
It never griev'd her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither, or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She pass'd as 'twere in smiles from earth to Heaven
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from Friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes:
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as the rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!

Omnes. Beautiful—beautiful—beautiful—beautiful indeed!

North. James, now that you have seen us in summer, how do you like the Lodge?

Shepherd. There's no sic anither house, Mr. North, baith for elegance and comfort, in a' Scotland.

North. In my old age, James, I think myself not altogether unentitled to the luxuries of learned leisure. Do you find that sofa easy and commodious?

Shepherd. Easy and commodious! What! it has a' the saftness o' a bed, and a' the coolness o' a bank; yielding rest without drowsiness, and without snoring repose.

Tickler. No sofa like a chair! See, James, how I am lying and sitting at the same time! carelessly diffused, yet——

Shepherd. You're a maist extraordinary feegur, Mr. Tickler, I humbly confess that, wi' your head imbedded in a cushion, and your een fixed on the roof like an astronomer; and your endless legs stretched out to the extremities o' the yearth; and your lang arms hanging down to the verra floor, atower the bend o' the chair-settee, and only lift up, wi' a magnificent wave, to bring the bottom o' the glass o' cauld punch to rest upon your chin; and wi' that tamboured waistcoat o' the fashion o' aughty-aught, like a meadow yellow wi' dandelions; and breeks——

Tickler. Check your hand, and change your measure, my dear Shepherd. Oh! for a portrait of North!

Shepherd. I daurna try't, for his ee masters me; and I fear to take the same leeberties wi' Mr. North that I sometimes venture upon wi' you, Mr. Tickler. Yet oh, man! I like him weel in that black neckerchief: it brings out his face grandly—and the green coat o' the Royal Archers gies him a Robin-Hoodish character, that makes ane's imagination think o' the umbrage o' auld oaks, and the glimmering silence o' forests.

Tickler. He blushes.

Shepherd. That he does—and I like to see the ingenuous blush o' bashfu' modesty on a wrinkled cheek. It proves that the heart's-blood is warm an' free, and the circulation vigorous. Deil tak me, Mr. North, if I dinna think you're something like his majesty the King.

North. I am proud that you love the Lodge. There! a bold breeze from the sea! Is not that a pleasant rustle, James? and lo! every sail on the Frith is dancing on the blue bosom of the waters, and brightening like seamews in the sunshine!

Shepherd. After a', in het wather, there's naething like a marine villa. What for dinna ye big a Yott?

North. My sailing days are over, James; but mine is now the ship of Fancy, who can go at ten knots in a dead calm, and carry her sky-scrapers in a storm.

Shepherd. Nae wonder, after sic a life o' travel by sea and land, you should hae found a hame at last, and sic a hame! A' the towers, and spires, and pillars, and pinnacles, and bewilderments o' blue house-roofs, seen frae the tae front through amang the leafy light o' interceptin' trees—and frae the other, where we are noo sitting, only here and there a bit sprinklin' o' villas, and then atower the grove-heads seeming sae thick and saft, that you think you might lie down on them and take a sleep, the murmuring motion of the never-weary sea! Oh, Mr. North, that you would explain to me the nature o' the tides!

North. When the moon——

Shepherd. Stap, stap, I couldna command my attention wi' yon

bonny brig huggin' the shores o' Inch-Keith sae lovingly—at first I thocht she was but a breakin' wave.

North. Wave, cloud, bird, sunbeam, shadow, or ship—often know I not one from the other, James, when half-sleeping, half-waking, in the debatable and border land between realities and dreams,

> "My weary length at noontide would I stretch,
> And muse upon the world that wavers by."

Tickler. Yet I never saw you absent in company, North.

North. Nor, I presume, spit upon the carpet.

Shepherd. The ane's just as bad as the ither, or rather the first's the warst o' the twa. What right has ony man to leave his ugly carcass in the room, by itsel, without a soul in't? Surely there could be nae cruelty or uncourtesy in kickin't out o' the door. Absent in company indeed!

Tickler. Look at the ninny's face, with his mouth open and his eyes fixed on the carpet, his hand on his chin, and his head a little to one side—in a fit of absence.

North. Thinking, perhaps, about ginger-beer or a radish.

Shepherd. Or determining which pair o' breeks he shall draw on when he gangs out to sooper,—or his mind far awa in Montgomery's shop, tasting something sweet,—or makin' profound calculation about buyin' a second-hand gig,—or thinkin' himsel' waitin' for a glass o' mineral water at St. Bernard's wall,—or tryin' on a foraging-cap for sleepin' in cotches,—or believin' himsel' stannin' at the window o' a prent-shop, looking at Miss Foote's *pas seul*,—or forgettin' he's no in the kirk, and nae occasion to be sleepy,—or deluded into a belief that he is spitting ower a brig,—or——

Tickler. Stop, James, stop. You are a whale running off with a thousand fathom——

Shepherd. Thank ye, Mr. Tickler. I was beginning to get ower copious. But——I wonner what made me think the noo o' the Author o' the Modern Athens. What for did na ye take him through hauns, Mr. North?

North. Because I think him a man of some talent; and, for the sake of talent, I can overlook much, seeing that blockheads are on the increase.

Shepherd. On the increase, say ye?

North. I fear so. Now, he is miserably poor—and knowing that many dull dogs dine at shilling ordinaries (beef, bread, and beer, with some vegetables) regularly once-a-day, when he, who is really a man of merit, can afford to do so only on Tuesdays and Fridays, he naturally gets irritated and misanthropical; and what wonder, if, on the dinnerless afternoon, he writes what he would not commit on a full

stomach, and much that he would sincerely repent of over a tureen of hotch-potch or a haggis?

Tickler. You hear the rumbling of empty bowels, poor fellow, in his happiest passages.

Shepherd. But wull you tell me that being puir's ony reason for being a blackguard?

North. You mistake me—I did not say, James, that the author of Modern Athens is absolutely a blackguard. The usage, too, that he met with in his native country—literally kicked out of it, you know—could not but ruffle and sour his temper; and such is my opinion both of his head and heart, that but for that unlucky application to his posteriors, I verily believe he might have been somewhat of an honest man, and a libeller merely of foreign countries.

Shepherd. Weel—it's verra gude in you, Mr. North, to make sic an ingenious defence for the scoonrel; but I canna forgie him for abusin' alike the lassies and the leddies o' Scotland.

North. There are lassies and leddies in Scotland, my dear James, of whom you know nothing—houses where, it is obvious from his writing, the author of Modern Athens* must have had his howf;—and really, when one considers from what originals he painted his portraits of Edina's girlery, the wonder is that his daubings are not even more disgusting than they are; but the likenesses are strong, although his nymphs must have been unsteady sitters.

Tickler. Poor devil! suppose we send him a few pounds——

Shepherd. I wad do nae sic thing. You canna serve sic chiels by charity. It does them nae gude. Neither am I convinced that he would nae tell lees when he's no hungry. Yon was na a solid argument about the empty stomach. Sic a neerdoweel wad na scruple to utter falsehoods in the face o' a round o' beef. Cram him till he's like to burst, and he'll throw up ony thing but truth—loosen his shirt-neck when he's lyin' dead drunk on a form, and he'll unconsciously ettle at a lee in maudlin' syllablings, till his verra vomit is a libel, and falsehood rancifies the fume o' the toasted cheese that sickness brings harlin' out o' his throat in a gin-shower aneuch to sicken a fulzieman.

North. Stop, James, stop—that's out of all bounds——

Tickler. By the by, North, I have a letter from Mullion in my pocket, apologizing, I believe, for not dining here to-day. There it is, folded up in the Secretary's usual business-like style.

North (*reading*). Why, it's an article.

Shepherd. An article—let's hear't. Mullion and me never agrees

* This was Robert Mudie, a Scotchman, who wrote over eighty volumes, most of which were on Natural History and Practical Science. He produced Modern Babylon, in which he satirically described London, as a companion to his Modern Athens, in which he had hit Edinburgh and its people pretty smartly. He died in 1842, aged sixty-four.—M.

verra weel in company; but when he's absent I hae a great kindness for him, and naebody can dispute his abeelities.

North. It seems a sort of parody.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKHEADS.

BY MR. SECRETARY MULLION.

Air—"Battle of the Baltic."

Of Wastle, Hogg, and North,
Sing the glory and renown,
And of Tickler, who came forth
With his bald and shining crown,
As their pens along our page brightly shone;
The knout and searing brand
In each bold determined hand,
While O'Doherty japann'd
Led them on.

Turnipologists and Stot,
All the breeds of Whiggish kine,
Trembled when the streamers flew
Over Blackwood's gallant line:
The twentieth of October was the time:
As they scoured proud Learning's path,
Every blockhead dreamt of death,
And Hunt held his stinking breath
For a time.

But Maga's rage was flush'd
In her garb of olive green;
And her foes, as on she rush'd,
Wish'd for greater space between.
"Pens of pluck!" the Tories cried, when each Gun,
With wit, intellect, and *nous*,
Did pound, pommel knaves, and souse,
Like blithe kitten with poor mouse
Making fun.

They play! they slay! they flay!
While untooth'd for all attack,
The old woman o'er the way
To our cheer a scraugh gave back;
As sibyl-like she mutter'd our dark doom:
Then fled with draggled tail;
While her young men took leg-bail,
Raising ullaloo and wail
In their gloom.

Blue and Yellow* was hail'd then,
By our Editor so brave:

* The Edinburgh Review.—M.

"We are victors, yet are men,
And Old Jeffrey we would save
From the wise at your prophecies who sneeze:
Then bid Bryan Procter beat
To dramaticals retreat,
And bring Hazlitt to our feet
On his knees."

Then the London blest our North,
That he let the dull repose;
And the plaudits of his worth
Spake each Cockney through his nose,
Glad to bundle off whole-skinned from the fray:
But all England laugh'd outright
At their poor and piteous plight,
And subscribers taking flight,
Waned away.

Now joy, bold comrades, raise!
For these tidings of our might,
By this lamp, whose patent blaze
Holds photometers in spite;
But yet, amid fun, fuddle, and uproar,
Let us think of Tims, who keeps
Hand on hinderland, and weeps
That no golden grain he reaps
From Victoire!—

Lean pates! to Whiggish pride
Aye so faithful and so true,
Who in pan of scorn were fried,
With gray Jerry the old shrew:*
The Westminster's fond wings o'er you wave
While loud is Hazlitt's growl,
And Hunt and Hone condole,
Singing sonnets to the soul
Of each knave.

Shepherd. It souns as gin it was gude—but I'm sick o' a' that clan, and canna be amused wi' even true wut wasted upon them; besides, the dougs hae had their day—hae died o' the mange, and been buried in the dunghill.

Tickler. There, my dear bard, conquer your disgust by a peep into this volume.

Shepherd. Dog on't, Mr. Tickler, gin I had na jooked there, you had felled me; but—oo ay!—a volumm o' Mrs. Radcliffe's Posthumous Warks.† Poems, too! I'm sure they'll be bonny, for she was a true genius.

* Jeremy Bentham, founder of the Westminster Review.—M.

† Mrs. Radcliffe, whose romance of The Mysteries of Udolpho was nearly as popular when published, as Scott's Novels were at a later period. She was skilled in describing scenes of terror, and those scenes of nature which excite sentiment and suggest melancholy associations. She died in 1823, aged fifty-nine.—M.

Tickler. Kit, smoke his eyes, how they glare!

Shepherd. The description is just perfectly beautifu'. Here's the way o' readin' out poetry.

"On the bright margin of Italia's shore,
Beneath the glance of summer-noon we stray,
And, indolently happy, ask no more
Than cooling airs that o'er the ocean play.

"And watch the bark, that, on the busy strand,
Washed by the sparkling tide, awaits the gale,
Till, high among the shrouds, the sailor band
Gallantly shout, and raise the swelling sail.

"On the broad deck a various group recline,
Touch'd with the moonlight, yet half hid in shade;
Who, silent, watch the bark the coast resign,
The Pharos lessen and the mountains fade.

"We, indolently happy, watch alone
The wandering airs that o'er the ocean stray,
To bring some sad Venetian sonnet's tone
From that lone vessel floating far away!"

North. I wish you would review those four volumes, James, for next Number.

Shepherd. Tuts—what's the use o' reviewin'? Naething like a skreed o' extracts into a magazeen taken in the kintra. When I fa' on, tooth and nail, on an article about some new wark, oh, Mr. North, but I'm wud when I see the creature that's undertaken to review't, settin' himsel wi' clenched teeth to compose a philosophic creeticism, about the genius o' an owther that every man kens as weel as his ain face in the glass—and then comparing him with this, and contrastin' him wi' that—and informin' you which o' his warks are best, and which warst, and which middlin'—balancin' a genius against himsel, and setting his verra merits against his character and achievements—instead o' telling you at aince what the plot is about, and how it begins, and gangs on, and is wunded up; in short, pithy hints o' the characters that feegur throughout the story, and a maisterly abridgment o' facts and incidents, wi' noo and then an elucidatory observation, and a glowing panegyric; but, aboon a' things else, lang, lang, lang extracts, judiciously seleckit, and lettin' you ken at aince if the owther has equalled or excelled himsel', or if he has struck out a new path, or followed the auld ane into some unsuspecked scenery o' bonny underwood, or lofty standards—or whether—but I'm out o' breath, and maun hae a drink. Thank you, Mr. North—that's the best bowl you've made yet.

Tickler I never had any professed feeling of the super or preter-

natural in a printed book. Very early in life, I discovered that a ghost, who had kept me in a cold sweat during a whole winter's midnight, was a tailor who haunted the house, partly through love and partly through hunger, being enamored of my nurse, and of the fat of ham which she gave him with mustard, between two thick shaves of a quartern loaf, and afterwards a bottle of small-beer to wash it down, before she yielded him the parting-kiss. After that I slept soundly, and had a contempt for ghosts, which I retain to this day.

Shepherd. Weel, it's verra different wi' me. I should be feared yet even for the ninth part o' a ghost, and I fancy a tailor has nae mair; but I'm no muckle affeckit by reading about them—an oral tradition out o' the mouth o' an auld gray-headed man or woman is far best, for then you canna dout the truth o' the tale, unless ye dout a' history thegither, and then, to be sure, you'll end in universal skepticism.

North. Don't you admire the romances of the Enchantress of Udolpho?

Shepherd. I hae nae doubt, sir, that had I read Udolpho and her ither romances in my boyish days, that my hair would hae stood on end like that o' ither folk, for, by nature and education baith, ye ken, I'm just excessive superstitious. But afore her volumes fell into my hauns, my soul had been frichtened by a' kinds o' traditionary terrors, and mony hunder times hae I maist swarfed wi' fear in lonesome spats in muirs and woods, at midnicht, when no a leevin thing was movin but mysel and the great moon. Indeed, I canna say that I ever fan' mysel alane in the hush o' darkened nature, without a beatin' at my heart; for a sort o' spiritual presence aye hovered about me—a presence o' something like and unlike my ain being—at times felt to be solemn and nae mair—at times sae awfu' that I wushed myself nearer ingle-licht—and ance or twice in my lifetime, sae terrible that I could hae prayed to sink down into the moss, sae that I micht be saved frae the quaking o' that ghostly wilderness o' a world that was na for flesh and bluid!

North. Look—James—look—what a sky!

Shepherd. There'll be thunder the morn. These are the palaces o' the thunder, and before daybreak every window will pour forth lichtnin'. Mrs. Radcliffe has weel described mony sic, but I have seen some that can be remembered, but never, never painted by mortal pen; for after a', what is ony description by us puir creturs o' the works o' the Great God?

North. Perhaps it is a pity that Mrs. Radcliffe never introduced into her stories any real ghosts.

Shepherd. I canna just a'thegither think sae. Gin you introduce a real ghost at a', it maun appear but seldom—seldom, and never but on some great or dread account—as the ghost o' Hamlet's father. Then, what difficulty in makin' it speak with a tomb-voice! At the

close o' the tale, the mind would be shocked unless the dead had burst its cerements for some end which the dead alane could have accomplished—unless the catastrophe were worthy an apparition. How few events, and how few actors would, as the story shut itself up, be felt to have been of such surpassing moment as to have deserved the very laws o' nature to have been in a manner changed for their sakes, and shadows brought frae amang the darkness o' burial-places, that seem to our imaginations locked up frae a' communion wi' the breathin' world!

North. In highest tragedy, a Spirit may be among the dramatis personæ—for the events come all on processionally, and under a feeling of fate.

Shepherd. There, too, you *see* the ghost, and indifferently personated though it may be, the general hush proves that religion is the deepest principle o' our nature, and that even the vain shows o' a theatre can be sublimed by an awe-struck sadness, when, revisiting the glimpses o' the moon, and makin' night hideous, comes glidin' in and awa' in cauld unringin' armor, or unsubstantial vapor, a being whose eyes aince saw the cheerfu' sunlight, and whose footsteps aince brought out echoes frae the flowery earth.

North. In this posthumous tale of Mrs. Radcliffe—I forget the name*—a real ghost is the chief agent, and is two or three times brought forward with good effect; but I confess, James, that, agreeably to your excellent observations, I became somewhat too much hand-in-glove with his ghostship, and that all supernatural influence departed from him through too frequent intercourse with the air of the upper world.

Tickler. Come, James, be done with your palavering about ghosts, you brownie, and "gie us anither sang."

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. What'll you hae? But beggars should na be choosers, sae here it gaes.

O weel befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or penn;
And weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen,
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel—
Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel,
Amang sae mony men.
O weel befa' the bonny thing,
That wons in yonder glen.

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Alang the gloaming lea

* Gaston de Blondeville.—M.

'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;
To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
The dappled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in his flowery den;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen.

O, had it no been for the blush
Of maiden's virgin-flame,
Dear Beauty never had been known,
And never had a name.
But aye sin' that dear thing of blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power of Beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons of men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen.

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinny in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
And lace with burning gowd the main—
And rainbow bend out ower the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far my bonny thing,
That smiles in yonder glen.

North. Better and better. I see, James, that Allan Cunningham has included some of your lyrics in his late Collection of the Songs of Scotland.

Shepherd. Oh, man! I wush you would lend me the wark. Is't a gude collection, d'ye opine?

North. A very good collection, indeed, James. Allan is occasionally very happy in his ardent eulogy of his country's lyrical genius, and one loves to hear a man speaking about a species of poetry in which he has himself excelled.

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' you wad scarcely trust me wi' the reviewin' o' Allan Kinnigam's wark—for you'll be for doin't yoursel—though I wud do't a hantle better, wi' mair nature and knowledge, too, if wi' fewer fine-spun theories. But you're gettin desperate consated, and mair especially o' what you execute waurst.

North. Come, James, be less severe, and I will sing you one of Allan's songs.

Shepherd. Huts, ye never sung a sang i' a' your life—at least never that I heard tell o';—but to be sure you're a maist extraordinary cretur, and can do ony thing you hae a mind to try.

North. My voice is rather cracked and tremulous—but I have sung Scotch airs, James, of old, with Urbani.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blithe blink he had
In my ain countree.
Oh! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree!

Oh! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;
My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie—
I've left a' my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
An' the blossom to the bee,
But I win back—oh, never!
To my ain countree!
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countree!

Shepherd. Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days. Deevil tak me gin there be sic a perfectly beautiful singer in a' Scotland. I prefer you to baith Peter Hill and David Wylie, and twa bonnier singers you'll no easier hear in "house or ha', by coal or candlelicht." But do you ken, I'm desperate sleepy.

Tickler. Let's off to roost.

North. Stop till I ring for candles.

Shepherd. Cawnles! and sic a moon! It wad be perfect blasphemy—doonright atheism. But hech, sirs, it's het, and I'se sleep without the sark the night.

North. Without a sark, James! "a mother-naked man!"

Shepherd. I'm a bachelor, ye ken, the noo, sae can tak my ain way o't. Gude nicht, sir—gude nicht. We've really been verra pleasant, and our meetin' has been maist as agreeable as ane o' the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

No. XXVIII.—OCTOBER, 1826.

SCENE—*Mr. Tickler's Smaller Dining-Room, Southside.*

THE SHEPHERD—MR. NORTH—MR. TICKLER.

Shepherd. We've just had a perfec denner, Mr. Tickler—neither ae dish ower mony, nor ae dish ower few. Twa coorses is aneuch for ony Christian—and as for frute after fude, it's a doonright abomination, and coagulates on the stamach like sour cruds. I aye like best to devoor frute in the forenoons, in gardens by mysell, daunering at my leisure frae bush to bush, and frae tree to tree, puin' awa' at strawberries, or rasps, or grossets, or cherries, or aipples, or peers, or plooms, or aiblins at young green peas, shawps an' a', or wee juicy neeps, that melt in the mouth o' their ain accord without chewin', like kisses o' vegetable maitter.

Tickler. Do you ever catch a Tartar, James, in the shape o' a wasp, that——

Shepherd. Confound thae deevils incarnate, for they're the curse o' a het simmer. O' a' God's creturs, the wasp is the only ane that's eternally out o' temper. There's nae sic thing as pleasin' him. In the gracious sunshine, when a' the bit bonny burdies are singing sae cantily, and stopping for half a minute at a time, noo and than, to set right wi' their bills a feather that's got rumpled by sport or spray—when the bees are at wark, murmurin' in their gauzy flight, although no gauze, indeed, be comparable to the filaments o' their woven wings, or clinging silently to the flowers, sook, sookin' out the hinney-dew, till their verra doups dirl wi' delight—when a' the flees that are ephemeral, and weel contented wi' the licht and the heat o' ae single sun, keep dancin' in their burnished beauty, up and down, and to and fro, and backwards and forwards, and sideways, in millions upon millions, and yet ane never jostling anither, but a' harmoniously blended together in amity, like imagination's thochts—why, amid this "general dance and minstrelsy," in comes a shower o' infuriated wasps, red het, as if let out o' a fiery furnace, pickin' quarrels wi' their ain shadows—then roun and roun the hair o' your head, bizzin' against the drum o' your ear, till you think they are in at the ae hole and out at the ither—back again, after makin' a circuit, as if they had repentit o' lettin you be unharmed, dashing against the face o' you who are wishin' ill to nae leevin' thing, and, although you are engaged out to dinner, stickin' a long poishoned stang

in just below your ee, that, afore you can rin hame frae the garden, swalls up to a fearsome hicht, makin' you on that side look like a Black-amoor, and on the opposite white as death, sae intolerable is the agony frae the tail o' the yellow imp, that, according to his bulk, is stronger far than the Dragon o' the Desert.

Tickler. I detest the devils most, James, when I get them into my mouth. Before you can spit them out the evil is done—your tongue the size of that of a reindeer—or your gullet, once wide as the Gut of Gibraltar, clogged up like a canal in the neighborhood of a railroad.

Shepherd. As for speaking in sic a condition, every body but yoursel' kens it's impossible, and wunner to hear ye tryin't. But you'll no be perswauded, and attempt talking—every motion o' the muscles bein' as bad as a convulsion o' hydrophobia, and the best soun ye can utter waur than ony bark, something atween a grunt, a growl, and a guller, like the skraich of a man lyin' on his back, and dreamin' that he's gaun to be hanged.

Tickler. My dear James, I hope you have had that dream? What a luxury!

Shepherd. There's nae medium in my dreams, sir—heaven or hell's the word. But oh! that hanging! It's the worst job o' a', and gars my verra sowl sicken wi' horror for sake o' the puir deevils that's really hanged out and out, *bonâ fide*, wi' a tangible tow, and a hangman that's mair than a mere apparition, a pardoned felon wi' creeshy second-hand corduroy breeks, and coat short at the cuffs, sae that his thick hairy wrists are visible when he's adjustin' the halter, hair red red, yet no sae red as his bleared een, glaring wi' an unaccountable fierceness,—for, Lord hae mercy on us, can man o' woman born, think ye, be fairce on a brither, when handlin' his wizen as executioner, and hearin', although he was deaf, the knockin' o' his distracted heart that wadna break for a' its meesery, but like a watch stoppin' when it gets a fa' on the stanes, in ae minute lies quate, when down wi' a rummle gangs the platform o' the scaffold, and the soul o' the son o' sin and sorrow is instantly in the presence of its eternal Judge!

North. Pleasant subject-matter for conversation after dinner, gentlemen. In my opinion, hanging——

Shepherd. Haud your tongue about hangin'; it's discussed. Gin you've got ony thing to say about beheadin', let's hear you—for I've dreamt o' that too, but it was a mere flea-bite to the other mode o' execution. Last time I was beheaded, it was for a great National Conspiracy, found out just when the mine was gaun to explode, and blaw up the King on his throne, the constitution as it was ca'd, and the kirk. Do ye want to hear about it?

North. Proceed, you rebel!

Shepherd. A' the city sent out its population into ae michty square, and in the midst thereof was a scaffold forty feet high, a' hung wi' black

cloth, and open to a' the airts. A block like a great anvil, only made o' wood instead o' ir'n, was in the centre o' the platform, and there stood the Headsman wi' a mask on, for he was frichtened I wad see his face, sax feet high and some inches, wi' an axe ower his shouther, and his twa naked arms o' a fearsome thickness, a' crawlin' wi' sinews, like a yard o' cable to the sheet-anchor o' a Man-o'-War. A hairy fur cap towered aboon his broos, and there were neither shoes nor stockings on his braid splay feet, juist as if he were gaun to dance on the boards. But he never mudged—only I saw his een rollin' through the visor, and they were baith bloodshot. He gied a grusome cough, or something not unlike a lauch, that made ice o' my bluid; and at that verra minute, hands were laid on me, I kent na by whom or whither, and shears began clipping my hair, and fingers like leeches creeped about my neck, and then without any farther violence, but rather as in the freedom o' my ain wull, my head was lying on the block, and I heard a voice praying, till a drum drowned it and the groans o' the multitude together—and then a hissin' that, like the sudden east wind, had muved the verra mournins o' the scaffold.

Tickler. North, put about the bottle. Will you never be cured of that custom of detaining the crystals?

North. I am rather squeamish—a little faintish or so. James, your good health. Now proceed.

Shepherd. Damn their drums, thocht I, they're needless—for had I intended to make a speech, would I not have delivered it afore I laid down my head on the block? As for the hissin', I kent weel aneuch they were na hissin' me, but the man in the mask, and the bighairy fur cap, and the naked feet, wi' the axe in his hands raised up, and then let down again, ance, twice, thrice, measuring the spat on my craig to a nicety, that wi' ae stroke my head might roll over into the bloody saw-dust.

Tickler. Mr. North, Mr. North—my dear sir, are you ill? My God, who could have thocht it!—Hogg, Christopher has fainted!

Shepherd. Let him faint. The executioner was daunted; for the hiss gaed through his heart; and thae horrid arms o' his, wi' a' their knots o' muscle, waxed weak as the willow-wands. The axe fell out o' his hauns, and being sharp, sharp, its ain wecht drove it quivering into the block, and close to my ear the verra senseless wud gied a groan. I louped up on to my feet—I cried wi' a loud voice, "Countrymen, I stand here for the sacred cause of Liberty all over the world!"

North (*reopening his eyes*). "The cause of Liberty all over the world!" Who gave that toast? Hush—hush—where am I? What is this? Is that you, James? What, music? Bagpipes? No—no—no—a ringing in my poor old ears. I have been ill, I feel, very, very ill. Hark you, Tickler, hark you—no heeltaps, I suppose—"The cause of Liberty all over the world!"

Shepherd. The shouting was sublime. Then was the time for a speech—not a drum dared to murmur—with the bandage still ower my een, and the handkerchief in my hand, which I had forgotten to drap, I burst out into such a torrent of indignant eloquence that the Slaves and Tyrants were all tongue-tied, lock-jawed, before me; and I knew that my voice would echo to the furthermost regions of the earth, with fear of change perplexing monarchs, and breaking the chains of the shameful bondage by king and priestcraft would round the Body Politic, that had so long been lying like a heart-stricken lunatic under the eyes of his keepers, but that would now issue forth from the dungeon-gloom into the light of day, and in its sacred phrensy immolate its gray oppressors, on the very altar of superstition.

North. What the devil is the meaning of all this, James? Are you spouting a gill of Brougham's frothy phials of wrath poured out against the Holy Alliance? Beware of the dregs.

Shepherd. I might have escaped—but I was resolved to cement the cause with my martyred blood. I was not a man to disappoint the people. They had come there to see me die—not James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, but Hogg the Liberator—and from my blood, I felt assured, would arise millions of armed men, under whose tread would sink the thrones of ancient dynasties, and whose hands would unfurl to all the winds the standard of Freedom, never again to encircle the staff, till its dreadful rustling had quailed the kings even as the mountain sough sends down upon their knees whole herds of cattle, ere rattles from summit to summit the exulting music of the thunder-storm.

Tickler. Isn't he a wonderful creature, North? He beats Brougham all to besoms.

Shepherd. So, once more, my head was on the block—the axe came down—and I remember nothing more, except that after bouncing several times about the scaffold, it was taken up by that miserable slave of slaves, who muttered, "Behold the head of a traitor!" Not a voice said, Amen—and I had my revenge and my triumph!

North. Strange, so true a Tory should be so revolutionary in his dreams!

Tickler. In France, James would have been Robespierre.

Shepherd. Huts, tuts! Dreams gang by the rule o' contraries. Yet I dinna say what I might hae been during the French Revolution—at times and seasons the nature o' the very brute animals is no to be depended on—and how muckle mair changeable is that o' man, wi' his boasted reason looking before and after—his imagination building up, and his passions pu'in' down, ae day a loving angel frae heaven—the next a demon o' destruction let loose frae hell! But wasna ye there yoursel, Mr. North? What for no speak? There's naebody here but freens!

Tickler. Remember, James, that our beloved Christopher fainted a few minutes ago——

Shepherd. Sae he did—sae he did. But it was na aneath the innate power o' my words. His ain memory armed them with axes and drenched them in bluid. Mony a man can see bluid rinnin like water and no faint, and yet lang after it has sunk into the earth, or heaven's sunshine dried it up among the flowers o' the field, or heaven's rain washed it out of the street pavement, the silly fule, fancy-struck, will coup ower on his chair wi' a lang dismal sich, at that short single syllable, that does by the lugs what a glass does by the een, that is, recreawtes the sliddery scaffold and a' its headless trunks!

Tickler. Cease your funning, James, and give us a song.

Shepherd (*sings*).

I lookit east—I lookit west,
  I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird sought its cozy nest,
  The kid was to the hamlet driven;
  But house nor hame aneath the heaven,
Except the skeugh of greenwood tree,
  To seek a shelter in, was given
To my three little bairns and me.

I had a prayer I couldna pray,
  I had a vow I couldna breathe,
For aye they led my words astray,
  And aye they were connected baith
  Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death.
I lookit round wi' watery ee—
  Hope wasna there—but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspen stirr'd,
  And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
  Singing amid the air sae blue;
  It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
  It was of one my woes that knew,
And ae kind heart that cared for me.

O, sweet as breaks the rising day,
  Or sunbeam through the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the charming lay!
  Was it an angel poured the strain?
  Whoe'er has kenn'd a mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee,
  O they will bless, and bless again,
The generous heart that cares for me!

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
  Amid the dreary wilderness,

It rose as if by magic wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress,
And weel I ken that Heaven will bless
The heart that issued the decree,
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray and slighted be

North. Very touching, James, indeed. You are a tragic poet after Aristotle's own heart—for well you know how to purge the soul by pity and terror.

Shepherd. That I do, and by a' sorts o' odd humors too. Snap your thumbs.

Tam Nelson was a queer man,
He had nae ill nor good about him,
He oped his een when day began,
And dozed ower night, ye needna doubt him.

But many a day and many a night
I've tried wi' a' the lights o' nature
To settle what's come o' the wight,
The soulless, senseless, stupid creature!

Tam lo'd his meltith and his clink
As weel as any in the nation,
He took his pipe, he drank his drink,
But that was nought against salvation.

But were a' the sants and slaves o' sin
Opposed in rank an' raw thegither,
Tam ne'er did aught to cross the ane,
And ne'er did aught to mense the ither.

Tam graned an dee't like ither men;
O tell me, tell me, you wha know it—
Will that poor donsy rise again?
O sirs, I canna, winna trow it.

Nae doubt, but He wha made us a'
Can the same form an' feelings gie him,
Without a lack, without a flaw—
But what the de'il wad he do wi' him?

He'd make nae scram in cavern vile,
Nor place that ony living kens o',
He's no worth ony devil's while,
Nor upright thing to take amends o'.

If borne aboon the fields o' day,
Where rails o' gowd the valleys border,
He'd aye be standing i' the way,
And pitting a' things out of order.

At psalm, or hymn, or anthem loud,
Tam wadna pass, I sairly doubt it,
He couldna do't—an' if he could
He wadna care a doit about it.

O thou who o'er the land o' peace
Lay'st the cold shroud and moveless fetter,
Let Tam lie still in careless ease,
For d—n him, if he'll e'er be better.

Tickler. What part, James, do you think Tam Nelson would have played in the French Revolution?

Shepherd. Ha, ha, ha! What a curious thocht! Yet stop a wee —there is nae telling. On great occasions have not Idiots been inspired? Bonny lassie-bairns, that wud hae shrieked at a taed or a speeder, have they not stood silent and smiling at the stake, fearin' neither the faggot and the fire, nor the foamy flood, whether in meek martyrdom they died amidst the prayers o' a crowded street, or left alane by themselves, puir things, on the sands o' the sea? Sae wha kens what Tam Nelson micht hae done had he flourished during the French Revolution?

North. I wish to goodness, my dear James, that you would drop the subject once and for all. I have never changed my political principles.

Shepherd. I ken you never did, ye carle; and ye could mak some folk in power the noo hear on the deafest side o' their head, gin you were to ask them where they ware some thretty or fourty year sin syne, in a great city ower the channel—but——

North. No more politics, my dear James, if you love me.

Shepherd. Weel then, just ae observation mair, and I will indulge ye by speaking a' manner o' havers. In the French Revolution some thousans o' fiends gaed rampauging up and down Paris, lapping blood like butcher's dugs in a great slaughter-house. Didn't they? Cursing God, singing hymns to the deevil, and mony o' them condemnin' to everlasting death their ain darkened souls. Weel then, in the French Revolution, some thousans o' angels kept praising God in cells and dungeons, walked like creturs in an awfu' but happy dream to the scaffold, and lifted up their een to heaven—bairns, virgins, wives, widows, young and auld, then alike supplicating pardon and salvation to the souls o' their murderers. Didn't they? Weel then, before the French Revolution brak out, was there ony difference, and if there was, what was't, between the nature o' thae Fiends and thae Angels? They were sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and a' manner o' relations by blood and marriage—had been edicated at the same schools—had said their prayers in the same kirks—assisted at the same baptisms, marriages, and funerals—a' things goin' on in peace! Till topsy-turvy went the hail structure o' society; and then

to be sure the phenomena which is mair than ever my soul will be able to understand, and that has aften filled it with troubled thochts when the wind has been roaring at midnight amang the mountains, and things had been happening through the day that had darkened and distracted our ain Shepherd-life,—an elder o' peculiar sanctity seducing a servant lass, a minister fu' in the pulpit, a bosom freen for whom ye had been caution rinnin' aff to America, and leavin' you bankrupt, or, mercy on us! a miller murderin' a packman, and the body fund in a sack wi' stanes at the bottom o' the dam! For sma' events—that is, sma' in circumstance and locality—direck the soul that is meditating during the nicht-watches to the greatest that swoop ower the earth—because they a' alike hae their rise in the unfathomable wickedness o' our corrupt and fallen nature, and what signifies it to conscience, or to the Being who gied us conscience, whether the outward sign be a city-wail, or but the sabbing o' ae orphan lassie's heart that has been broken by him who now loves her nae mair!

Tickler. James, we must put you into the General Assembly to squabash the highflyers.

Shepherd. Ye sumph, I'm a hee-fleer mysel—one o' the wild men—o' a' things whatsomever, be it in sacred matters or profane, I detest moderation.

Tickler. I shall write to my friend Lord Radnor, suggesting that since Mr. Southey refuses to be a member,* he had better elect the Shepherd.

Shepherd. Ye may do so—but mind I make nae promise—gie nae pledge.

North. Tickler, had James stood for Preston, instead of the Old Ruffian, he and Stanley would have been returned.

Shepherd. Me stand for Preston! Na—na—that would be toc disgraceful, even for a dream after tough tripe.

North. Yes, my dear James, you would make a useful and appropriate representative of a nest of pastoral burghs—such as Peebles and the rest, (but they have the best of possible Members already,) as for Proud Preston——

Tickler. Proud Preston,† indeed, for in that epithet the place rejoiceth, of a surety thy "Pride has had a Fall."‡ How pleasant,

* Doctor Southey was returned to Parliament, for the borough of Downton, (which was disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832,) and, when the session commenced after the general election of 1826, wrote to Mr. Manners Sutton, the Speaker of the House of Commons, stating that he declined serving; whereupon a new election was ordered for that borough. The second Earl of Radnor had commanding influence, from property in Downton, and procured Southey's election, with little or no personal knowledge of him, from admiration of his principles, political and moral.—M.

† Cobbett had been an unsuccessful candidate, at the general election of 1826, for the representation of the borough of Preston, in Lancashire. Four years after that, Hunt, the leader of the Radicals, contested Preston with Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby, and was elected.—M.

‡ A comedy called "Pride shall have a Fall," (in which the mock princedom of Claude Melnotte, in the Lady of Lyons, had been anticipated,) was written by the Rev. George Croly, a few years before this, and successfully performed at Covent Garden in 1824.—M.

during a fortnight of dog-days, James, would it be to stand a contested election for Billingsgate? How delightful to kiss and canvass so many maids, wives, and widows, all redolent of the sea! How thrilling the squeeze of the scaly hand! How rich the perfume of the fishy sigh! Romantic tales of mermaids in each embrace would be realized—and what pearl ever shone in oyster-shell so beautiful as the drop in those melting and maudlin eyes!

North. Then, rising in Parliament, either on some great national question, or to support more especially the interests of your constituents, how encouraging to be saluted from all sides, "Hear, hear the Member for Billingsgate!"

Shepherd. I wad prefer sitting for the Guse-dubs o' Glasgow. O, sirs! what a huddle o' houses, and what a hubbub o'——

North. Gently, James—gently. Your love of alliteration allures you occasionally across the confines of coarseness, and——

Shepherd. If you interrup me, Mr. North, I'll no scruple to interrup you, in spite o' a' my respect for your age and endowments. But was ye ever in the Guse-dubs o' Glasgow? Safe us a', what clarty closses, narrowin' awa' and darkening down, some stracht, and some serpentine, into green middens o' baith liquid and solid matter, soomin' wi' dead cats and auld shoon, and rags o' petticoats that had been worn till they fell aff and wad wear nae langer; and then ayont the midden, or say, rather surrounding the great central stagnant flood o' fulzie, the wundows o' a coort, for a coort they ca't, some wi' panes o' glass and panes o' paper time about, some wi' what had ance been a hat in this hole, and what had been a pair o' breeks in that hole, and some without lozens a'thegither; and then siccan fierce faces o' lads that had enlisted, and were keeping themselves drunk night and day on the bounty money, before ordered to join the regiment in the West Indies, and die o' the yallow fever! And what fearsome faces o' limmers, like she-demons, dragging them down into debauchery, and haudin' them there, as in a vice, when they hae gotten them down,—and, wad ye believe't, swearin' and damnin' ane anither's een, and then lauchin', and tryin' to look lo'esome, and jeerin' and leerin' like Jezebels.

Tickler. Hear! hear! hear!

Shepherd. Dive down anither close, and you hear a man murderin' his wife, up stairs in a garret. A' at ance flees open the door at the stair-head, and the mutchless mawsey, a' dreepin' wi' bluid, flings herself frae the tap-step o' the flicht to the causeway, and into the nearest change-house, roaring in rage and terror, twa emotions that are no canny when they chance to foregather, and ca'in' for a constable to tak haud o' her gudeman, who has threatened to ding out her brains wi' a hammer, or cut her throat wi' a razor.

North. What painting, Tickler! What a Salvator is our Shepherd!

Shepherd. Down anither close, and a battle o' dugs! A bull-dug

and a mastiff! The great big brown mastiff mouthin' the bull-dug by the very hiunches, as if to crunch his back, and the wee white bull-dug never seemin' to fash his thoomb, but stickin' by the regular set teeth o' his under-hung jaw to the throat o' the mastiff, close to the jugular, and no to be drawn aff the grip by twa strong baker-boys puin' at the tail o' the tane, and two strong butcher-boys puin' at the tail o' the tither—for the mastiff's maister begins to fear that the veeper at his throat will kill him outright, and offers to pay a' bets and confess his dug has lost the battle. But the crood wush to see the fecht out—and harl the dugs that are noo worryin' ither without ony growlin'—baith silent, except a sort o' snortin' through the nostrils, and a kind o' guller in their gullets—I say, the crood harl them out o' the midden ontil the stanes again—and "Weel dune, Cæsar." "Better dune, Veeper." "A mutchkin to a gill on whitey." "The muckle ane canna fecht." "See how the wee bick is worryin' him now, by a new spat on the thrapple." "He wud rin awa' gin she wud let him loose." "She's just like her mither that belonged to the caravan o' wild beasts." "O man, Davie, but I wud like to get a breed out o' her, by the watch-dug at Bell-meadow bleachfield, that killed, ye ken, the Kilmarnock carrier's Help in twunty minutes, at Kingswell——"

North. I never heard you speak in such kind before, James——

Shepherd. I'm describing the character o' my constituents, you ken, and should be eloquent, for you wull recollec that I sat out wi' imagining mysel Member o' Parliament, that is representative of the Gusedubs. But, as Horace says,

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.

I crave a bumper—faith, claret's no that strong, so I'll drink the toast this time in a tummler, "Baith sides o' the Tweed!" Hip—hip—hip—hurraw! After a' I maun confess that I like the Englishers, if they wad na be sae pernicketty about what they eat.

North. Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be above national prejudices; and in all companies, it gives me true pleasure to declare, that, as a people, the English are very little indeed inferior to the Scotch.

Shepherd. I canna gang sae far as that, Mr. North. Indeed I've often observed that when ye praise an individual or a nation, you are apt to transcend a' bounds o' panegyric, juist out o' the natural goodness o' your heart, that gets the better of the greatness of your understanding. To put an end to the argument a'thegither, you see, or rather to prevent it frae getting a beginning, let me simply ask, where wull you find in a' England, siccan Poets o' the People, the peasantry, that is, the Children o' the soil, the Bairns o' Bank and Brae, as Robert Burns, Allan Kinnigham, and me?

North. Why, James, there is Bloomfield.

Shepherd. O man, Mr. North, sometimes after you've ta'en a drap, you do really, indeed, my dear sir, believe me when I say't, speak maist awfu' nonsense!—Burns and Bloomfield indeed!

North. Why, James, there's Clare.

Shepherd. I houp, sir, you'll no think me ower impertinent, gin I juist ask how auld you are? You see the drift o' my question, so I'll no press't. But really, sir, you should be cautious—for at your time o' life—Kinningham and Clare indeed!

North. Then, James—there is—then James, there is—Let me remember—why James, there is—there is—

Shepherd. Aha! my man, ye were in houps o' findin' a parallel likewise to me? But familiar as you are with the hail range o' original poetry, and deeply as you feel, and weel's you understand it, you were out o' your reckoning there, my lad—when you thought to select some southern swain to shouther the Shepherd out o' the first rank o' genius—or even to staun by his side! Havena ye, my dear sir—just confess?

Tickler. What think you of Stephen Duck?*

Shepherd. That he was a duck—that ye are a guse—and that I am a swan. Ha, ha, ha! that's no a bad pun, Mr. Tickler, though I made it mysel. It is at least extempore, and no like some o' your ain apothegems, a month old at the newest.

North. Hogg, did you recollect old Parr?†

Shepherd. How could I recolleck him? I never lived in the reign of Charles the Second; at least if I did, I do not immediately recolleck it—but, can it be true, do you think, that he ever was so muckle as twa hundred year auld? I can scarcely credit it. I ken an auld woman in Ettrick wha's 150 by the parish register, but at that time o' life fifty years makes a great difference, and the period o' Parr's age maun be apocryphal.

Tickler. There has been another Parr, James, since Charles the Second's time—the Man with the Wig.

Shepherd. Pity me, my memory's no what it ance was—the Doctor o' Deveenity Parr, wi' the frock and frizzle, that eat so mony muirfowl in our tent? I thocht him gaen stupid; but he took a likin' to me,

* Stephen Duck, now an almost forgotten poet, was originally an agricultural laborer in Wiltshire. Queen Caroline, wife of George II. (and the same sketched so graphically by Scott, in the interview with Jeannie Deans,) was shown some of his poetry, and granted him a small pension; afterwards she got him ordained, and procured him the living of Byfield, in Surrey, where he lived for several years. In a fit of insanity he drowned himself in 1756.—M.

† There appears no ground for questioning the longevity of Thomas Parr. He was born in 1483, and labored as a husbandman until after he was one hundred and thirty years old. He took a wife at the age of one hundred and twenty. When the Earl of Arundel brought him to the Court of Charles I. in 1635, he was in apparent good health, but died soon after, it was supposed, from change of air and mode of living. His exact age was one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months. One of his grandsons reached the age of one hundred and twenty. Old Parr had lived in the reigns of ten British monarchs, viz: Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James, and Charles I.—M.

which was sae far in his favor, and therefore I houp he's weel, and no dead yet?

North. The Doctor is dead, James.

Shepherd. Weel, then, you can bring him forward noo, as ane of the great English scholars, to shame a' the Scotch anes at Embro', St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Do you recolleck my shooting his wig for a ptarmigan?*

North. I shall never forget it, James, nor any other incident in the excursion.

Shepherd. That's mair than I'll answer for. I houp there's mony an incident in the Excursion that I hae forgotten, for I cannot say that I recolleck ony incident at all in the hail poem, but the Pedlar refusing to tak a tumbler o' gin and water with the Solitary. That did mak a deep impression on my memory, for I thocht it a most rude and heartless thing to decline drinking with a gentleman in his ain house; but I hope it was not true, and that the whole is a malignant invention of Mr. Wordsworth.

North. James, you are a satirical dog—a wolf in sheep's clothing. But to return to old Parr;†—just as you do, my dear Shepherd, I have a kindness for all that ever set foot within our tent—even Tims.

Tickler. Come, North, no nonsense. You can never name Tims and Parr in the same sentence.

Shepherd. And what for no? I recollect perfectly weel thinkin'

* This sporting feat is duly recorded in the opening article of vol. I. of this edition, entitled, "Christoper in the Tent." Mr. Tims shot the wig, and Hogg shot his own dog.—M.

† Dr. Samuel Parr, scholar, critic, and divine, was head boy of Harrow School at the age of fourteen, entered Cambridge in 1765, but was unable to afford the expense of continuing there. In 1767, when only twenty-two years old, he became first assistant at Harrow, and unsuccessfully strove for the mastership of that eminent school, on Dr. Sumner's death. He was subsequently master of Colchester and Norwich Grammar Schools, where he established a high reputation for classical learning. He was ordained in 1769, received the degree of LL.D. at Cambridge in 1781, and, in 1783, was appointed to the perpetual curacy of Hatton, near Warwick, and a prebend's stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. In 1807, when the Whigs were in office, Dr. Parr was within a fortnight of having been made a bishop. In a Latin preface (much admired for its Ciceronian style) to the third book of Bellendenus, he sketched the characters of Burke, Fox, and Lord North. In 1800 he preached his Spital Sermon, and having attacked Godwin's Political Justice in the notes, Godwin wrote a pamphlet in reply. When Fox died, Parr announced that he would write his life; instead of this, he sketched his character, not very ably, in two volumes. Queen Caroline, in 1820, appointed him her head chaplain, and he was her friend and adviser to the last. At the age of seventy-eight, Parr died,—in March, 1825. In politics, he was liberal to the extreme, and refused to drink "Church and State," saying, that had been the toast of the Jacobites, and then was the yell of incendiaries; that it meant a church without the gospel and a king above the laws. He was fond of bull-baiting, and much addicted to smoking. He liked port wine, and disliked tea, and complimented a lady who handed him a cup, by the quotation:

"Nec possum *te*-cum vivere, nec sine *te*."

He was loud and dictatorial in society. He wore an immense peruke, (called a buzz-wig,) and was careless in his attire. He hated a man who vacillated in politics, and was so angry with Sir James Mackintosh, who had written in defence of the French Revolution, for accepting an Indian Judgeship from Pitt, its enemy, that after a man named Quigley had been executed for treason, Parr emphatically said he might have done worse. Mackintosh asked for an explanation, and Parr answered, "I'll tell you, Jemmy: Quigley was an Irishman—he might have been a *Scotchman;* he was a priest—he might have been a *lawyer;* he was a traitor—he might have been *an apostate*."—M.

Dr. Parr the maist learned o' the twa, mair especially in Greek and Latin, but Tims appeared to me in the licht o' a man o' greater natural abeelities. It was wi' the greatest diffeeculty that I got the Priest to comprehend the tithe o' what I said, whereas the Pawnbroker was a bit clever eneuch ape o' a body, and after hearin' me crack twa three times, although I shall na ventur to say that he guessed my meanin', yet you would hae been surprised to hear how he got hauld o' the words, and the verra sound of my idiomatic accent—so that had you steekit your een, you micht hae thocht, when the cretur was speakin', that he was Jamie Hogg—but to be sure, on opening them again, you would hae gotten an unco fricht to see that it was na me, but only Tims, afore he took up his French title of Wictoire.* And I'm tell't that he can do the same thing, within the short length of his tether, wi' the bit pen o' him, in regaird to ither folks' printed style, and puttin forth some byuckies that, a' things considered, are not by any means so very muckle amiss.

North. Have you seen Parr's Aphorisms, Tickler?

Tickler. Parr's Aphorisms, North? No—I have not seen Parr's Aphorisms, North, nor have you—nor will you, nor I, nor any other mortal man, ever see Parr's Aphorisms, North, for this simple reason, that Parr was no more able to utter an aphorism, North, than an old tom-cat to coin a gold guinea, Mr. North.

Shepherd. Is an aphorism ony thing at a' like an apothegem?

Tickler. As two peas.

Shepherd. Then I agree with you, Mr. Tickler, that Dr. Parr never consaved—never was delivered of—and never brought up an aphorism in his born days; and that the productions bearing its name will be found to hae nane o' its nature; for the seeds o' an aphorism—at least if it be, Mr. North, as Mr. Tickler manteens, sib to an apothegem—never were in him; and he was by nature incapacitated frae bringing forth ony thing mair valuable than an *ipse dixit*, or a dogma.

Tickler. The Aphorisms of Parr! Next we shall have Pastorals by Day and Martin, and Epithalamia by Jack Ketch. The author of the Pursuits of Literature never said a truer thing than when he called Parr the Birmingham Doctor, not an imitator, observe, but a mere counterfeit; having the same relation to the true thing, Samuel Johnson, whom he aped, as the thunder of Drury Lane, which no doubt sounds magnificently to the ears of Colburn's theatrical critics in the pit, to that of Jove in the heavens, *νεφελιγερφτα Ζευς*, with which he awes the heart of nations.

* In 1823 was published, by Colburn of London, "Letters on England, by Victoire, Count de Soligny, 2 vols. Translated from the original MSS." They bore evident marks of having been manufactured within the sound of Bow-bells, which is the limit of the realm of Cockaigne. The contributors to Maga affected to believe that little Tims (created for the purpose of figuring in The Tent, in 1819) was the author, and, in Cockney dialect, henceforth wrote of him as Viscount Wictoire de Soligny.—M.

North. As an original thinker, I own he was Nemo—nobody; but as a scholar——

Tickler. Hum—hummior—hummissimus,—he was a mere Parolles in a pedagogue's wig. His preface to Bellendenus, as all the world knows, was never looked into but for its oddities, first, that it talked about Fox, and Burke, and Lord North, in Latin—when others talked of them in English; secondly, that this Latin, as he called it, was a monster of deformity, being in fact a cento made up from every Roman on God's earth, beginning with Fabius Pictor, and the "Stercus Ennii," down to the "rank Africanisms" (to use Milton's phrase) of Arnobius. An English History could not be more extravagant, composed out of the hoary archaisms of Robert of Gloucester, compounded with the "three piled" Gibbonisms of Sharon Turner. "He had been at a great feast of languages, and had stolen the scraps."

North. I cannot help admiring his Spital sermon, as——

Tickler. Beyond all comparison the most empty bladder-dash that ever attempted to soar without gas into the ethereal regions.

North. His Dissertation on the word Sublime at the end of Dugald Stewart's Philosophical Essays.

Tickler. Ay, a sublime treatise on Mud, with some superior remarks on the preposition SUB. The whole amount from a world of pother, parade, and pseudo-learning, is, that Sublime means, not that which is under the mud, but that which is above it; *sub* coming not from *ὑπο* but from *ὑπερ*. Small structure as all this would have been, had it stood on a true foundation, Professor Dunbar has, I perceive, in an able paper in the last Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, smashed it with an iron hand, and the paltry pile has disappeared.

Shepherd. I would like, Mr. Tickler, if it were not usin' ower much liberty, to ask leave to ring the bell for some toasted cheese? It's a gude while now sin' dinner, and I'm gettin' roun' again into hunger.

Tickler. Surely, James, surely—you shall have a ton of toasted cheese.

North. My friend Paris,* a clever and charming fellow, has lately published a work on Diet, in which I am equally surprised and sorry to see laid down the most pernicious and penurious principles. Few fellows play a better knife and fork than Paris; yet in theory he supports the starvation system, which, in practice, he does from the very bottom of his stomach condemn.

Shepherd. Oh, man, there's something very auld-wifeish-like in publishing a book to tell folk how to devour their vittles. There's nae mystery in that matter—hunger and thirst are simple straught-forward instincts, no likely to be muckle improved by artificial erudition; and I'll bet you a cheese to a kibbock (by the by, what for is't no coming

* Dr. J. Ayrton Paris, author of several medical works, and President of the Royal College of Physicians, London.—M.

ben, the bit Welsh rabbit?) that your fren's wark on diet will hae nae perceptible influence on the character o' the Table during our age.

Tickler. The son of Priam talks away like a Trojan as he is, about the dangerous tendency of indulgence in a multiplicity of dishes.

Shepherd. He's richt there—nae healthy man has ony use for mair than half a dizzen dishes at dinner,—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, tarts, and cheese, is aneuch for ony reasonable——

Tickler. Hush, Heliogabalus—and hear Paris. "The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the opeartions which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a sufficient labor for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the *Cryptogamia* upwards."

North. What a precious ninny the said intelligent reviewer!

Tickler. "And to this miscellaneous aggregate are added the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry cook, and the complex combinations of the confectioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to contend with."

Shepherd. Hech, sirs! Hech, sirs! Ha—ha—ha! Forgie me for burstin' out a-lauchin at a clever man, and a fren' o' yours, gentlemen; but, O dear me, my sides, heard ye e'er the like o' that last sentence! It would be a grand warld, sirs, if man had nae mair evils to contend against than soups, and fish, and flesh, and fowl. As to the whole vegetable warld, frae Cryptogamia upwards, I shall say naething anent that clause in our calamities, never having been at Cryptogamia, which, for any thing I ken to the contrary, may be the neist kintra to Mesopotamia; neither shall I venture to contradick the Doctor about the pastigeos, unless indeed he mean pigeon-pies, in which case I gie him the lee direct in the maist unequivocal and categorical manner, they being the maist halesome o' a' bird-pies whatsomever, whether common doecots or cushats, only you maunna eat them ower often, for——

Tickler. But the Doctor continues, "Nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal."

Shepherd. A lee! a lee!—amply suffice for a meal!

Tickler. "A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef côtelettes à la suprême; then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionably indigestible dish, and each of these enough for a single meal."

Shepherd. He forgets, he forgets, the Doctor forgets, Mr. Paris, M.D. forgets that each man in the company cannot for his own individual share eat up the whole of the same individual dish. Each man only takes a platefu', or twa at the maist, o' each o' thae dishes; for wha ever heard o' being helped three times to ilka dish on the board!

Nae man would hae the face to ask it, and if he did, the prayer o' his petition would not be granted.

Tickler. "But this is not all; game follows; and to this again succeed the sweets, and a quantity of cheese."

Shepherd. Quite right—quite right. O, Mr. Tickler, what an effect, after sic a dinner, would Dr. Paris produce on a guest by an emetic!

Tickler. "The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible knick-knacks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge cake."

Shepherd. And then what a crackin' o' nits, till a pyramid of shells rises up before each member of the club—but there I agree with the Doctor.

Tickler. "Thus then it is, that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals, rapidly following each other, and vying in their miscellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's cauldron."

Shepherd. There again Dr. Paris speaks great nonsense, for Shakspeare meant no affront to a good dinner—and too many great folk quote and allude to him with ignorance and presumption. Macbeth's cauldron indeed! Had the Doctor been right, wha wadna be a witch or a warlock? But the truth is, he has written down the starvation system by the mere simple statement of that of generous repletion. I wish it were now about a quarter of an hour or ten minutes before denner, instead of twa hours after it; but I will try and put off till supper, and meanwhile here goes a sort o' nonsensical sang.

There's some souls 'ill yammer and cheep,
If a win'le strae lie in their way;
And some through this bright world 'ill creep,
As if fear'd for the light o' God's day.

And some would not lend ye a boddle,
Although they would borrow a crown,
And some folk 'ill ne'er fash their noddle
Wha's waukin, if they can sleep soun'.

And some wi' big scars on their face,
Point out a prin scart on a frien',
And some black as sweeps wi' disgrace,
Cry out the whole world's unclean.

Some wha on the best o't can cram,
Think a' body else maun be fu',
Some would na gi'e misery a dram,
Though they swattle themsel till they spew.

Sure's death! there can be but sma' pleasure
In livin' 'mang sic a cursed crew,

An't were na the soul's sacred treasure,
The friendship that's found in a few.

That treasure, let's hoord it thegither,
Enjoy my good luck or thole ill,
Nor grudge though wine's sent to a brither
In hoggits, when I've but a gill.

Then here's to the chiel wha's sae bauld
As to trust his ain thought to his tongue,
Wha, e'en though his trunk's growin auld,
Has a soul and a heart that are young.

Before I an auld frien' forget,
My memory first I maun tine;—
Here's a glass for anither health yet,
Need'st thou guess, angel woman!—it's thine.

North. Thanks—a queer, bold, independent, soul-speaking thing——

Shepherd. Mercy on us! what a deevil o' a noise! heard ye ever the like o' that?

Tickler. A cat-concert, James. The Toms and Tabbies have overheard your song, and are striking up in return an imitation of the Hunter's Chorus in the Freischutz.

Shepherd. I've often thocht it aneuch to sicken ane o' love a' their days, just to refleck that all that hissing and spitting, and snuffing and squeaking, and squealing and howling, and growling and groaning, a' mixed up into ae infernal gallimaufry o' din unlike ony thing else even in this noisy world, was, wi' these gentle domestic creatures, the saftest, sweetest expression o' the same tender passion that from Adam's lips whispered persuasion into Eve's ear in the bowers of Paradise! But it's no possible to thole this ony langer—out wi' the musket, Mr. Tickler, and let drive at them—and when a's silent again, I'll gie ye anither sang.

Tickler. Take advantage of that pause, James, and begin.

Shepherd. Up wi' the fiddle, then, and let's hae an accompaniment o' baith vocal and instrumental music.

North. Stop, James! Your mine is inexhaustible. But did you ever hear Irish Johnstone sing*—my dear crony of the olden time, Jack Johnstone? Here goes an attempt at his style of chant.

* John Henry Johnstone was not only an excellent vocalist, but by far the best personator of Irish character we have yet seen. He was a Tipperary man, who enlisted into a dragoon regiment. Accident showed that he possessed a fine voice, and his Colonel, anxious that it should not be lost to the public, obtained his discharge and procured an engagement for him at the Dublin Theatre, where his reputation was immediately established on high grounds. He succeeded, subsequently, on the London boards, and when his voice began to fail, took to Irish parts, for which his rich humor, real brogue, (Power's was artificial and assumed,) and fine execution of Irish ditties, well qualified him. Irish Johnstone died in December, 1826. His property was found to exceed £12,000, and was left to the children of his only daughter, the wife of Mr. James Wallack, of New-York. The parts in which Johnstone was most popular, were Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Major O'Flaherty, Teague, and Dennis Bulgruddery. He was equally at home in patrician and plebeian Irishmen.—M.

THE HUMORS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Air—The Athlone Landlady.

Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Rowland M'Figg
That could properly handle the twig!
He went to the fair,
And kicked up a dust there,
In dancing the Donnybrook jig,
With his twig—
Oh my blessing is Dermot M'Figg!

When he came to the midst of the fair,
He was all in a *paugh* for fresh air,
For the fair very soon
Was as full as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
Oh rare!
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair!

The souls they came pouring in fast,
To dance while the leather would last,
For the Thomas Street brogue
Was there in much vogue,
And oft with the brogue the joke pass'd,
Quite fast
While the cash and the whisky did last!

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went,
Peep'd in here, peep'd in there,
As he walk'd through the fair,
And took a small taste in each tent
As he went,
Och! on whisky and love he was bent.

When, who should he spy in a jig,
With a meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate,
So gay and so neat—
Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
The pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
Until an arch wag
Cut a hole in his bag,
And at once put an end to the tune
Too soon—
Och! the music flew up to the moon!

To the fiddler, says Dermot M'Figg,
If you please, sir, play "Sheela na Gig,"

We'll shake a loose toe,
While you humor the bow;
To be sure, you won't warm the wig
Of M'Figg,
While he's dancing a tight Irish jig.

But, says Katty, the darling, says she,
If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show
Billy can't be your foe,
Though he fought for his cousin, that's me,
Says she,
For sure Billy's related to me!

For my own cousin-german, Ann Wild,
Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,
And Biddy's step-son,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child
As ever at mother's breast smiled!—

And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goats' whey in Dundrum's sweet town,
'Twas her uncle's half brother
That married my mother,
And brought me this new yellow gown
To go down
When the marriage was held at Miltown.

By the powers! then, says Dermot, 'tis plain,
Like a son of that rapscallion Cain,
My best friend I have kilt,
Though no blood there is spilt,
And the devil a harm did I mane,
That's plain;
But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again!

Then the meal-man forgave him the blow
That laid him a sprawling so low,
And, being quite gay,
Asked them both to the play,
But Katty being bashful, said, "No,
Oh No—No!"
Yet he treated them all to the show!

Shepherd. The like o' that was never heard in this warld afore. The brogue as perfeck as if you had been born and bred in the bog o' Allen! How muckle better this kind o' weel-timed daffin that aye gangs on here at Southside, than literary and philosophical conversation, and criticism on the fine arts, and polemical discussion wi' red faces and fiery een on international policy, and the corn laws, and sur-

p'us population, and havers about free Tread! Was ye in the shower-bath the day, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. Yes, James—do you take it?

Shepherd. I hae never yet had courage to pu' the string. In I gang and shut the door on myself—and tak haud o' the string very gently for the least rug 'ill bring down the squash like the Falls of the Clyde; and I look up to the machine, a' pierced wi' so many water-holes, and then I shut my een and my mouth like grim death, and then I let gae the string, and, gruin' a' the time, try to whistle; and then I agree to allow myself a respite till I count fifty; and neist begin to argue wi' my ain conscience, that the promise I had made to myself to whumle the splash-cask was only between it and me, and that the warld will ken naething about the matter if I come out again *re infectâ;* and, feenally, I step out as cautiously as a thief frae a closet, and set myself down in the arm-chair, beside the towel warming at the fire, and tak up the Magazine, and peruse, perhaps, ane of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, till I'm like to split wi' lauchin at my ain wut, forgettin' a' the time that the door's no locked, and what a figure I would present to ony o' the servant-lasses that micht happen to come in lookin' for naething, or to some collegian or contributor, come out frae Embro' during the vacance to see the Ettrick Shepherd. But I canna help thinkin', Mr. Tickler, for a' your lauchin', that in a like predicament you would be a mair ridiculous mortal than mysel'—but what are ye thinking on, Mr. North? I dinna believe ye hae heard a word o' what I've been saying,—but it's your ain loss.

North. You were speaking of the Greek loan?

Shepherd. I was, sir. Yon's a bonny business.*

North. Master Ricardo is the most disinterested of patriots. Sixty-four thousand pounds of commission is a mere nothing to a man of his wealth, and could not in the least have influenced his zeal in the cause of Greece. Indeed, the whole management of the concern has been admirable. With what despatch the war steamboats were built, engined, equipped, manned, officered, and sent to sea! What greatness of soul in Galloway to sacrifice the feelings of a father, and succor the sacred cause of Liberty against the machinations of his own son! How glorious to behold America sending forth her vaporing vessels at the puny price of some hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to carry the invincible Cochrane† against the prows of the Egyptian Pacha! At home and abroad alike, among the friends of Freedom, what honor,

* There was immense jobbing and trickery in the affair of a loan for Greece, at this time, when her people were contending for nationality. Not only Hume and Bowring, but Ricardo (the capitalist) with Galloway the engineer, and others, were accused of jobbing in the stock.—M.

† Now Earl of Dundonald, in the peerage of Scotland. He had fought bravely for the independence of South America, and was in Greece, at this time, to assist the revolting natives.—M.

what honesty, what valor, what devotedness! How many martyrdoms, on flood and field, on corse-covered lagoon and bloody battlement, in presence of the spirits of those who died at Platæa and Marathon, while high above them all stands the apparition of Leonidas, undeformed by wounds, and with his radiant tresses wreathed with flowers, as on the night before the sacrifice of Thermopylæ, offered to his country's gods!

Tickler. "The old man eloquent!"

Shepherd. It gars me a' gru, like Rule Britannia frae a band o' regimental music o' the Seventh Hussars, now at Jock's Lodge. I canna read Greek—except in a Latin translation done into English—the case I suspect wi' mony a ane that passes for a sort o' scholar; but I ken pieces, fragments o' their glorious history, Pope's Homer, West's Pindar, and stray strains o' Plato, a poet in prose; I have heard as in an echo the thunder o' Demosthenes, have seen casts o' marble statues of their gods and demigods and godlike men, and oh! fairer far and mair divinely beautiful even than the loveliest lady that ever reined her palfrey through Ettrick Forest of old, or lowly lassie sitting by herself in her plaid on the brae, moulds of those who were worshipped on earth because of their exceeding brightness, and that in Heaven were paramours of the deities, and shone from the night-firmament, stationary, or a-flight, o'er a hundred generations now all buried in the dust. Therefore, curses be on the turbans of the Turks, and may Diana sit again between the horns of her own crescent, as it rises radiant ower Mount Latmos and——

North. Sit nearer me, James. I am a little deafish on the side of my head next my dear Shepherd, and am unwilling that a word should be lost.

Shepherd. I hae na the least conception noo o' what I was speakin' about; but somehow or ither I was thinkin' o' the soun' o' a trumpet. Damn the Turks!

North. By the by, here are some verses I got to-day from a young friend, as yet but little known to the world, yet of whose genius and talents I have high hopes. The lines I think are full of spirit, although I have lying by me compositions of his, both in prose and verse, that are perhaps——

Shepherd. Noo, Mr. North, dinna let your voice fa' at the ends o lines, and read as if ye were reading before James Ballantyne.*

THE SONG OF THE JANISSARY.

Have they trod down the mighty?—by sea and by shore,
Will one name be a watchword and terror no more?

* Who was one of the best readers of his time—natural, unforced, not deepening his voice into a tone melo-dramatic, nor "aggravating" it into a falsetto; in a word, reading as if he felt and understood.—M.

Has the eagle been hurl'd from his throne in the air?
Will the fox find a home in the grim lion's lair?

Have they trod down the mighty? The victors who stood
Resistless when life was pour'd forth like a flood!—
The awarders of empire! the mates of the brave!—
The freemen who hallow'd the land of the slave!

Our name is a scorn, and our sabres are rust,
Our palace a sepulchre gory in dust,—
But again shall its turrets gleam high in the air,
And again shall the flash of our sabres be there!

Again shall the name of our Aga be known—
A spell that o'ershadows the mosque and the throne;
Again shall our foeman grow pale when he hears
The tread and the shout of the fierce Janizlers!

For a time—for a time may the tyrant prevail,
But himself and his Pachas before us shall quail;
The fate that tore Selim in blood from the throne,
We have sworn, haughty Mahmoud! shall yet be thy own.

The warriors of ages! who fought and who bled
With Osman and Amurath—the deathless though dead,—
Are they destined to pass like the sunshine of spring?—
Their fame to the winds, and their neck to the string!

By the Prophet! the waves of the Euxine shall stop,
The stars from the conclave like hailstones shall drop
Ere the traitor and coward may hope to tread down
The tameless in soul—the undimm'd in renown.

We warn thee, stern Mahmoud! thy hour is at hand,—
Thou hast sharpen'd the lance, thou hast kindled the brand;
We are gathering like tempests that gather by night,
Woe—woe to thee, King! when we burst in our might!

Shepherd. Mony a clever lad ye ken, Mr. North. But sometimes I think, that like ither auld men, ye pretend to do things you're nae capable o',—and you receeted thae verses as if they were your ain. Are they?

North. No.

Shepherd. That's enough.

North. Here's a copy of fine verses, James, by the same author, but every line seems written twice over—how is that?

Shepherd. I never could tell how that happens,—but miss every ither line, and a' will be right.

Tickler. I have observed that, at night, after supper, with ships at sea. Two ships of the line! not one ship and one frigate—but two eighty-fours. Shut one eye, and there at anchor lies, let us say, the Bellerophon—for I am speaking of the olden time. Open the other,

and behold two Bellerophons riding at anchor. Optics, as a science, are all very well; but they can't explain that mystery—not they and be hanged to them—ask Whewell or Airey.* But, North, the verses!

Shepherd. There's nae mair certainty in mathematical science than in sheep-shearing. The verses!

Tickler. The stanzas seem to me to be sixteen lines each, but I will divide them by two, which gives eight verses.

North. Well, well, James, if you think the Magazine's not falling off——

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler, man, I canna stay ony langer—ye see Mr. North's gotten unco fu', and I maun accompany him in the cotch down to Buchanan Lodge—shall I?

North. Hogg, as to that, if you don't care about the calculation; for as to the Apocrypha, and so on, if the Bible Society pay four hundred a-year, really the Christian Instructor—hip—hip—hip!—Why, Hogg, ye see—the fools are—hurra—hurra—hurra—!

Shepherd. O, Mr. Tickler, North's gotten a mouthfu' o' fresh air when you opened the window, and is as fu's the Baltic. But I'll see him hame. The cotch, the cotch, the cotch, dinna dint the pint o' your crutch into my instep, Mr. North—there, there, steady, steady—the cotch. Gude mornin', Tickler—what a moon and stars!

Tickler. Let him take a sleep, James; you and he have both had your jokes and jibes, and songs and stories, and I have had no opportunity of showing off the whole night. Let me take that slip of paper gently out of his hand, and pass off the contents for my own. It is the least unprincipled of all kinds of plagiarism to rob a sleeping friend. To steal from the dead is sacrilege. Listen!

TO LUCY.

The silver tones of woman's tongue,
  The eloquence of woman's eyes,
A thousand nameless bards have sung,
  The strains unheeded by the wise;
I would not be a bard like them
  Even for the heaven of Lucy's smile,
And Lucy would herself condemn
  The flatterer's deceitful wile.

I could not tell thee how I love,
  Nor paint the charms I find in thee,
Though every leaf in yonder grove
  Changed into winged words for me;
But, Lucy! to this heart of mine
  Let me thy gentle fingers press,—
Each rapid bounding throb is thine,
  And every throb is happiness.

* Dr. Whewell, elected Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1841. Professor Airy Astronomer Royal of England.—M.

Lucy! it is the holy hour
When sunlight dies upon the sea—
When pearls are hung on every flower,
And birds are hush'd on every tree;
Open the lattice—all is mute,
Mute as the beams of yon pale star;
I would not even have thy lute
The music of such silence mar.

Methinks there is in it a spell
That gives the soul a higher sway,
And thoughts that oft in darkness dwell,
Start into life in bright array;
Thoughts—feelings—ecstacies—that fling
A sudden joy through both our bosoms,
Like flowers in moonlight, or like spring,
That wreathes on every bough her blossoms.

Each other's world we long have been,
Our eyes their sun—our arms their zone,
But now a something felt—not seen—
Gives to our bliss a higher tone;
While we can clasp each other thus,
In love's deep purity entwined,
Oh! what is all this earth to us?—
Earth cannot bound the chainless mind!

Our souls, like clouds at break of day,
Across the sun's bright pathway driven,
Have into light resolved away—
O God! the light—the light of Heaven!
My spirit floats in liquid light,
Like skiff upon a sapphire sea,
O Lucy! we have seen to-night
A glimpse of Heaven's eternity!

Lucy! it is a time for prayer—
A time for thoughts we cannot speak,
But in the blue and starry air
Our thoughts will find the home they seek·
Kneel with me, Lucy, side by side,—
We are not things of dust and clay,
Thou art my own immortal bride,—
Kneel with me, dearest!—we will pray.

Shepherd. Thae verses are nae small beer, Tickler. You're a bad reader, but they read themselves—sae fu' o' pathos and poetry. Here's the health o' the chiel that wrote them.

North (*awakes sober*). Have you read the "Hints for the Holidays,"* James? and how do you like them?

Shepherd. I enterteen ower muckle envy and jealousy o' that

* The three articles thus named, had appeared in the July, August, and September numbers of Blackwood, 1826. They were written by Professor Wilson.—M.

owthor, fairly to judge or fully to enjoy ony o' his warks. He does the same o' me—so we're on a fitten o' equality.

Tickler. In short, there's no love lost between you.

Shepherd. I hope not—for I love him as weel as ony freen I hae—and sae I verily believe does he me. But, oh! that leeterary envy and jealousy to which we are baith a prey. It embitters the very heart's bluid.

North. I never felt such passions.

Shepherd. Because, ye see, Mr. North, ye staun ower high aboon a' ither editors. Wi' a weel-pleased face, you keep lookin' down on them—and where's the merit in your seeing them, without envy or jealousy, plouterin' in the dubs, or brastlin' up the braes, or sittin' down pechin' on "Rest and be thankfu'." But mind that to you they're a' lookin' up—that "they sigh the more because they sigh in vain," yet glad, glad would they be if they could rug ye doon frae your throne by the tail o' the coat, or drag the crutch out o' your nieve, or even mislay your specs, that they might dim your perspicacity! I hae often heard ither editors and their contributors wondering how auld ye really were, some o' them moving ye up as heigh as fourscore! They try, but it winna do, to believe it possible that ye may have some constitutional tendency to apoplexy, and swear, against the testimony o' their ain senses, that you're unco short in the neck. There's no a better complaint to bring against a man than cholera morbus, and wi' that, sir, they have charged ye several times, even to the length o' death. In the Great Fire o' Edinburgh, a far greater ane than the Great Fire o' London, in proportion to the size o' the twa touns, and that's a' a Scotchman need contend for, it was rumored that ye had perished under a fall o' fiery rafters. That sough I traced mysel' back to the Seven Young Men; and nae doubt, mony, mony houped ye had been in the Comet.

North. It is not in my power to bring myself to believe that I can be hated by any human being, James. It is not, indeed.

Shepherd. Hated—by some you're just perfectly abhorred! your name's just anither name for Sawtan; and the sanctum sanctorum, in their imagination, what ither place but, to be plain wi' ye, preceesely hell?

North. That is very discouraging to——

Shepherd. Discouragin'! What! to be hated, abhorred, feared by the bad and the base, the paltry and the profligate, the sinfu', and, what's sometimes waur than sinfu', the stupit! What for didna baith o' you twa come up to the moors on the twalf this season?

Tickler. We were at Dalnacardoch, you ignoramus, also at Dalwhinnie, along Loch Ericht, over from Dall to Megarney, at the head of Glen-Lyon, thence across the Moor o' Rannoch to the head o' Glenorchy; then pluff—pluff—rap—rap—slab—bang in the direction of

Inverary—away round by Cairndow—from that ower some grand shooting ground to the Cobbler sitting in the Clouds above Arrochar and Loch Long—and finally, skirting the coast over against Greenock, a steamer took us to Glasgow, where the rums were looking up, the punch was pleasant, and the people given to geggery, every house hospitable, and a set of first-rate fellows flourishing at THE CLUB.

Shepherd. It was na fair not to let me ken.

Tickler. The truth is, James, that North was in rather an odd way, and did not like to be looked at by any body but me——

Shepherd. Didna like to be looked at by ony ither body but you! He maun hae been in an odd way indeed. Was ye rather a wee wrang in the head, sir? If sae, I can sympatheeze wi' you, for I was gayen ill mysel in that way about the time that I was writing the Pilgrims o' the Sun.

Tickler. Not then, James. It was when you were engaged in writing Memoirs of your own Life.

Shepherd. Cheer up, Mr. North, cheer up! Oh, my dear sir, whenever the Magazine wants a gran' article, only ask me, and ye shall hae't. I hate to see ye sae down i' the mouth.

North. Nobody can understand my feelings, James. I am an unhappy man. The Magazine is getting every month stupider and stupider. I think—that is, Ebony thinks of reducing the price to two shillings, and augmenting the sheets to twelve. Rousseau in his Confessions—and the Opium-Eater——

Shepherd. Cheer up, Mr. North, cheer up. You hae nae occasion for Rousseau, and he's ower far aff to send articles without a sair expense—and naebody kens where he is—and as for the Opium-Eater, he lives in a world o' his ain, where there are nae Magazines o' ony sort, but o' hail and sleet, and thunder and lichtnin', and pyramids, and Babylonian terraces covering wi' their fallen gardens, that are now naething but roots and trunks o' trees, and bricks of pleasure houses, the unknown tombs o' them that belonged ance to the Beasts in the Revelations, and were ordered to disappear by a hand on the wall, shadow and substance baith emblems—(is that the word?)—o' the thousan' years transitory greatness of the michty—ignorant, that at the verra best they were the ghosts of ghosts, shadows of dreams, and tenth-cousins to the dust, frailer and mair evanescent than their dry relation wha is himsel' disowned by that proud landed proprietor—Earth!

North. Surely, Ambrose has made some alteration in his house lately. I cannot make out this room at all. It is not the Blue Parlor?

Shepherd. We're at Southside, sir—perfectly sober ane an' a'—but dinna be alarmed, sir, if you see twa cotches at the door, for we're no gaun to separate—there's only ane, believe me—and I'll tak a hurl wi' ye as far's the Harrow.

No. XXIX.—NOVEMBER, 1826.

SCENE—*Ambrose's Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlor.*

THE SHEPHERD, NORTH, AND TICKLER.

Shepherd. Do you ken, Mr. North, that I'm beginning to like this snug wee roomy in Mr. Awmrose's New Hotel, maist as weel's the Blue Parlor in the dear auld tenement?

North. Ah no, my dear James, none of us will ever be able to bring our hearts to do that; to us, Gabriel's Road will aye be holy and haunted ground. George Cooper* is a fine fighter and a civil landlord, but I cannot look on his name on that door without a pensive sigh! Mr. Ambrose's worthy brother has moved, you know, up stairs, and I hobble in upon him once a fortnight for auld lang syne.

Shepherd. I often wauken greetin' frae a dream about that dear, dear tenement. "But what's the use o' sighing, since life is on the wing?" and but for the sacredness o' a' thae recollections, this house—this hotel—is in itsell preferable, perhaps, to our ancient howf.

North. Picardy is a pleasant place, and our host is prosperous. No house can be quieter and more noiseless.

Shepherd. That's a great maitter. You'll recollect me ance lodgin' in Ann Street, noo nae langer in existence,—a steep street, ye ken, rinnin' down alang the North Brig towards where the New Markets is, but noo biggit up wi' a' thae new buildings——

North. That I do, James. 'Twas there, up a spiral stone stair-case, in a room looking towards the Castle, that I first saw my Shepherd's honest face, and first I ate along with him cod's head and shoulders.

Shepherd. We made a nicht o't, wi' twa dear freens;—ane o' them at this hour in Ettrick, and the ither ower the saut seas in India, an Episcopalian chaplain.

North. But let's be merry, James. Our remembrances are getting too tender.

Shepherd. What I was gaun to say was this,—that yon room, quate as it seemed, was aften the maist infernally noisy chawmer on the face o' this noisy earth. It was na far, ye ken, frae the play-house. Ae wunter there was an afterpiece ca'd the Burnin' o' Moscow, that was

* Ambrose's successor in the original hostelrie, at the back of Prince's street.—M.

performed maist every nicht. A while afore twal the Kremlim used to be blawn up; and the soun', like thunder, wauken'd a' the sleepin' dougs in that part o' the town. A' at ance there was set up siccan a barkin' and yellin', and youlin' and growlin', and nyaffin' and snaffin', and clankin' o' chains frae them in kennels, that it was waur than the din o' aerial jowlers pursuing the wild huntsman through the sky. Then cam the rattlin' o' wheels, after Moscow was reduced to ashes, that made the dougs, especially the watch anes, mair outrageous than ever, and they keepit rampaugin' in their chains on till past twa in the mornin'. About that hour, or sometimes suner, they had wauken'd a' the cocks in the neeborhood—baith them in preevate families and in poulterers' cavies; and the creturs keepit crawin' defiance to ane anither quite on to dawn o' licht. Some butchers had ggem-cocks in pens no far frae my lodgings; and oh! but the deevils incarnate had hoarse, fierce, cruel craws! Neist began the dust and dung carts; and whare the mail-coaches were gaun, or comin' frae, I never kent, but ilka half hour there was a toutin' o' horns—lang tin anes, I'm sure, frae the scutter o' broken-winded soun. After that a' was din and distraction, for day-life begude to roar again; and aften hae I risen without ever having bowed an ee, and a' owing to the burnin' o' Moscow, and blawin' up o' the Kremlin.

North. Nothing of the sort can happen here. This must be a sleeping house fit for a Sardanapalus.

Shepherd. I'll try it this verra nicht. But what for tauk o' bedtime sae sune after denner? It's really a bit bonny parlor.

North. What think you, James, of that pattern of a paper on the wall?

Shepherd. I was sae busily employed eatin' durin' denner, and sae muckle mair busier drinkin' after denner, that, wull ye believe me when I say't, that gran' huntin'-piece paperin' the wa's never ance caught my een till this blessed moment? Oh sirs, but it's an inspeeritin' picture, and I wush I was but on horseback, following the hounds!

Tickler. The poor stag! how his agonies accumulate, and intensify in each successive stage of his doom, flying in distraction, like Orestes before the Furies!

Shepherd. The stag! confoun' me gin I see ony stag. But yon's a lovely leddie—a Duchess—a Princess—or a Queen—wha keeps aye crownin' the career, look whare you wull—there soomin' a ford like a Naiad—there plungin' a Bird o' Paradise into the forest's gloom—and there, lo! reappearing star-bright on the mountain brow!

North. Few ladies look loveable on horseback. The bumping on their seat is not elegant; nor do they mend the matter much, when, by means of the crutch, they rise on the saddle, like a postilion, buckskin breeches excepted.

Tickler. The habit is masculine, and if made by a country tailor, to ordinary apprehension converts a plain woman into a pretty man.

North. No modest female should ever sport beaver. It gives her the bold air of a kept mistress.

Tickler. But what think you of her elbows, hard at work as those of little Tommy Lye, the Yorkshire jockey, beginning to make play on a north-country horse in the Doncaster St. Leger, when opposite the Grand Stand?

North. How engagingly delicate the virgin splattering along, whip in mouth, draggle-tailed, and with left leg bared to the knee-pan!

Shepherd. Tauk awa'—tauk awa'—ye twa auld revilers; but let me hae anither glower o' my galloping goddess, gleaming gracefully through a green glade, in a' the glorious grimness of a grove of gigantic forest trees!

Tickler. What a glutter of gutturals!

Shepherd. O that some moss-hidden stump, like a snake in the grass, wud but gar her steed stumble, that she might safely glide outower the neck before the solitary shepherd in a flichter o' rainbow light, sae that I were by to come jookin' out frae ahint an aik, like a Satyr, or rather the god Pan, and ere her lovely limbs could in their disarray be veiled among the dim wood violets, receive into my arms and bosom—O blessed burthen!—the peerless Forest Queen.

North. O gentle Shepherd!—thou fond idolater!—how canst thou thus in fancy burn with fruitless fires before the image of that beautiful Cruelty, all athirst and a-wing for blood?

Shepherd. The love that starts up at the touch o' imagination, sir, is o' mony million moods. A beautiful Cruelty! Thank you, Mr. North, for the poetic epithet.

North. Such SHAPES, in the gloom of forests, hunt for the souls of men!

Shepherd. Wood-witch, or Dell-deevil, my soul would follow such a Shape into the shades o' death. Let the Beautiful Cruelty wear murder on her face, so that something in her fierce eyeballs lure me to a boundless love. I see that her name is Sin; and those figures in the rear, with black veils, are Remorse and Repentance. They beckon me back into the obscure wi' lean uplifted hands, and a bony shudder, as if each cadaver were a clanking skeleton; but the closer I come to Sin, the farther awa' and less distinct do they become; and, as I touch the hem o' her garment, where are they gone?

North. James, you must have been studying the German romances. But I see your aim—there is a fine moral——

Tickler. Curse all German romances. (*Rings the bell violently.*)

Shepherd. Ay, Mr. Tickler, just sae. You've brak the bell-rope, ye see, wi' that outrageous jerk. What are ye wantin'?

Tickler. A spitting-box.

Shepherd. Hoots! You're no serious in sayin' you're gaun tc smoke already? Wait till after sooper.

Tickler. No, no, James. I rang for our dear Christopher's cushion. I saw, by the sudden twist that screwed up his chin, that his toe twinged. Is the pain any milder now, sir?

Shepherd. Oh, sir! oh, sir! say that the pain's milder noo, sir! Oh, dear me, only to think o' your listenin' to my stupid havers, and never betrayin' the least uneasiness, or wish to interrupt me, and gar me haud my tongue! Oh, sir! oh, sir! say that the pain's milder noo, sir!

North. Wipe my brow, James, and let me have a glass of cold water.

Shepherd. I'll wipe your broo. Pity me—pity me—a' drappin' wi' cauld sweat! But ye maunna tak a single mouthfu' o' cauld water. My dearest sir—it's poishon for the gout—try a soop o' my toddy. There! grasp the tummler wi' baith your hauns. Aff wi't—it's no strang. Arena ye better noo, sir? Isna the pain milder noo?

North. Such filial tenderness, my dear boy, is not lost on—oh! gemini—that was the devil's own twinge!

Shepherd. What's to be dune? What's to be dune? Pity me, what's to be dune?

North. A single small glass, James, of the unchristened creature, my dear James.

Shepherd. Ay, ay,—that's like your usual sense. Here it's—open your mouth, and I'll administer the draught wi' my ain hauns.

Tickler. See how it runs down his gizzern, his gizzern, his gizzern, see how it runs down his gizzern—ye ho! ye ho! ye ho!

North. Bless you, James,—it is very reviving; continue to converse—you and Tickler—and let me wrestle a little in silence with the tormentor.

Shepherd. Wha wrote yon article in the Magazine on Captain Cleeas* and Jymnastics!

Tickler. Jymnastics!—James,—if you love me—G hard. The other is the Cockney pronunciation.

Shepherd. Weel, then, GGGhymnastics! Wull that do?

Tickler. I wrote the article.

Shepherd. That's a damned lee. It was naebody else but Mr North himsell. But what for didna he describe some o' the fates o' the laddies at the Edinburgh Military Academy, on the Saturday afore their vacance? I never saw the match o' yon!

* The opening article in Blackwood, for August, 1826, evidently written by Wilson, was entitled "Gymnastics," and professed to be a review of "An Elementary Course of Gymnastic Exercises," by Captain P. H. Clias. The reviewer discussed the following subjects,—Walking in general, Kicking, Running in general, Jumping in general, Wrestling, Skating, and Swimming. Wilson's own superiority in all athletic exercises made him write on Gymnastics *con amore*.—M

Tickler. What tricks did the imps perform?

Shepherd. They werena tricks—they were fates. First, ane after anither took haud o' a transverse bar o' wud aboon their heads, and raised their chins ower't by the power o' their arms, wi' a' the ease and elegance in the warld. Every muscle, frae wrist to elbow, was seen doin' its wark, aneath the arms o' their flannel-jackets. Then ane after anither mounted like so many squirrels up to anither transverse bar—(transverse means cross.)

Tickler. Thank ye, James,—you are a glossarial index.

Shepherd. Eh? What?—and leanin' ower't on their breasts, and then catching haud, by some unaccountable cantrip, o' the waistband o' their breeks, awa they set heels ower head, whirligig, whirligig, whirligig, wi' a smoke-jack velocity, that was perfectly confoundin', the laddie doin't being nae mair distinguishable in lith and limb, than gin he had been a bunch o' claes hung up to frichten craws in the fields, within what's ca'd a wund-mill.

Tickler. I know the exercise—and have often done it in my own back-green.

Shepherd. Ha, ha, ha, ha! What maun the neebors hae thought the first time they saw't, lookin' out o' their wundows; or the second aether? Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a subject for a picture by Geordie Cruikshanks*—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tickler. Your laugh, Hogg, is coarse—it is offensive.

Shepherd. Ha, ha, ha, ha! My lauch may be coorse, Tickler, for there's naething superfine about me; but to nae man o' common sense can it, on sic an occasion, be offensive. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh dear me! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Lang Timothy whurlin' round a cross-bar, up in the air amang the rowan tree taps, in his ain back-green at Southside!!! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I wish I mainna choke mysell!

Tickler. Sir, you are now a fit object of pity—not of anger or indignation!

* Maga was the first influential periodical which took notice of George Cruikshank. A long time after, the Westminster Review had an article on his career and genius, in which were numerous illustrations. He was born about 1790, and commenced as a mere caricaturist, as early as 1806. During the unpopularity of George IV., as Regent, and during the early part of his reign, Cruikshank supplied illustrations, very humorous and characteristic, to the satirical *brochures* which William Hone was publishing. Of "The Political House that Jack Built," with thirteen wood-cuts after Cruikshank, over one hundred thousand copies were published. Author and artist amused the public (and themselves) also with satiric pen-and-pencil hits in favor of Queen Caroline. About 1822, leaving political subjects, Cruikshank applied himself to book-illustrations of a superior description, with several distinct publications of humor, such as My Sketch Book, Illustrations of Home, Illustrations of Phrenology, &c. For many years he supplied subjects to the Comic Almanac. He has had two or three periodicals bearing his name, and edited by eminent men; but, though much enriched by some of his own best productions, they have all been short-lived. His Illustrations of Drunkenness, (eight large sketches, called "The Bottle,") sold at a cheap rate, have struck a greater blow at intemperance than an hundred homilies. Cruikshank is *not* a caricaturist, but an artist of great powers and good purpose. He has illustrated books by the hundred. He is an excellent amateur actor and in habits of friendship with nearly every artist and author in the British Islands. He has lately joined the Temperance League.—M.

Shepherd. I'm glad o' that, for I hate to see ye angry, sir. It gars ye look sae unco ugly—perfectly fearsome. Weel, then, after the whirlin', then first ae laddie, and then anither, took a grup o' a lang rope hinging down to the grund frae a bar thretty feet heech; and then, haun' o'er head, up they swung, like sae mony prime seamen in a storm; and in a jiffy were seen sittin' aloft, arms a-kimbo, and legs across, the same thing as on chairs—a' the crood ruffin' the exploit, and the maisters o' the Academy walkin' weel-pleased about underneath, as they weel micht be, wi' the proficiency o' their poopils. In a minute the active creatures caught haud first o' ae rape, and then o' anither; for some dizzen rapes were danglin' doun frae the bar; and wad ye believe, they crossed in that manner the hail breadth o' the court, just as if they were on the riggin o' a ship?

North. It must indeed have been a pretty sight, James.

Shepherd. Oh, Mr. North! Is that your vice? I am glad to see that you've come roun'. Then began the loupin' and ither ggghymnastics; and never saw I sic a set o' Robin-good-fellows, bouncin' ower hichts as heech as my nose.

North. Was there no danger, James, in all these exploits?

Shepherd. None whatsomever. Captain Cleeas tells us in his byuck, that among thousan's o' boys performin' their evolutions every day for years, not a single serious accident has ever occurred—and now I believ't. It was curious to see the verra mithers o' the callants, and their bits o' bonny sisters, and aiblins sweethearts, a' sittin on benches as in the playhouse, viewin' them gaun tapsel-teerie in the lift, without a shiver or a shriek.

North. I understand the system has been brought into play at Heriot's Hospital—(now under excellent management, thanks to Mr. Bookseller Blackwood, Mr. Surgeon Wood, Dr. Brunton and others for that)—and next year it is to be introduced into the New Academy. I hope the High School will follow the example—for what other recreation at once so joyous and so useful? The credit of establishing the system in Scotland will then be due to that excellent nobleman and soldier, Lord Robert Kerr, and my worthy friend Sir Patrick Walker, whose zeal and knowledge in every thing they have done about the Military Academy, is above all praise.

Shepherd. It's an era in edication—and I hope Captain Cleeas 'll come to Scotland some day. We'll gie him a gran denner at Aumrose's; and to Mr. Voelkner too, wha's a capital Ggghymnast, likewise, they say, and a model o' a man for muscularity and banieness, without an unce o' superfluous flesh, and balanced in a' his powers, to verra perfection. Major Downes, I'm sure, 'll accept an inveetation, and we'll be a' glad to do honor to sic a clever and accomplished offisher; nor maun we forget honest Serjeant Lawson, wha has proved himsel a worthy disciple o' Cleeas, and dune wonders wi' his poopils in

sae short a time. We'll a' get fou thegither, and we'll hae a rape frae the ceilin' for a game at Ggghymnastics afore oysters. Mr. Tickler's back-green practice will gie him a great advantage.

Tickler. Ah! Jamie—Jamie—nae mair o' your satire shafts, for like elf shots they're no canny.

Shepherd. Gie's your haun'. Ay, that's a hearty squeeze. Nane o' thae cauld-rife fore-finger touches for me, that fine folk are sae fond o'. I like a grasp that gars the nails grow red, for then the bluid gangs back wi' birr again in circulation to the heart.

Tickler. Your right hand, my dear Shepherd, is like a vice, in friendship or in love.

Shepherd. I'm out o' breath. Ane o' you tak up the thread o' the discoorse; or rather spin a new yarn. Mr. North, sir, gie's ane o' your gran' speeches. I want to fa' asleep.

North. Yes, Edina, thou art indeed a noble city, a metropolis worthy the Land of Mountain and of Flood, Glen, Forest, Loch, and long-winding arms of Ocean! Queen of the North! which of thy august shrines dost thou love the best—the Castle Cliff, within whose hoary battlements Kings were born—the Green Hill looking down on deserted Holyrood—the Craigs smitten into grandeur and beauty by time and the elements—or the Mountain, like a lion couchant, reposing in the sky?

Shepherd. Losh me! that's beautifu' language.

North. The glorious works of Nature every where overshadow those of man's hands, and her primeval spirit yet reigns, with paramount and prevailing power, over the region that art has made magnificent with spires and obelisks, towers, temples, and palaces!

Shepherd. Nane o' your astmatic coughs—on wi' ye—on wi' ye—ye deevil.

North. Wheel round the city, as on eagle's wing, skimming the edge of the smoke, and the din, and the tumult, in itself a world, yet bordered how beautifully by another world of plains, woods, and ranges of hills, and that glorious Frith—all silent, serene, sublime—and overhead a heaven swept into cloudless azure by the sea-blasts, and stretching out an ample circumference for the path of the sun!

Shepherd. Eh? Was ye speakin' to me? Oo ay, it's a gude jug.

North. Eastward—those are ships hanging afar off between wave and weather-gleam; westward—those are not clouds, but snow-capt mountains, whose sides are thundering with cataracts, and round whose bases lie a hundred lakes.

Shepherd. Whoo—ay—uch—awe!

North. The eye needs not, here, the aid of Imagination; but Imagination will not, in such a scene, suffer the eye to be without her aid. The past and the future she makes to darken or brighten on the present—the limits of the horizon she extends afar—and round "state-

ly Edinborough, throned on crags," arises a vision of old Scotland from sea to sea!

Shepherd (*starting*). Lord, sirs, I thocht I had coupit ower a precipice just then.

North. Thou hast been a great traveller, Tickler. Say, then, if ever thou didst behold a more splendid Panorama? Conjure up in competition the visions of great Capitals—for there is room enough in the mind's domain for them all—for all the metropolitan cities whose hum is heard in the centre of continents, by the flowing of rivers, or along the sounding sea-shore. Speak thou—and I shall be silent. Let those stone buildings fall into insignificance before mansions of marble—those domes sink to the dust beneath the height of Oriental cupolas—those puny squares disappear beside palace-bounded plains, on which a people might congregate—and those streets shrink up like a scroll, as fancy sees interminable glens of edifices, from which the music from the van of a mighty army would be emerging as the rear was entering the gate.

Shepherd. Did ye say ye heard the bawn? Are the sodgers gaun by? If sae, I maun hae a look out o' the wundow. Hoots, ye gouk, it's only the watchmen crawing the hour to ane anither like so mony midden-cocks. Dinna be angry gin I lay down my head on the table—for it's a lang ride, sirs, frae Mount Benger, and the beast I hae the noo's an awfu' hard trotter, and his canter's a wearifu' wallop. Do ye think Mr. Aumrose could gie me the lend o' a nichtcap?

Tickler. Why, James, I have heard you talk in your sleep better than any other man awake, half-an-acre broad. The best ghost story I ever shuddered at, you delivered one Christmas midnight, to the accompaniment of one of your very finest snores.

Shepherd. Wauken me, Mr. Tickler, when Mr. North's dune. Whew—hoo—whew—hoo—whew—hoo—ho, ho—ho, ho—ho, ho—hro—hro—hro—hro—hro—hro!

Tickler. Had I never heard the Shepherd in his sleep before, North, I could have sworn from that snore that he played the fiddle. What harmony! Not a note out of tune.

North. Why he's absolutely snoring the Flowers of the Forest. A jews-harp's a joke to it. Heavens! Tickler, what it is to be a man of genius!

Shepherd. A man o' genius! Did ye never ken afore that I was a man o' genius? But I really feel it's no gude manners to fa' asleep in sic company; so I'll do a' I can to struggle against it. Gang on wi' your bonny description, sir. Just suppose yoursell speakin' to some stranger or ither frae England, come to see Embro' and astonish the weak native.

North. Stranger! wilt thou take us for thy guide, and ere sunset has bathed Benledi in fast-fading gold, thou shalt have the history of

many an ancient edifice—tradition after tradition, delightful or disastrous—unforgotten tales of tears and blood, wept and shed of old by kings and princes and nobles of the land

Shepherd. O man, but that's bonny, bonny! Ye hae mair genius nor me yoursell.

North. Or threading our way through the gloom of lanes and alleys, shall we touch your soul with trivial fond records of humbler life, its lowliest joys and obscurest griefs? For oh! among the multitudes of families all huddled together in that dark bewilderment of human dwellings, what mournful knowledge have we from youth to age gathered, in our small experience, of the passions of the human heart!

Shepherd. Dinna fa' into ony imitation o' that flowery writer o' the Lichts and Shadows. I canna thole that.

North. Following that palsy-stricken crone to her lonely hearth, from her doom we could read a homily on the perishing nature of all this world's blessings—friendship, love, beauty, virtue, and domestic peace! What a history is written on that haggard face, so fair and yet so miserable! How profound a moral in that hollow voice! Look in at that dusty and cobwebbed window, and lo! a family of orphans, the eldest not fifteen years, rocking an infant's cradle to a melancholy song! Stoop your head below that gloomy porch, and within sits a widow beside her maniac daughter, working day and night to support a being in her malignant fierceness still tenderly beloved! Next door lives a woman whose husband perished in shipwreck, and her only son on the scaffold! And hark to an old gray-headed man, blithely humming at his stall, who a month ago buried his bedridden spouse, and has survived all his children, unless, indeed, the two sons, of whom he has heard no tidings for twenty years, be yet alive in foreign lands.

Shepherd. O man! what for dinna ye write byucks? There ye hae just sketched out subjects for Tales in Three Volumms.

North. It is long, James, since poetry became a drug, and prose is now in the same predicament.

Shepherd. Ye never said a truer word in a' your life. Some o' thae late Lunnon stories garred me scunner. There's Treman, that Lockhart or some ither clever chield praises in the Quarterly—and there's Mawtildy, and there's Graunby, and there's Brambleberry Hoose, and there's the Death Fetch and Carry,* and some dizzen ithers, whase teetles I hae forgotten—no worth, a' o' them pitten thegither, ony ae volumm of my Winter Evening's Tales, that nae reviewer but yoursel', Mr. North, (and here's to ye in a bumper,) ever either abused or panegaireezed—because, forsooth, they are not "Novels of Fashionable Life."

Tickler. Tremaine is a sad ninny. Only imagine to yourself the

* Novels of 1826—Tremaine, by Ward; Matilda, by Lord Normanby; Granby, by Lytton; Brambletye House, by Horace Smith; The Death Fetch, by Banim.—M.

beau ideal of a Freethinker, who is unable to give any kind of answer, good, bad, or indifferent, to the most common-place arguments urged against his deistical creed. The moment he opens his mouth, he is posed by that pedantic old prig, Dr. Evelyn, and his still more pedantic daughter, on subjects which he is represented as having studied professedly for years. There he stands gaping like a stuck pig, and is changed into a Christian by the very arguments with which he must have been familiar all his life, and which, in the writings of the most powerful divines, he had, it seems, continued utterly to despise. Such conversion proves him to have been an idiot—or a knave.

North. The third volume is indeed most despicable trash. But you are wrong, Tickler and James, about the Doctor and his daughter, as they show themselves in the two first volumes. There we have really a pleasing picture of a fine, old, worthy, big-wigged, orthodox, and gentlemanly divine of the Church of England, and of a sweet, sensible, modest, elegant, and well-educated, lovely young English gentlewoman. Had it been my good fortune, James, to fall in with Miss Evelyn at the rectory, I would have bet a board of oysters to a rizzard haddock, that I should have carried her off to Gretna-Green, without any preliminary exposition of my religious principles, and, within the fortnight, convinced her of my being an orthodox member of her own church.

Shepherd. O siccan vanity—siccan vanity! and it's me that you're aye lauchin' at for haeing sic a gude opinion o' mysel'. I never thocht I could hae married Miss Evelyn, though I've aye been rather a favorite amang the lassies—that's sure aneuch.

North. Imitators—imitators are the Cockneys all. They can originate nothing. And in their paltry periodicals, how sneakingly they blaspheme that genius, from whose sacred urn they draw the light that discovers their own nakedness and their own impotence!

Tickler. Title-pages, chapter-mottoes even—stolen, transmogrified, and denied!

North. What a cadger crew, for example, are the Cockney chivalry! At a tournament, you think you see the champion of some distressed damsel holding fast by the pummel, that he may not be unhorsed, before the impugner of his lady's chastity does, from losing his stirrups, of himself fall with a thud, James, on the ground.

Shepherd. And then what a way o' haudin' the lance! As for the swurd, they keep ruggin' awa' by the hilt, as if they were puin' up a stane wi' a soocker; but up it wunna come, rugg as they wull, ony mair than if it were glued, or clesped on wi' a muckle twusted preen They're ackart as the Soor-milks.

North. Who the devil are they, James?

Shepherd. No ken the Soor-milks? The Yeomanry, to be sure, wi' the hairy-heel'd, lang-chafted naigs, loosen'd frae pleuch and harrow,

and instead o' a halter round their noses, made to chow a snaffle, and free frae collar and breeching, to hobble their hurdies at a haun'-gallop, under the restraint o' a martingirl, and twa ticht-drawn girths, aneuch to squeeze all the breath out o' their lean-ribbed bodies. That's the Soor-milks.

Tickler. Then the store of ladies, "whose bright eyes rain influence, and dispense the prize," are such nymphs as may be seen in the slips of Drury-Lane or Covent Garden Theatre, having flocked in, at half-price, with fans, parasols, reticules, plaid-shawls, and here and there a second-hand ostrich feather.

Shepherd. Scotland has produced some bad aneuch writers—but the verra waurst o' them hae aye a character o' originality. For if ony ane of our authors hae mannerism—it's at least mannerism o' his ain. The difference atween us and them, is just the difference atween a man and a monkey.

North. What think ye, James, of this plan of supplying Edinburgh with living fish?

Shepherd. Gude or bad, it sall never hae my countenance. I cudna thole Embro without the fish-wives, and gin it succeeded, it would be the ruin o' that ancient race.

Tickler. Yes, James, there are handsome women among these Nereids.

Shepherd. Weel-faured hizzies, Mr. Tickler. But nane o' your winks, for wi' a' their fearsome tauk, they're decent bodies. I like to see their well-shaped shanks aneath their short yellow petticoats. There's something heartsome in the creak o' their creeshy creels on their braid backs, as they gang swinging up the stey streets without sweatin', with the leather belt atower their mutched heads, a' bent laigh down against five stane load o' haddocks, skates, cods, and flounders, like horses that never reest—and, oh man, but mony o' them hae musical voices, and their cries afar aff make my heartstrings dirl.

North. Hard-working, contented, cheerful creatures, indeed, James, but unconscionable extortioners, and——

Shepherd. Saw ye them ever marchin' hamewards at nicht, in a baun o' some fifty or threescore, down Leith Walk, wi' the grand gas lamps illuminating their scaly creels, all shining like silver? And heard ye them ever singing their strange sea-sangs—first half a dizzen o' the bit young anes, wi' as saft vices and sweet as you could hear in St. George's Kirk on Sabbath, half singin' and half-shoutin' a leadin' verse, and then a' the mithers, and granmithers, and aiblins great-granmithers, some o' them wi' vices like verra men, gran' tenors and awfu' basses, joinin' in the chorus, that gaed echoing roun' Arthur's Seat, and awa ower the tap o' the Martello Tower, out at sea ayont the end o' Leith Pier? Wad ye believe me, that the music micht be ca'd a hymn—at times sae wild and sae mournfu'—and then takin' a sudden

turn into a sort o' queer and outlandish glee! It gars me think o' the saut sea-faem—and white mew-wings wavering in the blast—and boaties dancing up and down the billow vales, wi' oar or sail—and wae's me—wae's me—o' the puir fishing smack, gaun down head foremost into the deep, and the sighin' and the sabbin' o' widows, and the wailin' o' fatherless weans!

Tickler. But, James, I saw it asserted in a printed circular that there had never been a perfectly fresh fish exposed to sale in Edinburgh since it was a city.

Shepherd. That's been in what they ca' a prospectus. A prospectus is aye a desperate pack o' lees, whether it be o' a new Magazine or Cyclopedy, or a Joint-Stock Company, o' ony ither kind whatsomever. A' fish stinkin'! War the cod's head and shouthers, and thae haddies, and flukes, and oyster-sass, that Mr. Awmrose gied us this blessed day, a' stinkin'? Wad Mr. Denovan or ony other man hae daured to say sae, and luckit me or you in the face when we were swallowing the fresh flakes that keepit fa'in' aff the braid o' the cod's shouthers as big as crown pieces, and had to be helpit wi' a spune instead o' that feckless fish-knife, that's no worth a button, although it be made o' silver?

Tickler. Why, I must say that I approve Mr. Denovan's enterprise and public spirit. A few days ago I saw a cargo of live fish, not one of which had been caught on this side of Cape Wrath.

North. So do I, James. No fear of the fish-wives. But has any of you seen Murray's list? He has lately published, and is about to publish, some excellent works.

Tickler. I see announced, "Letters of General Wolfe."

Shepherd. Is that fack? Oh, man, that wull indeed be an interesting and valuable work; which is mair than can be truly said of all the volumes sae yclepd by the Duke of Albemarle, in his gran' pompous, boastin' adverteesements.*

North. Every Englishman, to use the noble language of Cowper, must be proud

> "That Chatham's language is his mother-tongue,
> And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

But, alas! as Wordsworth finely says,

> "So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of;"—

and the glory even of the conqueror of Quebec has sunk into a kind of uncertain oblivion. These letters will revive its lustre. Wolfe was

* The Duke of Albemarle [street], as Hogg called John Murray, never did publish General Wolfe's Letters. At one time it was announced that Southey would work them up into a Life of Wolfe, but he did not.—M.

a man of genius and virtue as well as valor; and it will be a rousing thing to hear, speaking as from the tomb, him who so gloriously fought and fell, and in his fall upheld against France the character of England,—a service worth a thousand Canadas.

Shepherd. Then there's Tam Moore's Life o' Byron. That'll be a byuck that'll spread like wild-fire.

North. That is to be a book of Longman's.*

Shepherd. I'm glad to hear that; for Longman's hoose is a grai' firm, and has stooden, amang a' the billows o' bankruptcy, like a rock. They aye behaved generously to me; and I wush they would gie me a trifle o' five hundred pounds for a rural romance, in three volumes.

North. Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron will be a most interesting one. With all its too many faults, his Biography of Sheridan has gone rapidly through several large editions.† But his Byron, we prophesy, will be far better than his Sheridan. Of that character there is no mistaking either the glory or the gloom; and as no one doubts or denies Mr. Moore's feeling, fancy, and genius, how can he fail in the biography of his illustrious and immortal friend?

Tickler. I wish Oliver and Boyd would give us Allan Cunningham's Paul Jones.‡ What are they about?

North. The publishing season has scarcely set in. That, too, will be an excellent thing, for Allan is full of the fire of genius.

Tickler. Hogg, what do you say?

Shepherd. When he praises me, I'll praise him; but no till then.

North. No bad rule either, James. Torr Hill too, Horace Smith's novel or romance, will be well worth reading, if it be at all equal to Brambletye House; for he is a manners-painting author, and brings character and incidents together in a very interesting style.

Shepherd. What's the "Odd Volume," that a' the newspapers is praisin' sae?

North. A very lively and amusing volume it is, James; and the joint production, as I have heard it whispered, of two young ladies, sisters——

Shepherd. And no married?

North. Time enough, James. You are old enough to be their father.

Shepherd. Whan wull a' the Christmas present volumes, wi' the

* It *was* to have been published by Longmans, who had even advanced Moore a large sum upon it, in anticipation; but Murray's own correspondence with Byron could not have been available, (as, of course, he would not give the use of it to a rival,) so Moore's Byron was published by Murray.—M.

† Moore's Life of Sheridan, with all its merit, (which is great,) did not give a *full* view of

> The orator, dramatist, minstrel—who ran
> Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

Moore was too intimate with the heads of the Whig party to tell the whole truth.—M.

‡ A romance, by Allan Cunningham, with much poetical expression, but defective in construction —M.

bonny cuts, be out—the Souvenir, and the Amulet, and the Friendship's Offering, and the Forget-me-Not, and the Aurora, and ithers?

North. Next month, my dear Shepherd, the horizon will be sparkling with stars. The most worthy and indefatigable Mr. Ackermann was the first, I think, to rear a winter-flower of that kind, and its blossoms were very pretty and very fragrant. Alaric Watts then raised from the seed that bright consummate flower the Souvenir; other gardeners took the hint, and from the snow-wreaths peeped forth other annuals, each with its own peculiar character, and forming together a charming bouquet of rarest odor and blossom. I will bind them all up in one sweet-smelling and bright-glowing article, and lay it on my lady's bosom.

Shepherd. I'm thinkin' you'll hae written some pieces o' prose and verse in them yoursell.

North. Such is the strange stupidity of the editors, that not one among them has ever so much as asked me to give his work a decided superiority over all the rest.

Shepherd. Sumphs!

Tickler. Master Christopher North, there's Miss Mitford, author of "Our Village," an admirable person in all respects, of whom you have never, to my recollection, taken any notice in the Magazine. What is the meaning of that? Is it an oversight? Or have you omitted her name intentionally from your eulogies on our female worthies?

North. I am waiting for her second volume. Miss Mitford has not, in my opinion, either the pathos or humor of Washington Irving; but she excels him in vigorous conception of character, and in the truth of her pictures of English life and manners. Her writings breathe a sound, pure, and healthy morality, and are pervaded by a genuine rural spirit —the spirit of merry England. Every line bespeaks the lady.

Shepherd. I admire Miss Mitford just excessively. I dinna wunner at her being able to write sae weel as she does about drawing-rooms wi' sofas and settees, and about the fine folk in them seein' themsells in lookin' glasses frae tap to tae; but what puzzles the like o' me is her pictures o' poachers, and tinklers, and pottery-trampers, and ither neer-do weels, and o' huts and hovels without riggin by the way-side, and the cottages o' honest puir men, and byres, and barns, and stack-yards; and merry-makin's at winter-ingles, and courtship aneath trees, and at the gable-ends o' farm-houses, atween lads and lasses as laigh in life as the servants in her father's ha'. That's the puzzle, and that's the praise. But ae word explains a'—Genius—Genius—wull a' the metafhizzians in the warld ever expound that mysterious mony-syllable?

Tickler. Monosyllable, James, did ye say?

Shepherd. Ay—Monysyllable! Does na that mean a word o' three syllables?

Tickler. It's all one in the Greek—my dear James.

Shepherd. Do you ken ony thing about Elizabeth De Bruce, a novelle, in three volumes, announced by Mr. Blackwood?

North. Nothing—but that it is the production of the lady who, a dozen years ago, wrote Clan Albin, a novel of great merit, full of incident and character, and presenting many fine and bold pictures of external nature.*

Shepherd. Is that the way o't? I ken her gran'ly—and she's little, if at a' inferior in my opinion, to the author o' the Inheritance, which I aye thought was written by Sir Walter, as weel's Marriage, till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy.† But gude or bad, ye'll praise't, because it's a byuck o' Blackwood's.

North. That speech, James, is unworthy of you. With right goodwill do I praise all good books published by Ebony—and know well that Elizabeth de Bruce will be of that class. But the only difference between my treatment of his bad books, and those of other publishers, is this—that I allow his to die a natural death, while on theirs I commit immediate murder.

Shepherd. Forgie me, Mr. North. It's a' true you say—and mair nor that, as you get aulder you also get milder; and I ken few bonnier sichts than to see you sittin' on the judgment seat ance a month, no at the Circuit, but the High Court o' Justiciary, tempering justice wi' mercy; and aften sentencing them that deserve death only to transportation for life, to some unknown land whence never mair come ony rumor o' their far-aff fates.

Tickler. Are "Death's Doings" worthy the old Anatomy?‡

North. Yes—Mors sets his best foot foremost—and, like Yates, plays many parts, shifting his dress with miraculous alacrity, and popping in upon you unexpectedly, an old friend with a new face, till you almost wish him at the devil.

Tickler. We can't get up these things in Scotland.

North. No—no—we can't indeed, Tickler. "Death's Doings" will have a run.

Shepherd. That they wull, I'se warrant them, a rin through hut and ha', or the Auld Ane's haun maun hae forgot its cunnin', and he maun hae gien ower writin' wi' the pint of his dart.

Tickler. James, a few minutes ago, you mentioned the name of that prince of caricaturists, George Cruikshank; pray have you seen his Phrenological Illustrations?

Shepherd. That I hae,—he sent me the present o' a copy to Mount Benger; and I thocht me and the hail hoose wud hae faen distracted wi' lauchin. O sirs, what a plate is yon Pheeloprogeniteeveness? It's

* These novels were written by Mrs. Johnstone, of Inverness, author of The Experiences of Mr. Richard Taylor, and other graphic works.—M.

† Miss Ferrier.—M.

‡ Death's Doings consisted of a series of engravings by Dagley, with letter-press by Croly. Jerdan, and others.—M.

no possible to make out the preceese amount o' the family, but there wad seem to be somewhere about a dizzen and a half; the legitimate produce o' the Eerish couple's ain fruitfu' lines. A' noses alike in their langness, wi' sleight vareeities, dear to ilka pawrent's heart! Then what kissing, and hugging, and rugging, and ridin' on backs and legs, and rockin' o' cradles, and speelin' o' chairs, and washing o' claes, and boilin' o' pirtawties! And ae wee bit spare rib o' flesh twurlin' afore the fire, to be sent roun' lick and lick about to gie to the tongues of the contented crew a meat flavor, alang wi' the wershness o' vegetable maitter! Sma' wooden sodgers gaun through the manual exercise on the floor—ae Nine-pin stannin by himsell amang prostrate comrades—a boat shaped wi' a knife, by him that's going to be a sailor, and an the wa', emblematical o' human Pheeloprogenitiveness (O bit that's a kittle word!), a hen and chickens, ane o' them perched atween her shouthers, and a countless clecking aneath her outspread wings! What an observer o' nature that chiel is!—only look at the back o' the faither's neck, and you'll no wonner at his family; for is't no like the back o' the neck o' a great bill?

Tickler. "Language" is almost as good. What a brace of Billingsgates, exasperated, by long-continued vituperation, up to the very blood-vessel-bursting climax of insanity of speech! The one an ancient beldame, with hatchet face and shrivelled breast, and arms lean, and lank, and brown, as is the ribbed sea-sand, smacking her iron palms till they are heard to tinkle with defiance; the other, a mother-matron, with a baboon visage, and uddered like a cow, with thigh-thick arms planted with wide-open mutton-fists on each heap of hips, and huge mouth bellowing thunder, split and cracked into pieces by eye-glaring rage! Then the basket of mute unhearing fish, so placid in the storm! Between the combatants, herself a victress in a thousand battles, a horrible virago of an umpire, and an audience "fit, though few," of figures, which male, which female, it is hard to tell, smoking, and leering, with tongue-lolling cheek, finger-tip and nose-tip gnostically brought together, and a smart-bonneted Cyprian holding up her lily-hand in astonishment and grief for her sex's degradation, before the squint of a white-aproned fishmonger, who, standing calm amid the thunder, with paws in his breeches, regards the chaste complainant with a philanthropic grin.

North. Not a whit inferior is "Veneration." No monk ever gloated in his cell with more holy passion on the bosom of a Madonna, than that alderman on the quarter of prize beef fed by Mr. Heavyside, and sprig-adorned, in token of victory over all the beasts in Smithfield, from knuckle to chine. You hear the far-protruding protuberance of his paunch rumbling, as, with thick-lipped opening mouth he inhales into palate, gullet, and stomach-bag, the smell of the firm fat, beneath whose crusted folds lies embosomed and imbedded the pure, preci us

lean! Wife—children—counter—iron-safe—Bank of England—stocks—all are forgotten. With devouring eyes, and outspread hand, he stands, staff-supported, before the beauty of the Beeve, as if he would, if he could, bow down and worship it! Were all the bells in the City, all the cannons in the Tower, to ring and roar, his ears would be deaf to the din in presence of the glorious object of his veneration. For one hour's mouth-worship of this idol, would he sink his soul and his hope of any other heaven. "Let me eat, were I to die!" is the sentiment of his mute, unmuttered prayer; and the passionate watering from eyeball, chop, and chin, bears witness to the intensity of his religious faith—say rather his adoration!

Shepherd. I wush Mr. Ambrose had been in the room, that he micht hae tell't us which o' the three has spoken the greatest nonsense. Yet I'm no sure if a mair subdued style o' criticism would do for the warks of the Fine Arts, especially for picturs.

Tickler. George Cruikshank's various and admirable works should be in the possession of all lovers of the arts. He is far more than the Prince of Caricaturists; a man who regards the ongoings of life with the eye of genius; and he has a clear insight through the exterior of manners into the passions of the heart. He has wit as well as humor—feeling as well as fancy—and his original vein appears to be inexhaustible. Here's his health in a bumper.

Shepherd. Geordy Cruikshank!—but stop a wee, my tummler's dune. Here's to him in a caulker, and there's no mony folk whase health I wad drink, during toddy, in pure speerit.

North. I will try you with another, James. A man of first-rate genius—yet a man as unlike as can be to George Cruikshank—William Allan.*

Shepherd. Rax ower the green bottle—Wully Allan! hurraw, hurraw, hurraw!

North. The Assassination of the Regent Murray, my friend's last great work, is one of the finest historical pictures of modern times; and the Duke of Bedford showed himself a judicious patron of the art, in purchasing it. In all but coloring, it may stand by the side of the works of the great old masters. A few days ago I looked in upon him, and found him hard at work, in a large fur cap, like a wizard or an alchemist, on "Queen Mary's Landing at Leith." Of all the Queen Marys that ever walked on wood, the Phantom his genius has there conjured up is the most lovely, beautiful, and majestic. Just alighted from her gilded barge, the vision floats along——

Shepherd. Come, come, nae mair description for ae nicht. *Ne quid nimis.*

Tickler. It will shine a star of the first magnitude and purest lustre——

* Sir William Allan, President of the Scottish Academy of Painting.—M.

Shepherd. Did you no hear me tellin' Mr. North that there was to be nae mair description?

Tickler. The Cockney critics will die of spite and spleen; for the glory of Scotland is to them an abomination, and the sight of any noble work of the God-given genius of any one of her gifted sons, be it picture or poem, or prose tale bright as poetry, turns their blood into gall, and forces them to eat their black hearts.

North. But England admires Mr. Allan—throughout London proper—and all her towns and cities. His pictures will in future ages be gazed at on the walls of galleries within the old palaces of her nobles——

Shepherd. I say nae mair description for this ae night—nae mair description—for either that, or else this tummler, that's far ower sweet, is beginning to mak me fin' raither queer about the stamach.

North. You alluded, a little while ago, to the Quarterly Review, James. What think you of it, under the new management?

Shepherd. Na—I wud raither hear your ain opinion.

North. I may be somewhat too partial to the young gentleman,* James, who is now editor; and indeed consider him as a child of my own——

Shepherd. Was na't me that first prophesied his great abeelities when he was only an Oxford collegian, wi' a pale face and a black toozy head, but an ee like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'd no canny, for they couldna thole the meanin' o't, and either sat dumbfoundered, or pretended to be engaged to sooper, and slunk out o' the room?

North. I have carefully preserved, among other relics of departed worth, the beautiful manuscript of the first article he ever sent me.

Tickler. In the Balaam-Box?

Shepherd. Na, faith. Mr. Tickler, you may set up your gab noo; but do you recollec how ye used to try to fleech and flatter him, when he begood sharpening his keelavine pen, and tearing aff the back o' a letter to sketch a bit caricature o' Southside? Na—I've sometimes thocht, Mr. North, that ye were a wee feared for him yoursell, and used, rather without kennin't, to draw in your horns. The Balaam-Box, indeed! Ma faith, had ye ventured on sic a step, ye micht just as weel at aince hae gien up the Magazine.

North. James, that man never breathed, nor ever will breathe, for whose contributions to the Magazine I cared one single curse.

Shepherd. O man, Mr. North, dinna lose your temper, sir. What for do you get sae red in the face at a bit puir, harmless, silly joke; especially you that's sae wutty and sae severe yoursell, sae sarcastic and fu' o' satire, and at times (the love o' truth chirts it out o' me) sae

* John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, succeeded Sir J. T. Coleridge, in 1826, as Editor of the Quarterly.—M.

like a sluith-hound, sae keen on the scent o' human bluid! Dear me! mony a luckless deevil, wi' but sma' provocation, or nane, Mr. North, hae ye worried!

North. The Magazine, James, is the Magazine.

Shepherd. Is't really? I've nae mair to say, sir; that oracular response removes a' difficulties, and settles the hash o' the matter, as Pierce Egan would say, at ance.

North. Nothing but the purest philanthropy could ever have induced me, my dearest Shepherd, to suffer any contributors to the Magazine; and I sometimes bitterly repent having ever departed from my original determination, (long religiously adhered to,) to write, proprio Marte, the entire miscellany.

Shepherd. A' the world kens that—but whaur's the harm o' a few gude, sober, steady, judicious, regular, weel-informed, varsateele, and biddable contributors?

North. None such are to be found on earth. You must look for them in heaven. Oh! James! you know not what it is to labor under a load of contributors! A prosy parson who, unknown to me, had, it seems, long worn a wig, and published an assize sermon, surprising me off my guard on a dull rainy day when the most vigilant of editors has fallen asleep, effects a footing in the Magazine. O what toil and trouble in dislodging the Doctor! The struggle may continue for years—and there have been instances of clerical contributors finally removed only by death. We remember rejecting all the Thirty-Nine Articles, before we could convince a rural Dean of our heterodoxy; but, thank heaven, the controversy, for our epistles were polemical, broke his heart. He was a parson of rare perseverance, and could never be brought to comprehend the meaning of that expression so largely illustrated during the course of our correspondence, "A rejected article." Back, in a wonderfully few days, the unrejectable article used to come, from a pleasant dwelling among trees, several hundred miles off, drawn by four horses, and guarded by a man in scarlet raiment, ever and anon blowing a horn.

Shepherd. Dog on't, ye wicket auld Lucifer, hoo your een sparkle as you touzle the clergy! You just mind me o' a lion purlin' wi' inward satisfaction in his throat, and waggin' his tufted tail ower a Hottentot lying atween his paws, aye preferring the flesh o' a blacka moor to that o' a white man.

North. I respect and love the clergy, James. You know that well enough, and the feeling is mutual. Or, suppose a young lawyer who has been in a case with Mr. Scarlett or Sergeant Cross, in the exultation of his triumph, indites an article for me, whom he henceforth familiarly calls Old Christopher, in presence of the block, which, in his guinea-per-week lodging in Lancaster, his wig dignifies and adorns. Vapid is it as a would-be impressive appeal of Courtnay's, in mitiga-

tion of damages. Yet return it with polite and peremptory respect, and long ere the moon hath filled her horns, lo and behold there is again and again redelivered from the green mail-cart the self-same well-known parcel of twine-entwisted whitey-brown! The lawyer is a leech, and will adhere to a Magazine after you have cut him in two —but a little attic salt, if you can get him to swallow it, makes him relax his hold, and takes the bite out of him, or so weakens his power of jaw, that he can be easily shaken off, like a little sick reptile from the foot of a steed, which has been attacked unawares in passing a ford, but on feeling the turf beneath his hoofs, sets off in a thundering gallop, with red open nostrils, snuffing the east wind.

Shepherd. Or suppose that some shepherd, more silly than his sheep, that roams in yon glen whare Yarrow frae still St. Mary's Loch rowes wimplin to join the Ettrick, should lay down his cruick, and aneath the shadow o' a rock, or a ruin, indite a bit tale, in verse or prose, or in something between the twa, wi' here and there aiblins a touch o' nature—what is ower ower aften the fate o' his unpretendin' contribution, Mr. North? A cauld glint o' the ee—a curl o' the lip—a humph o' the voice—a shake o' the head—and then, but the warld, wicked as it is, could never believe it, a wave o' your haun', and instantly, and for evermore, is it swallowed up by the jaws of the Balaam-Box, greedy as the grave, and hungry as Hades. Ca' ye that friendship—ca' ye that respec'—ca' ye that sae muckle as the common humanity due to ane anither, frae a' men o' woman born, but which you, sir—na, dinna frown and gnaw your lip—hae ower aften forgotten to show even to me, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the author of the Queen's Wake?

North (*much affected*). What is the meaning of this, my dear, dear Shepherd? May the Magazine sink to the bottom of the Red Sea—

Shepherd. Dinna greet, sir,—oh! dinna, dinna greet! Forgie me for hurtin' your feelings—and be assured, that frae my heart I forgie you, if ever you hae hurted mine. As for wishin' the Magazine to sink to the bottom of the Red Sea, that's no possible; for it's lichter far than water, and sink it never will till the laws o' Nature hersell undergo change and revolution. My only fear is, under the present constitution o' the elements, that ae month or ither Maga will flee ower the moon, and thenceforth, a comet, will be eccentric on her course, and come careering in sight o' the inhabitants o' the yearth, perhaps, only ance or twice before Neddy Irving's Day o' Judgment.

North. Then, James, imagine the miseries inflicted on me, an old gray-headed editor, by fat and fubzy Fellows of Colleges, who are obliged to sit upright in the act of an article, by protuberance of paunch—whose communication feels greasy to the touch, so fat is the style—and may be read in its oiliness, without obliteration, during a thunder-shower!

Shepherd. They're what's ca'd Classical Scholars.

North. Intelligent naval officers are most formidable contributors. They have been known to take possession of a periodical by boarding. No way of getting rid of them but by blowing up the Magazine.

Shepherd. What! would ye quarrel wi' sic clever chiels as Captain Basil Ha', and Captain Pawrie, and Captain Lyon, and Captain Griffiths, and Captain Marryat, and a hunder ither naval heroes, giu ony o' them were to send you a sailin' or a fechtin' article, or an account o' soundings taen aff the roaring coast o' Labrador, or the wolf-howling Oonalashka, or ony ither rock-bound sea-shore, where that fierce auld heathen, Neptune, rampauges in faem and thunder, and lauchs to see the bit wee insignificant eighty-gun ships, or pechs o' forty-fours, dashed into flinders, like sae muckle spray, up and atower the precipices far on till the dry land, where the cannibals are dancin' round a fire, that they keep beetin' wi' planks and spars o' the puir man-o'-war!

North. No, James. I would not run my head against any such Posts as those. But the few contributors I do cherish must be volunteers. And since such Dons of the Deck regularly read, but seldom write in Maga, all I can do is, to avail myself of their publications, and occasionally enrich Maga by a masterly review of a Voyage to Loo-Choo, or attempt to force the Northwest Passage.

Shepherd. Do you get mony grautis articles?

North. I seldom pay for poetry. In cases of charity and courtesy, that is to say, of old women and young ones, my terms are, a shilling for a sonnet, a dollar for a dramatic scene, and for a single book of an epic, by way of specimen, why, I do not grudge a sovereign.

Shepherd. Heard ever ony body the like o' that? A book o' an epic poem, perhaps immortal, rated nae higher than a sheep fit for the butcher! Mr. Tickler, what's the matter wi' you that you're no speakin? I houp you're no sick?

Tickler. I was thinking pensively, James, of the worthy old woman whom to-day we saw decently interred in Grayfriars' Churchyard; the ancient lady with the green gown, on whom the Shepherd was but too fond of playing off his jibes, his jeers, and his jokes. Peace to her ashes!

Shepherd. She was indeed, Mr. Tickler, an honest auld body, and till she got into the natural dotage that is the doom o' a' flesh, she wasna wantin' in smeddum, and could sing a sang, or tell a story, wi' nae sma' speerit. She was really an amusin' chronicler o' the bygane times, and it was pleasant now and then, on a Saturday nicht, to tak a dish o' tea wi' her, and hearken to her clishmaclavers about the Forty-five. Her and me had never ony serious quarrel, and I'm proud to think she has left me a murnin' ring.

Tickler. I shall not strip crape before Christmas, in token of my

respect for her memory. It was affecting to see the Seven Young Men as pall-bearers.

Shepherd. Puir fallows! what'll become o' them noo? They maun hae recourse to the Dumfries Magazine.

North. Have ye no flowers, James, to wreathe over her tomb?

Tickler. "Her memory"—in solemn silence.

Shepherd. Lend me your pocket-handkercher, Mr. North. (*The Shepherd weeps.*)

North. It does one great good to see the flourishing condition of the Periodicals. Colburn has always some facetious town-articles; and although somewhat too exclusively adapted to the meridian of London, his Magazine is undoubtedly a pleasant miscellany. The very name of Campbell sheds a lambent lustre over its occasional dulness, and a single scrap of one of his Lectures on Poetry—such is my admiration of his delightful genius—redeems the character of a whole Number. Campbell is a fine critic, at once poetical and philosophical, full of feeling as of thought. The Prefaces to his Specimens—are they not exquisite? The Smiths are clever men—but why is not Hazlitt kicked out of the concern?

Shepherd. Cause Cammel kens he's hungry.

North. That may be a very good reason for sending an occasional loaf or fish to his lodgings, with Mr. Campbell's, or Mr. Colburn's compliments; but it is a very bad one for suffering him to expose his nakedness periodically to the reading public.

Tickler. It does not seem to me, from his writings, that Hazlitt's body is much reduced. The exhaustion is of mind. His mind has the wind-colic. It is troubled with flatulency. Let him cram it with borrowed or stolen victuals, yet it gets no nourishment. It is fast dying of atrophy, and when it belches its last, will be found to be a mere skeleton.

North. I perceive he has lately assumed the character, in Colburn, of Boswell Redivivus. Why, Jemmy Boswell was a gentleman born and bred—a difficulty in the way of impersonation, which Billy Hazlitt can never, in his most sanguine moments, hope to overcome.

Tickler. Then Jemmy was in good society, and a member of the club. Moderate as were his talents, he was hand in-glove with Burke, and Langton, and Beauclerk, and Percy, and the rest. He of Table-Talk has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the Press-gang—Reporters fight shy—and the Editors of Sunday newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach.

North. Jemmy had a sycophantish, but a sincere admiration of the genius, erudition and virtue of Ursa-Major, and in recording the noble growlings of the Great Bear, thought not of his own Scotch snivel. Billy hates and envies all that he pretends to love and venerate, for the best of reasons, because his eulogiums on others are libels on himself.

Tickler. And pray, who may N. the ninny be, whom he takes for his Samuel Johnson?

North. A wasp called Nash.*

Tickler. How can Mr. Campbell prostitute his pages so?

North. Indolence—indolence. The indolence of a man of genius, deepened by disgust, and getting rid of a loathsome dunce by admitting him within the sheets of the Magazine, just as a delicate boarding-school miss has been known, in the impulse of pure horror, to marry a monster from Munster, in order to escape blindfold from his odious addresses.

Tickler. I like the Monthly† much, since its incorporation with the European. Its fun and frolic is often capital; and, with a little more weighty matter, it will have success. It is free from bitterness and ill-nature. Gall is corrosive, and, like canker at the root of a flower, spoils the color of the blossoms, and soon snaps the stalk. No man will ever be a satirist who has not a good heart. I like the Monthly much.

North. The London often contains striking articles. That Cantab was no small-beer in his bouncing. The Traveller on the Continent is terse, lively, and observant, and the Foreigner who writes about Greece must amuse the public. The editor has been frequently fortunate in his correspondents—then why so fretful in his temper and discontented with the lieges?

Shepherd. What gars the cretur keep yaumer—yaumerin'—yaumerin' as if he had aye the toothache, or a pain in his lug? Canna he clear himsell o' bile by a gran' emetic, keep his bowels open wi' peels, and wi' an unjaundiced ee look abroad over the glorious warks o' nature and o' art, till the sowl begins to burn within him, (for he *has* a sowl,) and generous sentiments come skelpin' alang, thick and three-fauld, like bees out o' a bike, with stings, it is true, but stings keepit for severe occasions—happier far to murmur in shade and sunshine amang the honey-dew, harmless as birds or butterflies, and leaving wasps and hornets to extract poison from the very flowers, distilling by the power of piercing proboscis the odors and the balm o' paradise frae earth's common weeds!

Tickler. Confound me, if with all my Toryism—which, were I bled to death, would glitter like a pearl of price in my last heart's drop—I do not take in the Westminster Review, instead of paying fourpence

* Altogether a mistake. Northcote, the painter, was the person Boswellized by William Hazlitt. The best of the affair was, that Northcote was alive at the time. The articles, which originally appeared in the New Monthly, were finally collected into a volume. Hazlitt commenced life as a painter, but never could produce anything equal to his own *beau-ideal*, (who can?) and exchanged the pencil for the pen. His favorite studies were metaphysical, but he excelled in dramatic, literary, and artistical criticism. He was a prolific writer, and most of his works are standard now. He wrote a great deal for the Morning Chronicle, Examiner, and Edinburgh Review, and died in 1830.—M.

† Edited by Sir Richard Phillips.—M.

a night for it to a Circulating Library. In the ring, they hit hard, and go right up to their man's head.

Shepherd. They're dour dowgs!

Tickler. Every party in the land should have its organ.

North. Even though it should be but a hand one.

Shepherd. Ye're baith nae better than twa auld Leeberals. What for did the Westminster sneer at me? Because I'm ane o' the principal writers in Blackwood! Puir, puir spite. Then what a confusion o' ideas to be angry at me for what I said at Awmrose's! Mayna a man say what he likes in a preevat party? But it was just the same way in the Embro.'

Tickler. You squabashed Jeffrey, James, in that famous letter anent the Jacobite Relics.*

Shepherd. Ay, that I did, like the red arm o' a hizzie wi' a beetle champing rumbledethumps. But it was no Mr. Jaffrey himsell, yon. I hae a great affection and respect for Mr. Jaffrey—but why should a real man o' letters like him—"a man of morals and of manners too," —a man, proud, and justly proud o' the rank in literature that his genius has won him—why should he suffer ony o' his yelpin' curs to bite the heels o' the Shepherd—perhaps hound him on wi' his ain gleg vice and ee—when I was daunerin' amang the braes, wishin' ill to nae leevin' thing, and laith to tramp even on the dewy daisies aneath my feet?

North. By heavens, ignobly done!

Shepherd. However, ye may knock out the brains o' a mangy mongrel, wi' a stick or a stane, without ony ill-will to the master that aughts him; and I'm sure that gin Mr. Jaffrey comes ever ridin' ower into Yarrow, by the Gray Meer's Tail, or straught through Peebles, he shanna want a warm welcome at Mount Benger frae me and the mistress—cocky-leeky, or some hare-soop, a rump o' corned beef, and a muirfowl hen, a rice puddin' and a platefu' o' pancakes.

Tickler. 'Pon my soul, James, I should like vastly to be of the party —an admirable selection! What an absurd old beldame is Madame Genlis, in the last number of the Quarterly! Have you read her Memoirs, James?†

* Hogg produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics, such, he says in his *last* autobiography, "as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself." Jeffrey reviewed this work, with marked severity, in the Edinburgh, selecting for *exceptive* encomium "one old Jacobite strain," viz: "Donald McGillavry," which Hogg had fabricated the year before. Of course the Shepherd exposed the Reviewer's blunder, which caused much amusement in literary circles.—M.

† Madame de Genlis was niece-in-law to Madame de Mentesson, who was privately married to the Duc d'Orleans. His son, the Duc de Chartres, (*Egalité,*) appointed her to educate his children; and it has been said, and believed, that Pamela, who married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was the issue of a connection between *Egalité* and Madame de Genlis, who, at the same time, was writing several very moral educational works. In 1791, she fled to England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans, returned to Paris in 1800, was pensioned by Napoleon, became a Bourbonite on the restoration, and was finally made comparatively wealthy, by her old pupil, Louis Philippe, after "the glorious three days" of 1830, in which year she died, aged 84. Her Memoirs are not much to be relied on.—M.

Shepherd. Me read her Memoirs! no me indeed! But I have read the article on the slut, French and a'. There can be nae doubt but that she would marry yet! Hoo the auld lass wad stan' paintin' her shrivelled cheeks at a plate-glass mirror, wi' a frame o' naked Cupids! Hoo she wad try to tosh up the rizzer'd haddies o' her breest—and wi' paddens round out her hainches! Hoo she wad smirk, and simper, and leer wi' her bleered rheumy een at the marriage ceremony before a Papish Priest! and wha wad venture to say that she wadna entertain expectations and houps o' fa'n into the family-way on the wrang side o' aughty? Think ye she wad tak to the nursin' and show undue partiality to her first-born ower a' the ither childer?

North. Old age—especially the old age of a lady—should be treated with respect—with reverence. I cannot approve of the tone of your interrogations, James.

Shepherd. Yes, Mr. North; old age ought indeed to be treated with respect and reverence. That's a God's truth. The ancient grandame, seated at the ingle amang her children's children, wi' the Bible open on her knees, and lookin' solemn, almost severe, with her dim eyes, through specs shaded by gray hairs,—now and then brichtening up her faded countenance wi' a saintly smile, as she saftly lets fa' her shrivelled hand on the golden head o' some wee bit hafflin' imp sittin' cowerin' by her knee, and, half in love half in fear, opening not his rosy lips. Such an aged woman as that—for leddy I shall not ca' her—is indeed an object of respect and reverence; and beats there a heart within human bosom that would not rejoice, wi' holy awe, to lay the homage of its blessing at her feet? But——

North. Beautiful, James! Tickler, is not that beautiful!

Shepherd. I was thinking just then, sirs, o' my ain mother.

North. You needed not to have said so, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. But to think o' an auld, bedizzened, painted hag o' a French harridan ripin' the ribs o' her wasted carcass wi' the poker o' vanity, to wauken a spark in the dead ashes o' her wonted fires, and trying a' the secrets o' memory and imagination to kindle a glow in the chitterin' skeleton——

North. Tickler, what imagery!

Shepherd. To hear her gloating ower sins she can no longer commit—nay, ower the sins o' them that are flesh and bluid nae mair, but part o' the moulderin' corruption o' catacombs and cemeteries; to see the unconscious confusion in which the images o' virtue and vice come waverin' thegither afore her een, frae the lang-ago history o' them that, in life, were her ain kith and kin——

Tickler. Stop, James!—stop, I beseech you!

Shepherd. To hearken till her drivellin', in the same dotage o' undistinguishing heartlessness, o' chaste matrons that filled the secret drawers in their cabinets wi' love-letters, no frae their ain husbands,

but frae princes, and peers, and counts, and gentlemen, and a' sorts o' riff-raff, as plain as pike-staffs ettlin at adultery;—o' nae less chaste maidens blushin' in the dark, in boudoirs, in the grupp o' unprincipled paramours, let lowse upon them by their verra ain fathers and mothers, and, after years o' sic perilous rampaugin' wi' young sodgers, wâlin' out ane at last for her man, only to plant horns on his head, and lose a haud on the legitimacy o' ony ane o' her subsequent children except the first, and him mair than apocryphal;—o' limmers, that flang their chastity with open hand frae them like chaff, and, rolling along in flunky-flanked eckipages by the Boulevards o' Paris, gloried in the blaze o' their iniquity——

North. I must positively shut your mouth, James. You will burst a blood-vessel in your righteous indignation. That's right, empty your tumbler.

Tickler. She had many good points about her, nevertheless, James. You are too stern a moralist. Her *petits soupers* were very piquant of old; and the worst thing I knew about Madame Genlis was her snub-nose, which, like a piece of weeping Parmesan, had generally a drop at the end of it. To me she was never loveable.

Shepherd. I could hae fa'en in love myself wi' Madam de Stawl,—and had she visited Scotland, I should have done my best to be with her *un homme à bonnes fortunes.*

Tickler. Why, Hogg, you pronounce French like a native. Idiom perfect too!

Shepherd. I took half-a-dozen lessons frae Hamilton; for I had a fancy for his system on account o' the absence o' grammar, which is waur than plague, pestilence, or famine.

Tickler. Do you think, James, you could teach Mr. Hamilton Ettrick as expeditiously as he has taught you French?

Shepherd. Ou ay. I'll undertake to teach him Ettrick in twal lessons, and the four volumes of Dr. Jameson's Scottish Dictionary—with three thousand additional words that I intend publishing in a Supplement forbye.

North. There is power in what is called, most absurdly and ignorantly, the Hamiltonian System;* but Hamilton himself has shown the white feather before a manly challenger, and stands discomfited and dished.

Shepherd. He's a bauld fellow, that Mackay o' the High School. The Hielan' bluid o' him was a' in a low, and he wad hae foughten on to the last gasp. I'm nae great scholar, but I love speerit.

Tickler. After all his blustering, Jupiter Tonans ought not to have declined the combat with the Titan. Hamilton might have praised his own system, without so contemptuously treating every modification of

* James Hamilton, inventor of a system of teaching languages by literal and interlinear translations. He died in Dublin, whither he had gone to lecture, in September, 1829.—M.

every other, and without doubt he was himself the challenger. So that the big words he thundered before Mr. Mackay entered the lists, and that at the time might have been forgiven as the unmeasured vaunting of an enthusiast, could only be described, after his craven refusal to meet his man, as the vaporing of a bully and a braggadocio.

North. The study of languages is a great mystery—but an itinerant like Hamilton is assuredly not the man to clear it up. Why does he roam about from town to town? Can't he bring his boat to an anchor, like any other conscientious teacher, and give his system the sanction of a series of successful years?

Tickler. If it be sound it will prosper—and the High School and the New Academy will follow the example of that chicken-hearted Institution at Baltimore, and shut their gates.

North. I take it upon me to give a challenge to Mr. Hamilton, from two young gentlemen whom I have never had the pleasure of taking by the hand—the dux of the Rector's Class in the High School, and the dux of the Rector's Class in the New Academy. If both the one and the other of those most promising boys do not beat him blind in Greek and Latin—in a public competition, I will forfeit to the Hamiltonian bugbear a barrel of oysters, during every week of every month whose name contains the letter R, for the remainder of his existence.

Shepherd. He daurna do't—he daurna do't. I'll back the laddies, to the value o' a score o' gimmers, in grammar, and syntax, and parsing, and prosody, and construin', and the lave o't; and my name's no Jamie Hogg, gin the great big muckle sumph doesna rin out o' the ring wi' his tail atween his legs like a lurcher, during Cæsar's Commentaries.

North. He should have had more pride and independence, more trust and confidence in himself and his system, than to come down to Edinburgh at the wagging of the little finger of the Edinburgh Review. There was heard in our streets the blowing of a penny trumpet, and forthwith appeared thereon the man with the gift of tongues. What made him leave Liverpool?

Tickler. Detection, discomfiture, and disgrace. There too he was challenged; and there too he took to his heels, with such headlong precipitancy, that we have heard he had nearly plunged into one of the wet-docks.

Shepherd. Is that maitter o' fact, or metaphorical?

North. Metaphorical. Two clever scribes, Verbeiensis, and Cantabrigiensis, smashed him in argument all to shivers—showed up his utter ignorance and destitution of all scholarship—and hung round his neck a label inscribed with large letters—HUMBUG.

Tickler. I have the pamphlet in which the impostor is seen stripped, and flagellated, and writhing in the most ludicrous distortion of face and figure, without a leg to stand on, his tongue struck dumb in his

check, and the vomitory of vociferation hermetically sealed. It would furnish material for a good article. Eh?

North. James, what were you going to say about Madame de Staël?

Shepherd. That there were some things about her that I could not approve. But she was, nevertheless, what I would ca' a fine speerit, and her name will be enrolled, on account of her rare and surpassing genius, often nobly employed, among the great benefactors o' her specie.

North. Agreed. She was in many things a noble creature.* As for a certain gang of strumpets, they and their correspondence have escaped infamy in this noble island of ours, by dropping, with other outlandish filth and carrion, into the cess-pool of oblivion. Much was said, indeed, a few years ago, by writers ambitious of a reputation for acquaintance with the literature of modern France, about their wit, and their elegance, and other accomplishments of those more than demireps; and their meretricious charms, it was hinted, might even, if too fondly contemplated, have the power to eclipse the soberer lustre of the character of our British female worthies.

Tickler. Whereas their dulness was nearly equal to their profligacy; and the learned lovers, Presidents of Philosophical Societies, and so forth, whom their insatiable licentiousness disgusted, their wearisome stupidity sent asleep.

North. Eternal contempt, Tickler, in spite of all the fulsome eulogies by their friends on this side of the channel, must pursue the memory of the few philosophers who are not already forgotten, that were not ashamed to submit their scientific speculations—ay, their moral reflections on conscience, and their inquiries into the origin of evil, and their conjectures on the mysteries of God's Providence, to the feelings, and opinions, and judgments of weak and wicked women, whose last favors were lavished with a profusion, in which freedom of choice was lost on their parts, and freedom of rejection on that of their favorites, on an endless series of grinning and grimacing Abbés, and Esprits Forts, and Academicians, all muttering, and mowing, and chattering, and scraping, and bowing, and shrugging their shoulders complacently to one another, with hatred, and jealousy, and envy, and rage, and revenge, boiling or rankling in their hearts!

Shepherd. Order—order—chair—chair! Tickler, tak North through hauns.

Tickler. What? James!

Shepherd. Ae flash o' your ee sets me richt. Oh, sirs! what a glorious galaxy o' female genius and virtue have we to gaze on, with

* Madame de Staël Holstein, daughter of Necker, the French financier. During the French Revolution she narrowly escaped death as an Aristocrat, and was afterwards exiled by Napoleon for too boldly playing the critic upon his government. She travelled a great deal, visiting England before the Restoration, and gaining the character of being a—tremendous talker. At the age of 45, she contracted a second marriage with M. de Rocca, young enough to be her son. She died in 1817. Her best known works are the novels Delphine and Corinne, Germany, Ten Years of Exile, and Considerations on the French Revolution.—M.

admiration pure and unreproved, in our native hemisphere. There—that star is the large and lustrous star o' Joanna Baillie; and there are the stars o' Hamilton—and Edgeworth—and Grant—and Austen—and Tighe—and Mitford—and Hemans!* Beautiful and beloved in all the relations of Christian life, these are the WOMEN, Mr. North, maids, wives, or widows, whom the religious spirit of this Protestant land will venerate as long as the holy fires of a pure faith burn upon her altars. These are the LADIES, Mr. Tickler, and thank God we have many like them, although less conspicuous, whom to guard from insult of look, whisper, or touch, what man, English, Scotch, or Irish, but would bare his breast to death? And why? Because the union o' genius, and virtue, and religion, and morality, and gentleness, and purity, is a soul-uplifting sight, and ratifies the great bond of Nature, by which we are made heirs of the immortal sky.

North. Timothy, you and I had really better be mum till morning.

Tickler. He beats us both at our own weapons—and I begin to think I stutter. (*Enter* MR. AMBROSE.)

Shepherd. As sure's death, there's the oysters. O man, Awmrose, but you've the pleasantest face o' ony man o' a' my acquaintance. Here's ane as braid's a mushroom. This is Saturday nicht, and they've a' gotten their bairds shaved. There's a wee ane awa' down my wrang throat; but de'il a fears, it'll find its way into the stamach. A waught o' that porter gars the drums o' ane's lugs crack and play dirl.

Tickler. They are in truth precious powldoodies. More boards, Ambrose, more boards.

Shepherd. Yonner are half-a-dizzen fresh boards on the side-tables. But more porter, Awmrose—more porter. Canna ye manage mair than twa pots at a time, man, in ilka haun? For twenty years, Mr. North, I used aye to blaw aff the froth, or cut it smack-smooth across wi' the edge o' my loof; but for the last ten or thereabouts, indeed ever since the Magazine, I hae sooked in froth and a', nor cared about diving my nose in't. Faith, I'm thinkin' that maun be what they ca' BROON STOOT; for Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox are nearing ane anither on the wa' there, as gin they were gaun to fecht; and either the roof's risin', or the floor fa'in', or I'm haflins fou!

Tickler. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox! Why, James, you are dreaming. This is not the Blue Parlor!

North. A psychological curiosity!

Shepherd. Faith it is curious aneuch, and shows the power o' habit in producing a sort o' delusion on the ocular spectrum. I wad hae

* Joanna Baillie, poet and dramatist. Elizabeth Hamilton, author of The Cottagers of Glenbervie. Maria Edgeworth, the Irish novelist. Mrs. Anne Grant, author of Memoirs of an American Lady. Jane Austen, author of Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility, &c. Mrs. Tighe, the poetical interpreter of the mythological legend of Cupid and Psyche. Mary Russell Mitford, of "Our Village." Felicia Hemans, the thoughtful Christian lyrist. A galaxy, indeed.—M

sworn I saw the lang, thin, lank feegur, and cocked-up nose o' Pitt, wi' his hand pressed down wi' an authoritative nieve, on a heap o' Parliamentary papers; and the big, clumsy carcass, arched een, and jolly chops o' Fox, mair like a master coal-merchant than an orator or a statesman;—but they've vanished away, far aff and wee, wee like atomies, and this is no the Blue Parlor sure aneuch.

North. To think of one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ passing away without ever a single song!

Shepherd. It hasna past awa yet, Mr. North. It's no eleven, man; and to hinner twal frae strikin' untimeously—and on a Saturday nicht I hate the sound o't—Mr. Awmrose, do you put back, ae round, the lang hand o' the knock. Ye'se hae a sang or twa afore we part, Mr. North; but, even without music, hasna this been a pleasant nicht? I sall begin noo wi' pepper, vinegar, and mustard, for the oysters by their-sells are getting a wee saut. By the tramping on the stairs I jalouse the play-house is scalin'. Whist, Mr. North! keep a calm sugh, or Odoherty will be in on us, and gar us break the Sabbath morning. Noo, let's draw in our chairs to the fireside, and, when a's settled in the tither parlors, I'll sing you a sang. (*Curtain falls.*)

No. XXX.—JANUARY, 1827.

SCENE—*Ambrose's Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlor.*

NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD.

Shepherd. What a fire! That mixtur o' English and Scotch coal makes a winter nicht glorious. Staun' yont, Mr. North, sir, till wi' this twa-haunded poker I smash the centre lump, as Mordecai Mullion has smashed the *os frontis* o' M'Culloch.

North. James, you cannot imagine what a noble figure you reflect in the mirror; I should like vastly to have your portrait taken in that very attitude.

Shepherd. Mercy on us! there's a tongue o' flame loupt out upon the carpet. Whare's the shool? Nae shool—nae shool! Let's up wi't in my twa loofs. Whew, whew, whew! That's gude for frost-bitten fingers. There, the Turkey's no a whit singed. Do you fin' the smell o' burnin', sir?

North. Look at your right hand, my dear Shepherd!

Shepherd. It's a' lowin'. Whew—whew—whew! That comes o' haein' hairy hauns. Belyve the blisters 'll be risin' like foam-bells; but de'il may care. Oh, sir! but I'm real happy to see you out again; and to think that we're to hae a twa-haunded crack, without Tickler or ony o' the rest kennin' that we're at Awmrose's. Gie's your haun' again, my dear sir. Noo, what shall we hae?

North. A single jug, James, of Glenlivet—not very strong, if you please; for——

Shepherd. A single jug o' Glenleevit—no very strang! My dear sir, hae you lost your judgment! You ken my resate for toddy, and you never saw't fail yet. In wi' a' the sugar, and a' the whusky, whatever they chance to be, intil the jug about half fu' o' water—just say three minutes to get aff the boil—and then the King's health in a bumper.

North. You can twist the old man, like a silk thread, round your finger, James. But remember, I'm on a regimen.

Shepherd. Sae am I—five shaves o' toasted butter and bread—twa eggs—a pound o' kipper sea-trout or sawmon, be it mair or less—and three o' the big cups o' tea to breakfast;—ae platefu' o' corned-beef, and potatoes and greens—the leg and the wing o' a howtowdy—wi'

some tongue or ham—a cut o' ploom-puddin', and cheese and bread, to dinner—and ony wee trifle afore bed-time. That's the regimen, sir, that I'm on the noo, as far as regards the victualling department; and I canna but say, that, moderate as it is, I thrive on't decently eneuch, and haena fun' mysel' stouter or stranger, either in mind or body, sin' the King's visit to Scotland. I hae made nae change on my liquor sin' the Queen's Wake, and the time you first dined wi' me in Ann Street—only I hae gi'en up porter, which is swallin' drink, and lays on naething but fat and foziness.

North. I forget if you are a great dreamer, James?

Shepherd. Sleepin' or waukin'?

North. Sleeping—and on a heavy supper.

Shepherd. Oh, sir! I not only pity but despise the coof, that aff wi' his claes, on wi' his nichtcap, into the sheets, doon wi' his head on the bowster, and then afore anither man could hae weel taken aff his breeks, snorin' awa' wi' a great open mouth, without a single dream travellin' through his fancy! What wud be the harm o' pittin' him to death?

North. What! murder a man for not dreaming, James?

Shepherd. Na—but for no dreaming, and for snorin' at the same time. What for blaw a trumpet through the hail house at the dead o' nicht, just to tell that you've lost your soul and your senses, and become a breathin' clod? What a blow it maun be to a man, to marry a snorin' woman! Think o' her during the hail hinnymoon, resting her head, with a long gurgling snorting snore, on the husband's bosom!*

North. Snoring runs in families; and, like other hereditary complaints, occasionally leaps over one generation, and descends on the next. But my son, I have no doubt, will snore like a trooper.

Shepherd. Your son?! Try the toddy, sir. Your son?!

North. The jug is a most excellent one, James. Edinburgh is supplied with very fine water.

Shepherd. Gie me the real Glenlivet—such as Awmrose aye has in the house—and I weel believe that I could mak drinkable toddy out o' sea-water. The human mind never tires o' Glenlivet, ony mair than o' cauler air.† If a body could just find out the exack proper proportion o' quantity that ought to be drank every day, and keep to that, I verily trow that he micht leeve for ever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkyards would go out of fashion.

North. Have you had any snow yet, James, in the Forest?

Shepherd. Only some skirrin' sleets—no eneuch to track a hare. But, safe us a', what a storm was yon, thus early in the season too, in the Highlands! I wush I had been in Tamantowl that nicht. No a

* Such an iniquity ought to be held as a reasonable cause for divorce.—M.
† *Cauler air*—fresh air.—M.

wilder region for a snow-storm on a' the yearth. Let the wun' come frae what airt it likes, right doon Glen-Aven, or up frae Grantown, or across frae the woods o' Abernethy, or far aff frae the forests at the Head o' Dee, you wad think that it was the deevil himself howlin' wi' a' his legions. A black thunder-storm's no half sae fearsome to me as a white snaw ane. There's an ocular grandeur in it, wi' the opening heavens sending forth the flashes o' lichtnin', that bring out the burnished woods frae the distance close upon you where you staun', a' the time the hills rattling like stanes on the roof o' a house, and the rain either descending in a universal deluge, or here and there pouring down in *straths*, till the thunder can scarcely quell the roar o' a thousand cataracts.

North. Poussin—Poussin—Poussin!

Shepherd. The heart quakes, but the imagination even in its awe is elevated. You still have a hold on the external warld, and a lurid beauty mixes with the magnificence till there is an austere joy in terror.

North. Burke—Burke—Burke—Edmund Burke!

Shepherd. But in a nicht snaw-storm the ragin' world o' elements is at war with life. Within twenty yards o' a human dwelling, you may be remote from succor as at the Pole. The drift is the drift of death. Your eyes are extinguished in your head—your ears frozen—your tongue dumb. Mountains and glens are all alike—so is the middle air eddying with flakes and the glimmerin' heavens. An army would be stopt on its march—and what then is the tread o' ae puir solitary wretch, man or woman, struggling on by theirsell, or sittin' down, ower despairing even to pray, and fast congealin', in a sort o' dwam o' delirious stupefaction, into a lump o' icy and rustling snaw! Wae's me, wae's me! for that auld woman and her wee grand-daughter, the bonniest lamb, folk said, in a' the Highlands, that left Tamantowl that nicht, after the merry strathspeys were over, and were never seen again till after the snaw, lying no five hundred yards out o' the town, the bairn wrapt round and round in the crone's plaid as weel as in her ain, but for a' that, dead as a flower-stalk that has been forgotten to be taken into the house at nicht, and in the mornin' brittle as glass in its beauty, although, till you come to touch it, it would seem to be alive!

North. With what very different feelings one would read an account of the death of a brace of Bagmen* in the snow! How is that to be explained, James?

* Formerly, in England and Scotland, commercial travellers (whose business was to go from town to town among the retail dealers and solicit orders for the larger houses which they represented) used to perform their journeys on horseback, with samples in their saddle-bags:—hence the name Bag-men. Subsequently, they took to travelling in their own gigs, so fitted up as to contain a good many samples of the goods which they desired to dispose of. But railway travelling has nearly destroyed the commercial travellers, as a distinctive race.—M.

Shepherd. You see the imagination pictures the twa Bagmen as Cockneys. As the snaw was getting dour at them, and giein' them sair flaffs and dads on their faces, spittin' in their verra een, ruggin' their noses, and blawin' upon their blubbery lips, till they blistered, the Cockneys wad be waxing half feared and half angry, and dammin' the "Heelans," as the cursedest kintra that ever was kittled. But wait awee, my gentlemen, and you'll keep a louner sugh or you get half way from Dalnacardoch to Dalwhinnie.

North. A wild district, for ever whirring, even in mist snow, with the gorcock's wing.

Shepherd. Whist—haud your tongue, till I finish the account o' the death of the twa Bagmen in the snaw. Ane o' their horses—for the creturs are no ill mounted—slidders awa' down a bank, and gets jammed into a snaw-stall, where there's no room for turnin'. The other horse grows obstinate wi' the sharp stour in his face, and proposes retreating to Dalnacardoch, tail foremost; but no being sae weel up to the walkin' or the trottin' backwards, as that English chiel Townsend, the pedestrian, he cloits doun first on his hurdies, and then on his tae side, the girths burst, and the saddle hangs only by a tack to the crupper.

North. Do you know, James, that though you are manifestly drawing a picture intended to be ludicrous, it is to me extremely pathetic?

Shepherd. The twa Cockneys are now forced to act as dismounted cavalry through the rest of the campaign, and sit down and cry—pretty babes o' the wood—in each ither's arms! John Frost decks their noses and their ears with icicles—and each vulgar physiognomy partakes of the pathetic character of a turnip, making an appeal to the feelings on Hallow-een. Dinna sneeze that way when ane's speakin', sir!

North. You ought rather to have cried, "God bless you."

Shepherd. A' this while neither the snaw nor the wund has been idle—and baith Cockneys are sitting up to the middle, poor creturs, no that verra cauld, for driftin' snaw sune begins to fin' warm and comfortable, but wae's me! unco, unco sleepy—and not a word do they speak! and now the snaw is up to their verra chins; and the bit bonny, braw, stiff, fause shirt-collars, that they were sae proud o' sticking at their chafts, are as hard as ir'n, for they've gotten a sair Scotch starchin',—and the fierce North cares naething for their towsy hair a' smellin' wi' Kalydor and Macassar, no it indeed, but twirls it a' into ravelled hanks, till the frozen mops bear nae earthly resemblance to the ordinary heads o' Cockneys—and hoo indeed should they, lying in sic an unnatural and out-o'-the-way place for them, as the moors atween Dalnacardoch and Dalwhinnie?

North. O James—say not they perished!

Shepherd. Yes, sir, they perished; under such circumstances, it would have been too much to expect of the vital spark that it should

not have fled. It did so—and a pair of more interesting Bagmen never slept the sleep of death. Gi'e me the lend o' your handkerchief, sir, for I agree wi' you that the picture's verra pathetic.

North. Did you read, James, in one of Maga's leading articles, called "A Glance over Selby's Ornithology," an account of the Red Tarn Raven Club, devouring the corpse of a Quaker on the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn?

Shepherd. Ay,—what about it? I could hae dune't as weel mysel

North. Do you know, James, that it gave great offence?

Shepherd. I hae nae doubt that the birds o' prey, that keep gorging themselves for weeks after a great battle, gie great offence to thousands o' the wounded,—picking out their een, and itherwise hurting their feelings. Here a bluidy straight beak tweakin' a general officer by the nose, and there a no less bluidy crooked ane tearing aff the ee-broos o' a drummer, and happin' aff to eat them on the hollow round o' his ain drum,—on which never will tattoo be beaten ony mair, for a musket-ball has gone through the parchment, and the "stormy music," as Cammel ca's it, is hushed for ever. What need a description o' the dreadfu' field, when it has been crappit and fallowed year after year, gie offence to ony rational reader? Surely no; and, therefore, why shudder at a joke about the death of a Quaker? Tuts, tuts, it's a' nonsense.

North. Drinking, dancing, swearing, and quarrelling, going on all the time in Tamantoul, James; for a fair there is a wild rendezvous, as we both know, summer or winter; and thither flock the wildest spirits of the wildest clans, old soldiers, poachers, outlaws, bankrupt tradesmen from small towns, and bankrupt farmers from large farms, horse-coupers, cattle dealers, sticket ministers, schoolmasters without scholars, land-measurers, supervisors and excisemen, tinkers, trampers, sportsmen, stray poets, contributors to Magazines—perhaps an editor—people of no profession, and men literally without a name, except it be recorded in the Hue and Cry, all imprisoned in a snow-storm, James! What matter if the whole body of them were dug out dead in the morning from the drift, a hundred feet high?

Shepherd. Ma faith, North, you've ta'en the word out o' my mouth; but hooly, hooly—let's get back frae Tamantoul to Embro. Ony thing gude in leeterature, sir, syne Lammas Fair?

North. Why, my dear James, I live so entirely out of the world now, that you could not apply, for information of that kind, to a person less likely to afford it. I live on the Past.

Shepherd. Rather spare diet, sir, and apt to get musty. I prefer the Present—na, even the verra Future itsel'—to the Past. But the three a' mixed thegither, like rumbledethumps, makes a gran' head-dish at denner, or sooper either; and I never eat it ony where in sic perfection as at Mr. Awmrose's.

North. Have you heard, James, that we are absolutely going to have some war again? A furious army of Refugees have invaded Portugal, and threaten to overthrow the Constitution.

Shepherd. I fear the plook o' war 'll come no more to a head. There's a want o' maitter. Leave the Portugals to fecht the collyshangy out by theirsels, and there may be some cracked crowns. But twa three regiments o' our red coats 'll put out the fire o' civil war afore it's weel kindled—whilk 'll be a great pity. Is na there something rather ridiculous like in the soun' o' an Army o' Refugees? It's only next best to an Army of Runaways.

North. Britain, James, and France—what think you of a war between them, James?

Shepherd. For God's saäc, dinna let us begin wi' politics, for under them I aye fin' my nature stupefied within me—as if I were tawkin' no frae my ain thochts, but out o' a newspaper. A' I say is, that the times are wersh without bloodshed.

North. Did you read Canning's speech?

Shepherd. Na,—but I'm gaun up to London in Feberwar, to hear him in the House o' Commons. Think ye, that the best discourse "by Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured," of old, to a congregation of Covenanters, in a sky-roofed kirk o' cliffs in the wilderness, would have done to be read in Awmrose's here, wi' twa caundles on the table, and twa on the brace-piece helpin' the fire to illuminate a board o' oysters, or ashet o' rizzard haddies, or a trencher o' toasted cheese? Nae doubt the discourse wad hae been a gude discourse ony where—but where the hands uplifted to heaven, the hair of the preacher streaming in the wind, his eyes penetrating the clouds, the awful sound o' one voice, and one voice only, heard in the hush o' the desert? Where the fixed faces o' the congregation, intent as if but one soul animated the whole mass, a' armed even on the Sabbath day, and forgettin', when hearkenin' to the tidings o' salvation, the soun' o' the hoofs o' bluidy Claverse's dragoons? Just sae in their ain way wi' Cannin's orations. You maun see the man himsell—and they say he has a' the outward powers and graces o' a great speaker; and as for his inwards, there can be nae doubt that his brain has a harl o' strong bricht thochts like fire-flaughts enlichtenin', or as needs be, witherin' and consumin' a' opposition, like chaff, or stubble, or heather a-bleeze on the hills.

North. You will also have an opportunity, James, of hearing Hume.*

Shepherd. O man! but he maun be an impident cretur that Hume, to lowse his tinkler jaw in the Hoose, afore three hunder British and Eerish gentlemen, wi' the sum of fifty-four punds seven shillings and

* Canning was filled with the "imagination all compact," and showed it in his speeches. Hume might be described as a human calculating machine, a matter-of-fact man, who never made a metaphor in his life.—M.

eightpence three farthings one doit in his breeches pocket, diddled in interest frae the funns o' the Greek Pawtriots, fechtin' in their poverty for the freedom o' their native land.

North. He offered to refer the affair to arbitration, you know, James.

Shepherd. And for what did na he fix on three arbitrawtors? Does he think folk are to come forward o' their ain accord? He seems to think it a great feather in his cap that he didna commit even-down cheatery and thievery on the Greeks. Grant that which is mair than doubtful, hasna he proved himsel a greedy, greedy fallow, and fonder far to hear the clink o' his ain cash than the shouts o' liberty frae that ance glorious country, whare genius and valor were native to the soil, and whare yet they are not dead but sleepin', and may—ay, will arise frae the bluidy dust, and tear out the Turkish crescent from the sky, ance mair free to the silver feet of their ain Diana!

North. He is a poor creature, in mind, soul, and heart alike—and wears the interest of his scrip in his very face, in the hardness and hue of brass. How else durst he have risen from his breech after Canning—and like a turkey-cock, that is a bubbly-jock, James, have given vent to his vile gobble, ere the House had ceased to hear the cry, and view the flight, of the Eagle?

Shepherd. "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

North. The man's mind has so long busied itself with pounds, shillings, pence, halfpence, farthings, and doits, James, that it has utterly lost all perception of the higher interests to which they may be made subservient—and for which alone they can have any value in a nation's eye.

Shepherd. I wud hate to dine wi' him at a tavern—for he wud aye be for threapin' doun the bill; and oh! but he wud be shabby—shabby to the waiter. He wud never gie ony waiter—even if she was a lassie—mair than tippence—and aiblins ane o' the bawbees o' an obsolete sort, that wadna gang now-a-days—what they ca' an Eerish rap, or ane issued lang syne by some cotton spinner in Manchester. We'll hear o' nae mair public denners to sic a meeser.

North. There is no saying, James. Whom will not party spirit in these days set up as an idol, basely bow down, and crawling worship it? Mr. Brougham gave the scrub a hard hit on the kidneys, and it must have made him wince.

Shepherd. Hoo was that?

North. Mr. Brougham, in allusion to Hume's speech, declared himself incapable of "listening to the arithmetic of the *Honorable* Member for Aberdeen. There were circumstances," he said, "in which countries—*as well as individuals*—might be placed, in which to *compute cost* was impossible, frivolous, *disgraceful* alike to the country and to the *individual!*"

Shepherd. Weel dune, Hairy. That was capital.

North. But before Hume had recovered from that well-delivered hit, Mr. Brougham put in a facer that broke the brass like an egg-shell. "To those upon whom such topics (national faith and national honor, James) are thrown away, and to whom the *expense* which any of their preparations might cost was *so considerable an object*, and to how much it might mount up *by the loss of the interest* (loud laughter) upon it, and *of interest upon that interest*, (loud laughter,) he could put it to all such reasoners" &c.

Shepherd. Weel done, Hairy,—weel done, Hairy! You're an ambitious chiel yoursell, and wad do muckle to gain the objec of your ambition; but you never were avaricious—you had a sowl aboon that, —and I could forgie ye a' your sins for that noble disdain of the meanest member of the legislative body. He can never haud up the head o' him after that. Weel dune, Hairy. Mr. North, let's drink Mr. Brumm's health in a caulker.

North. Here he goes. Heavens, James, is that a brilliant among the hair of your little finger?

Shepherd. O' the first water. But you've seen't afore a thousand and a thousand times. I got it frae his Grace the late Duke o' Buccleuch.

North. Are you not afraid of losing it, my dear Shepherd?

Shepherd. Faith, there's nae fear o' that; for it has indented itsell intil my finger sae deep, that naebody can steal't frae me unless they saw or file't aff. It is indeed "a gem of purest ray serene;" and mony a mirk nicht hae I seen my way hame by its wee, clear star o' lustre. The fairies ken't when they see't afar twinkling through the mist, and the Shepherd hears the soun' o' their wings wavering roun' his head sae near, that he often thinks he could grup ane o' the creturs by her grass-green cymar. But the air-woven garment is impalpable to the touch; and, wi' sweet shrill laughter, the Aërials fade, chiming away out ower the hills down by the towers o' Newark to holy Melrose. and the auld Abbey o' Dryburgh.

North. Oh, why, my dearest James, why is thy mountain-lyre mute?

Shepherd. You're a bonny fellow to ask that question; you that's aye abusing poetry, and wunna leave ony ane o' the Nine Muses the likeness o' a dowg!

North. The sea of song hath its ebbs and flows; and now, methinks. there is a wide shore of sand.

Shepherd. Alang which you see, noo and then, a straggling poet-aster picking up a few shells—mere buckies!

North. Sinking in treacherous quick-sands,—or swallowed up when the flow of tide returns from the ocean.

Shepherd. I hae nae wush either to be drowned, or picked up by some critical cobble a' drookin' wat, wi' sand in my hair and sea-weed

and barnacles stickin' to my hurdies, like the keel o' a vessel wi' Sir Humphrey Davy's preservers against the dry-rot.* Better to remain inland,—a silly shepherd, piping to his flock.

North. I was glad to see some fine lines of yours, James, in Mr. Watts' Souvenir.

Shepherd. Oh, sir, but yon's a bonny byuck! What for did na ye notice the prent o' Martin's Alexander and Diogenes! That Martin, to my fancy, 's the greatest painter o' them a', and has a maist magnificent imagination. I'm nae great classical scholar; but aiblins I ken as muckle about Alexander the Great, his character and his conquests, as mony bred in a college. What a glorious gloom and glitter o' battlements hanging over the crested head o' the Macedonian monarch, marching afore his bodyguard, while a' the laigh distance is a forest o' spears and lances! And then Diogenes, like a tinkler at the door o' his bit blanket-tent, geeing a lesson which he was weel able to do, to the son o' Jupiter Ammon. The Tent's far better than a tub—for historical truth canna be said to be wranged, when it is sacrificed to the principles of a lofty art. A fountain playing close at hand in the shade—and the builder's and the sculptor's skill beautifying every quiet place with pensive images! My copy, wi' Mr. Watts' respectful compliments, in large paper, wi' proof impressions; and I wadna sell't for five guineas, even although I had coft it mysell for twal shillings.

North. Jozey Hume would not scruple to sell, at a profit, a presentation-copy of a work of Sir Walter's.

Shepherd. Hoot, you sumph!—Beg pardon, sir,—hoo do you think that a presentation-copy frae Sir Walter could ever get into such slippery hauns? But, gin ane could suppose sic a supposition, nae doubt Joe wadna be lang o' sellin't; for ye ken he doesna like to see interest on siller losing itsell, and it's very expensive keeping byucks lying idle, even although they dinna eat muckle in their shelfs. I wadna sell a presentation-copy o' the warst o' Sir Walter's warks, if it were to keep me and mine frae starvation. When's his Napoleon to be out?

North. In a month or two, I hear.† It is a noble performance.

Shepherd. You dinna say that you've seen't?

North. Hem! mum, James. His other works are Tales, but this is a History, and a History worthy both the Men.

Shepherd. I canna doubt it. He's up to ony thing. Oh, sir, but it's sickening to hear the anticipatory criticism o' the Whiglings on the Life of Napoleon. Wull Sir Walter, they ask, do justice to his character—wull he not show his politics? What for no? Whan did he ever deny glory to a great man? Never.

* Which did *not* preserve the wood.—M.

† The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by the author of Waverley, was published, in nine volumes 8vo, June, 1827. The time actually occupied in its composition was twelve months—in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin.—M.

North. Mere malice. Why, James, the Whigs used formerly to say, and even now they hint as much, that Wellington is not a great General. Neither is Scott a great Author.

Shepherd. I can thole a hantle o' nonsense—for I like to speak nonsense mysel'—but heartless, malignant, envious nonsense, I never could thole; and were ony ass to point his ears with a bray at Sir Walter, in my sicht or hearing, I would just get up, even if it was at a board o' oysters, when Odoherty was clearin' a' before him, and kick the donkey down stairs.

North. Have you seen Allan Cunningham's Paul Jones?

Shepherd. No me. It 'll no be verra gude.

North. What, James! Don't you think Allan a man of genius?

Shepherd. Yes, sir, I do think him a man of genius. But may na a man of genius write a byuck that's no verra gude? Read ye ever a romance ca'd the Three Perils o' Man?

North. Bravo, my dear Shepherd. Paul Jones, James, is an amus ing, an interesting Tale, and will, on the whole, raise Allan's reputation. It is full of talent.

Shepherd. Let's hear its chief merits first, and then its chief defects. They'll be gayen equally balanced, I jalouse.

North. Even so. There are many bold and striking incidents and situations; many picturesque and poetical descriptions; many reflections that prove Allan to be a man of an original, vigorous, and sagacious mind.

Shepherd. I dinna doubt it. Say away.

North. The character of Paul Jones is, I think, well conceived.

Shepherd. But is't weel executed? That's every thing.

North. No, James, that's not every thing. Much may be forgiven in imperfect execution to good conception. In bringing out his *idea* of Paul Jones, Allan has not always been successful. The delineation wants light and shade; there is frequent daubing—great—or rather gross exaggeration, and continual effort after effect, that sometimes totally defeats its purpose. On the whole, the interest we take in the Pirate is but languid. But the worst fault of the book is that it smells not of the ocean. There are waves—waves—waves—but never a sea, —battle on battle, but as of ships in a painted panorama, where we feel all is the mockery of imitation—and almost grudge our half-crown at each new ineffectual broadside and crash of music from a band borrowed from a caravan of wild beasts.

Shepherd. If I had said all that, you would have set it down to jealousy o' Kinningham's genius.

North. It is evident that Allan never made a cruise in a frigate or line-of-battle ship. He dares not venture on nautical terms—and the land-lubber is in every line. Paul Jones's face is perpetually painted with blood and gunpowder, and his person spattered with brains. The

description of the battle between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, in James's Naval History, is worth, ten thousand times over, all the descriptions in Allan's three volumes. Sadly inferior, indeed, is he to Mr. Cooper, the truly naval author of the Pilot, who writes like a hero.

Shepherd. As a tale of the sea, then, Paul Jones is a failure?

North. A most decided one. Still a bright genius like Allan's will show itself through darkest ignorance—and there are occasional flashes of war poetry in Paul Jones. But he manœuvres a Ship as if she were on wheels, and on dry land. All the glory of the power of sail and helm is gone—and the reader longs for an old number of the Naval Chronicle, for a Gazette letter from the Admiralty, from Lord Exmouth, or Lord Cochrane, or Sir Richard Strachan, or Keates, or Mylne, or Seymour, or Brisbane. But as I shall probably review Allan's book, you will see my opinion of its beauties and its deformities at great length in an early number. The article shall be a good one, depend on't—perhaps a leading one, for it is delightful to have to do with a man of genius; and our readers will rise from its perusal with a far higher opinion of Allan's powers, than from any base and paid-for panegyric in any unprincipled Edinburgh radical newspaper, where the fear or the hope of a few advertisements withheld or bestowed, will prompt a panegyric fulsome as the smell of rankest ewes or nanny-goats, that, to the nostrils of a proud Peasant, like Allan Cunningham, must be sufficient, James, to make his stomach "just perfectly scunner." By the way, I cannot say, James, that I feel that disgust towards literary ladies that you used to express so strongly by that excellent word *scunner*. To my aged eyes a neat ankle is set off attractively by a slight shade of cerulean—and——

Shepherd. A nate ankil! Saw ye ever in a' your born days a nate ankil in a blue stockin'? A' the leddies o' my acquaintance that write byucks hae gotten a touch o' the elephantiasis in their legs. If they grow thicker and thicker a' the way up, safe us, but they maun——

North. Stop, James. Some of our most justly popular female authors are very handsome women.

Shepherd. I'll just thank ye to name twa or three o' the handsomest—and I'll bet you what you like that I'se produce a lassie frae Yarrow or Ettrick, in warsted huggers, that just kens her letters and nae mair, that'll measure sma'er roun' the ankils than your picked madam in the blue stockins, although she may hae written volumm upon volumm baith in prose and metre, and aiblins dedicated them, with a "Sire" in great big capitals, to his Majesty the King.

North. Stuff, James, stuff. Of all the huge, hulky, bulky, red, distempered ankles, that ever petrified my astonished gaze, the most hideous have I seen wading the tributary streams of the Tweed. In humble life, no such thing exists as a neat ankle.

Shepherd. Puir chiel, I pity you.

North. The term Literary Ladies (who, by the by, are charming Literary Souvenirs) is uniformly used by the dregs of both sexes—and only by the dregs. For my own part, I never yet felt or understood the full beauty of any pathetic passage in a poem, till I had heard it read, or recited, or breathed off by lady's lips—or wept or smiled over by lady's eyes—God bless them! They are celestial critics—and I could often kiss the sweet creatures, so silvery sweet the music of their tongues! Believe it not, James—believe it not, James, that their ankles are ever one hair's breadth in circumference more than he could wish them to be, when kneeling lover makes obeisance to their feet.

Shepherd. Weel, weel, then—I daursay I'm wrang. I'm wullin' to believe, in spite o' the evidence of my senses, that the leddy I saw the day comin' intil a circulation leebrary to ax for the Secrets o' Sensibility, in four volumes, had ankles nae thicker than my wrist-bane, although at the time I could hae taen my Bible oath that they were about the thickness of my cawve.

North. Besides, James, it is altogether a mistake to think that thinness is necessarily neatness in an ankle. An ankle ought not on any account to be either thick or thin, but of moderate roundness; any approach to the bony—or what you would call the "skranky," is death to my devoirs. Many elderly-young ladies are partial to short petticoats, on the score of their thin, bony, skranky ankles, which they stick out upon the public like sheep's trotters. Commend me, James, to a slim rotundity which long-fingered Jack could span—and scarcely span. Such an ankle, in the words of Burns, betrays fair proportion. The skranky ankle bespeaks skranky neck and bosom, James, and——

Shepherd. There's nae endurin' them—I alloo that lassies should aye be something sonsie.

North. So with waists. Women are not wasps.

Shepherd. I am no just quite sae sure about that, sir; but I agree wi' you in dislikin' the wasp-waist. You wunner what they do wi' their vittals. They canna be healthy—and you'll generally observe, that sic like hae gey yellow faces, as if something were wrang wi' their stamach. There should be moderation in a' things. A waist's for putting your arm round, and no for spannin' wi' your hauns—except it be some fairy o' a cretur that's no made to be married, but just to wonder at, and aiblins admire, as you wud a bonny she-dwarf at a show. There should aye be some teer and weer about a lassie that's meant for domestic life.

North. With regard to dress, I am willing to allow considerable latitude. The bosom is the blessed seat of innocence as well as love.

Shepherd. That it is, Mr. North; and nae man that feels and thinks as a man need pretend to be angry wi' a glimpse—na, wi' mair than a glimpse—o' a sicht that soothes the thoughts and feelings into a

delightful cawm, and brings into his heart a silent benison on the Virgin, whose wakin' and sleepin' dreams are a' as pure as the snaw-drift o' her heaving breast! It's nane but your sanctimonious sinners that gloom as they glower on such a heaven.

North. I often wish that there was not such uniformity in fashion. How much better if every maiden and every matron would dress according to her own peculiar taste and genius—each guiding herself, at the same time, by some understood Standard, from which there was to be no wide deviation. Thus we should have "variety in uniformity," "similitude in dissimilitude," which, according to Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Wordsworth, and a thousand others, is one of the prime principles of beauty.

Shepherd. That's a capital remark. Tak' for example, floonces. What's mair ridiculous than sax tier o' floonces on the tail o' the gown o' a bit fat, dumpy cretur, wi' unco short legs, and sticken' out gey and sair, baith before and behin', beside a tall, straught, elegant lassie, wha bears alang her floonces as gloriously as the rising morning trails her clouds through amang the dews on the mountain-taps!

North. Poetry in every word.

Shepherd. Without sic paraphernalia Dumpy micht hae been quite a Divinity. But the floonces gar you forget your gude manners, till you can scarce help lauching.

North. Oh, James, what a charm in appropriateness!

Shepherd. It's the same thing wi' men. Some look best in ticht pantaloons—some in loose troosers—some in knee-breeks—and some in kilts. Instead o' that, when tichts are the fashion, a' maun pit on tichts—and what a figure does yon body mak' o' himsell in tichts, wi' legs and thees a' o' ae thickness, frae cute to cleft, excepp at the knees, which stick out in the insides wi' knots like neeps, the very hicht o' vulgarity in a drawing-room o' leddies.

North. O for the restoration of the Roman toga!

Shepherd. Then should the Shepherd appear in the character of a Roman Consul.

North. Hail, Cincinnatus—Cincinnatus, hail!

Shepherd. I thocht he had been a ploughman, no a Shepherd.

North. Pray, James, do you think the pastoral preceded the agricultural state?

Shepherd. The horticultural preceded them baith—and that's the reason why I became a member o' the Horticultural Society, though it costs me twa guineas a-year. Now, there could be nae delvin' without spades, and nae drillin' without howes, and nae dibblin' without dibbles—sae you see the agricultural state, as you ca't, naturally succeeded to the horticultural. Further, waurna gardens made o' yirth? and what signifies it, in the pheelosophy o' the maitter, when the saft garden was changed for the hard glebe, as was the case—wae's me—

when the flamming sword drove our first parents—puir creturs—out the gates of Paradise! Therefore, strictly speakin', the first state o' man was agricultural.

North. John Millar, in his Distinctions of Ranks, thought otherwise.

Shepherd. And wha's John Millar? Was he a brother o' Joe's? But to proceed wi' an answer to your question. The pastoral state grew out o' the agricultural, for when the corn was raised, what was to become o' the straw? Cattle were collected and tamed, and fattened and ate. Further, think you that men would hae been sic eendoun idiots as to have lived on cattle, without potawtoes and bread? Or on potawtoes and bread without cattle? They were nae sic sumphs. Therefore, Cain was a ploughman—and Abel was a shepherd—just as Adam had been a gardener. And think you Eve and her daughters were long contented with fig-leaves? No they, indeed. Thus manufactures arose. As new families were begotten, villages and towns arose, and hence trade and commerce. So that horticulture was the original state—and thus the agricultural and the pastoral and the manufacturing and the commercial state arose contemporaneously, or nearly sae, a' round and about the bonnie borders o' Paradise—for the borders were bonnie, and weel watered wi' many large rivers, although the fiery sword o' the Angel o' the Lord often smote the soil wi' drought as wi' a curse—and——

North. But you have forgot the fishing and the hunting states.

Shepherd. I've dune nae sic thing—come out to Altrive, and you will see them baith in a' their pristine glory. But never tell me that a nation o' fishers ever turned into a nation o' hunters, or veece versa. Indeed I hae my doubts gin ever there was sic a thing as a nation o' fishers—except ye ca' twa or three hunder shiverin' forlorn wretches on the shores o' Terra del Fuego, or ony ither sic like dreary and disconsolate shore, a nation—which would be a great abuse o' language. How the devil the human race ever got there is no for me to say, nor you neither. But I gang no to John Millar, but to Moses, for my theelosophy o' man and man's dispersion; and even supposing, for the sake o' theory and hippothesis, that the abeelities o' the twa writers were about upon a par, Moses, ye'll allow, had a great advantage, in leevin' some thousands o' years nearer the time o' the creation than John Millar. Sae I shall continue to prefer his account to ony ither speculation sin' the invention o' prentin'.

North. James, you are a good shot.

Shepherd. I seldom miss a hay-stack, or a barn-door, standing, at twenty yards; but war they to tak wings to themselves and flee away, I should be shy o' takin' on ony big bet that I should bring them down—especially wi' a single barrel.

North. That thick brown Octavo, lying by itself, immediately beyond the rizzard haddies, is one of the best and most business-like

Books on shooting that we sportsmen have; it is a fifth edition of my friend Colonel Hawker.

Shepherd. Commend me to an auld Sodger for shootin'. Let me put on my specs—ae sentence in a book's quite aneuch to judge a' the lave by—and I see the Colonel's a clever fallow. Plates, too, Mr. North: you maun just gie me a present o' this copy—and it will aye be ready for perusal when you come out to Altrive.

North. Take it, James.

Shepherd. Nane o' your pigeon-killers for me, waitin' in cool blood till the bonnie burdies, that should ne'er be shot at a', excepp when they're on the cornstooks, flee out a trap wi' a flutter and a whirr, and then prouder men are they than the Duke o' Wellington, when they knock down, wi' pinions ower purple, the bright birds o' Venus, tumbling, as if hawk-struck, within boun's, or carrying aneath the down o' their bonnie bosoms some cruel draps, that, ere night-fall, will gar them moan out their lives amang the cover o' suburban groves.

North. So you have no pity, James, for any other birds, but the birds of Venus?

Shepherd. I canna say that I hae muckle pity for mony o' the ithers—mair especially wild-dyucks and whaups. It's a trial that Job would never hae come through without swearin'—after wading half the day through marsh and fen, sometimes up to the houghs, and sometimes to the oxters, to see a dizzen or a score o' wild-dyucks a' risin' thegither, about a quarter o' a mile aff, wi' their outstretched bills and droupin' doups, maist unmercifully ill-made, as ane might mistake it, for fleeing, and then makin' a circle half a mile ayont the reach o' slug, gradually fa'in intil a mathematical figure in Euclid's Elements, and vanishin' wi' the speed o' aigles, in the weather gleam, as if they were aff for ever to Norway, or to the North Pole. Dang their web-footed soles——

North. James—James, remember where you are, and with whom—time, place and person. No maledictions to-night on any part o' the creation, feathered or unfeathered. During Christmas holidays, I would rather err on the side of undue humanity. What are whaups?

Shepherd. That's a gude ane! Ma faith, you proved that you kent weel aneuch what were whaups that day at Yarrow Ford, when you devoored twa, stoop and roop, to the astonishment o' the Tailor wha begood to fear that you would neist eat his goose for a second coorse. The English ca' whaups curl-loos—the maist nonsensicalest name for a whaup ever I heard—but the English hae little or nae imagination.

North. My memory is not so good as it used to be, James—but I remember it now. "Most prime picking is the whaup."

Shepherd. In wunter they're aff to the sea—but a' simmer and hairst they haunt the wide, heathy, or rushy and boggy moors. Ye may dis-

cover the whaup's lang nose half a mile aff, as the gleg-ee'd creature keeps a watch over the wilderness, wi' baith sicht and smell.

North. Did you shoot the whaups alluded to above, James—or the Tailor himself?

Shepherd. Him—no me. But mony and aft's the time that I hae lain for hours ahint some auld turf-dyke, that aiblins had ance inclosed a bit bonny kailyard belanging to a housie noo soopt frae the face of the yerth,—every noo and than keekin' ower the grassy rampart to see gif the whaups, thinkin' themselves alane, were takin' their walk in the solitude; and gif nane were there, layin' mysel doon a' my length on my grufe and elbow, and reading an auncient ballant, or may be tryin' to croon a bit sang o' my ain, inspired by the loun and lanesome spat, —for O, sir! hae na ye aften felt that the farther we are in body frae human dwellings, the nearer are we to their ingles in sowl?

North. Often, James—often. In a crowd I am apt to be sullen or ferocious. In solitude I am the most benevolent of men. To understand my character, you must see me alone—converse with me—meditate on what I then say—and behold my character in all its original brightness.

Shepherd. The dearest thocht and feelings o' auld lang syne come crowd crowding back again into the heart whenever there's an hour o' perfect silence, just like so many swallows comin' a-wing frae God knows whare, when winter is ower and gane, to the self-same range o' auld clay biggins, aneath the thatch o' house, or the slate o' ha'—unforgetfu' they o' the place where they were born, and first hunted the insect-people through shadow or sunshine!

North. What a pity, James, that you were not in Edinburgh in time to see my friend Audubon's Exhibition!

Shepherd. An Exhibition o' what?

North. Of birds painted to the life. Almost the whole American Ornithology, true to nature, as if the creatures were in their native haunts in the forests, or on the sea-shores. Not stiff and staring like stuffed specimens—but in every imaginable characteristic attitude, perched, wading, or a-wing,—not a feather, smooth or ruffled, out of its place,—every song, chirp, chatter, or cry, made audible by the power of genius.

Shepherd. Where got he sae weel acquaint wi' a' the tribes—for do they not herd in swamps and woods where man's foot intrudes not—and the wilderness is guarded by the Rattlesnake, fearsome Watchman, wi' nae ither bouets than his ain fiery eyne?

North. For upwards of twenty years the enthusiastic Audubon lived in the remotest woods, journeying to and fro on foot thousands of miles—or sailing on great rivers, "great as any seas," with his unerring rifle, slaughtering only to embalm his prey by an art of his own, in form and hue unchanged, unchangeable—and now, for the sum of

one shilling, may any body that chooses it behold the images of almost all the splendid and gorgeous birds of that Continent.

Shepherd. Where's the Exhibition now?

North. At Glasgow, I believe—where I have no doubt it will attract thousands of delighted spectators. I must get the friend who gave "A Glance over Selby's Ornithology," to tell the world at large more of Audubon.* He is the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived, and cannot fail to reap the reward of his genius and perseverance and adventurous zeal in his own beautiful branch of natural history, both in fame and fortune. The man himself—whom I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting—is just what you would expect from his works,—full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence—most interesting in looks and manners—a perfect gentleman—and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature. I wish you had seen him, James; you would have taken to each other very kindly, for you, James, are yourself a naturalist, although, sometimes, it must be confessed, you deal a little in the miraculous, when biographically inclined about sheep, dogs, eagles, and salmon.

Shepherd. The ways o' the creatures o' the inferior creation, as we choose to ca' birds and beasts, are a' miraculous thegither—nor would they be less so if we understood better than we do their several instincts. Natural History is just another name for Natural Theology—and the sang o' the laverock, and the plumage o' the goldfinch—do they not alike remind us o' God?

North. I never knew a Naturalist who was not a good man. Buffon was a strange devil, but not a bad fellow on the whole—with all his vanity and sensualism. Cuvier is a most amiable character, and we need not go far from Edinburgh to find the best of men, and of Naturalists, united in one whom it is needless to name.

Shepherd. That's a truth. What thin folio's yon sprawling on the side-table?

North. Scenery, costume, and architecture, chiefly on the western side of India, by Captain Robert Melville Grindlay—a beautiful and a splendid work. Just look at the Frontispiece, James.

Shepherd. Eh, man! but she's a bonny Frontispiece, indeed! An Indian maiden, Orientally arrayed in a flowing garment, veil, shawl, plaid, gown, and trowser-lookin' petticoats, all gracefully confused into one indistinguishable drapery, from dark-haired forehead down to ringed ankles and sma' naked feet! These pure, smooth, glossy arms o' hers—hoo saftly and hoo sweetly wud they enfauld a lover stealing into them at gloamin', below the shadow o' these lofty Palm-Trees!

* The whole story of Audubon's Life, a good deal of which may be found in his books, is like a romance. As a Naturalist, he has done more than any other person, at any time or place. The promised notice of Audubon's Ornithological Biography appeared in Blackwood, in August, 1831, evidently written by Professor Wilson himself.—M.

North. Turn over, James, and admire the shaking Minarets at Ahmedabad. It is the great Mosque erected by Sultan Ahmed early in the 15th century. His remains, with those of his family, are deposited within in a splendid mausoleum. The tombs are still covered, Captain Grindlay tells us, with rich tissues of silk and gold, surrounded with lamps continually burning, and guarded by Mohammedans of the religious orders, aided by innumerable devotees of the fair sex. It is, like all the other mosques and religious buildings of stone in the city and environs of Ahmedabad, ornamented with the most elaborate sculpture, and evidently copied from the remains of Hindoo architecture of very remote antiquity.

Shepherd. It is a splendid structure; and can naebody tell why the Minarets shake? But I canna get the image o' that Indian maiden out o' the ee o' my mind—let me look at her again. Oh! the bonny brown cretur, but she wad mak a pleasant companion in the way o' Wife!

North. There, James, is an ancient Temple at Malmud, on the Peninsula of Guzerat, which was the scene of the chief exploits, and finally of the death of Krishna, the Indian Apollo, and still contains architectural remains of the highest antiquity, and of extraordinary richness and beauty.

Shepherd. Od, it's sae lang syne you were in India, I wonner hoo ye can remember sae distinctly a' the architecture, and——

North. Captain Grindlay's admirable Representations bring back a thousand dreams to my mind. Beautiful Peninsula of Guzerat! True indeed it is, my dear Grindlay, that every hill is consecrated by some mythological event, and every stream has its poetical Name and classical Fiction.

Shepherd. There's no sic a buildin's that in a' Embro'. The Register Office, forsooth!

North. Like the ancients, James, you see they adorn the Approach to their Cities with monumental buildings, from the splendid pillared dome of the chieftain, to the simple slab of the vassal on which is sculptured the figure, on a horse, or camel, or on foot, according to the circumstances under which the deceased met his fate. Intermingled with these warlike memorials, on the more affecting records of devotion, are the widows who have immolated themselves on the funeral piles of their lords, distinguished by a sculptured funeral Urn, ornamented with bracelets and amulets; and the number of this latter description proves the great and extensive prevalence of a practice, which all the humane efforts of the British Court have hitherto failed to suppress.

Shepherd. Is na that a lassie in the foreground?

North. Yes, James, that Mass of Masonry in the foreground is a Well, to which the female is descending by a flight of steps. These

subterranèous reservoirs present, throughout Guzerat, some of the most splendid specimens of architecture, combining utility with unbounded richness of sculpture, and containing, in many instances, chambers and galleries for retreat during the oppressive heat of mid-day.

Shepherd. Confound me, ye auld cunning warlock, gin ye hae nae been readin' a' this time ower my shouther frae Captain Grindlay's ain letter-press, and passin't aff as your ain description!

North. Why, James, your imagination has been so occupied by that Oriental damsel, that you never observed me putting on my specs. I have been assuredly quoting the Captain, who writes as well as he draws. Pen, pencil, or sword, come alike to the hand of an accomplished British officer.

Shepherd. There maun be thousans o' leebraries in Britain, private and public, that ought to hae sic a wark.

North. It must succeed. But take care, James, that you don't soil it;—it shall have an article to itself soon. There, lay it down gently.

Shepherd. Whether had Mr. Jeffrey or Mr. Combe the best in that tussle about Phrenology, think ye, sir?

North. Mr. Jeffrey.* What a difference between the Men! Now and then Mr. Jeffrey laid himself open to knock-down blows; but Mr. Combe, although he could not but see the opening and the unguarded part, knew not how to avail himself of the advantage given by his skilful, but occasionally unwary opponent. With open hand he sprawled on to the attack, administered punishment, and finally got knocked out of the ring, among acclamations justly raised to his conqueror.

Shepherd. What you say's just perfectly surprising; for the Phrenologers tell me that Combe did not leave Jeffrey a leg to stand on; and that the Science, as they ca't, noo stands like a pyramid o' Egypt, wi' a broad base, and an apex pointing to the sky. I'm thinking ye'll be rather prejudiced,—a wee bigoted or sae,—and no a fit judge atween the twa combatants. Combe's a clever chiel—let me tell you that, sir.

North. And a very arrogant one too, else had he not flung back in Mr. Jeffrey's face the compliment that gentleman rather unnecessarily paid to his talents.

Shepherd. Jeffrey was jokin'!

North. Very like, James—very like. I am a bit of a bigot, I confess. Most—indeed all men, are so in one respect or another; but if Phrenology be a Fact in Nature, as Mr. Combe and his adherents say —why—"Facts are chiels that wunna ding;" and, with the exception of the high authorities cited by Mr. Combe, all the way up to the

* Jeffrey's article, in the *Edinburgh Review*, was playful, witty, scornful, sarcastic, and good-tempered. It put Mr. Combe and Phrenology at a discount for some time.—M.

Philosophical Editor of the Chirurgical Journal, down to the worthy Dundee mechanic, who procured from the generosity of its author a copy of Combe's Phrenology at the trade price, through the instrumentality of the guard of the Champion coach, mankind will look very foolish on the establishment of the Fact, and nobody will be able to hold up their heads but the Members of the various Phrenological societies. Won't that be exceedingly hard, James?

Shepherd. Rather sae—but I'm determined to haud up my head, whether Phrenology's true or false. I ken a gude heap o' Phrenologers, but maist o' them's geyan stupid and wrang-headed,—no them a', but the greater feck o' them,—and I wud na just wish dunces to be discoverers.

North. The Phrenologers occupy a most distinguished rank as men of letters in Europe, James. I confess that to be "a Fact in Nature." Independently of their own science, they have produced many celebrated works on life, manners, morals, politics, and history.

Shepherd. What's their names?

North. Hark! the Calabrian harpers. Ring the bell, James, and we shall have them up stairs for half an hour.

Shepherd (*rings*). Awmrose—Awmrose—bring my fiddle. I'll accompany the Calawbrians wi' voice and thairm.

No. XXXI.—MARCH, 1827.

SCENE—*Ambrose's Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlor.*

NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD.

North. How do you account, my dearest Shepherd, for the steadiness and perseverance of my affection for thee, seeing that I am naturally and artificially the most wayward, fickle, and capricious of all God's creatures? Not a friend but yourself, James, with whom I have not frequently and bitterly quarrelled, often to the utter extinction of mutual regard—but towards my incomprehensible Brownie my heart ever yearns——

Shepherd. Haud your leein' tongue, ye tyke, you've quarrelled wi' me mony thousan' times, and I've borne at your hands mair ill usage than I wad ha'e ta'en frae ony ither mortal man in his Majesty's dominions. Yet, I weel believe, that only the shears o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun like ane anither whether we wull or no—and that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers—braid and bright in the sunshine, and just faulded up a wee in the sleet, sae that it micht maist be thocht dead, but fu' o' life in its cozy bield ahint the mossy stane, and peering out again in a' its beauty, at the sang o' the rising laverock.

North. This world's friendships, James——

Shepherd. Are as cheap as crockery, and as easily broken by a fa'. They seldom can bide a clash, without fleein' intil flinders. O, sir! but maist men's hearts, and women's too, are like toom nits—nae kernel, and a splutter o' fushionless dust. I sometimes canna help thinkin' that there's nae future state.

North. Fie, fie, James, leave all such dark skepticism to a Byron—it is unworthy of the Shepherd.

Shepherd. What for should sae mony puir, peevish, selfish, stupid, mean, and malignant creatures no just lie still in the mouls among the ither worms, aneath their bits o' inscribed tombstones, aiblins railed in, and a' their nettles, wi' painted airn-rails, in a nook o' the kirkyard that's their ain property, and nae body's wushin' to tak' it frae them! What for, I say, shouldna they lie quate in skeleton for a thousand

years, and then crummle, crummle, crummle, awa' intil the yerth o' which Time is made, and ne'er be reimmaterialeezed into eternity?

North. This is not like your usual gracious and benign philosophy, James; but, believe me, my friend, that within the spirit of the most degraded wretch that ever grovelled earthward from caudle-day to corpse-day, there has been some slumbering spark divine inextinguishable by the death-damps of the cemetery——

Shepherd. Gran' words, sir, gran' words, nae doubt, mair especially "cemetery," which I'm fond o' usin' mysel, as often 's the subject and the verse will alloo. But, after a', is't mair poetical than the "Grave?" Deevil a bit. For a wee, short, simple, stiff, stern, dour, and fearsome word, commend me to the "Grave."

North. Let us change the channel of our discussion, James, if you please.

Shepherd. What! You're no feared for death, are you, sir?

North. I am.

Shepherd. So am I. There, only look at the cawnle expiring—faint, feeble, flickering, and just like ane o' us puir mortal human creatures, sair, sair unwilling to die! Where's the snuffers, that I may put it out o' pain? I'm tell't, that twa folk die every minute, or rather every moment. Is na that fearsome to think o'?

North. Ay, James, children have been made orphans, and wives widows, since that wick began to fill the room with its funereal odor.

Shepherd. Nae man can manage snuffers richt, unless he has been accustomed to them when he was young. In the Forest, we a' use our fingers, or blaw the cawnles out wi' our mouths, or chap the brass-sticks wi' the stinkin' wicks again' the ribs—and gin there was a pair o' snuffers in the house, you might hunt for them through a' the closets and presses for a fortnight, without their ever castin' up.

North. I hear that you intend to light up Mount Benger with gas, James. Is that a true bill?

Shepherd. I had thochts o't—but the gasometer, I find, comes ower high—so I shall stick to the "Lang Twas." O man, noo that the cawnle's out, is na that fire unco heartsome? Your face, sir, looks just perfectly ruddy in the bleeze, and it wad tak a pair o' poorfu' specs to spy out a single wrinkle. You'll leeve yet for ither twa hundred Numbers.

North. And then, my dear Shepherd, the editorship shall be thine.

Shepherd. Na. When you're dead, Maga will be dead. She'll no surveeve you ae single day. Buried shall you be in ae grave, and curst be he that disturbs your banes! Afore you and her cam out, this wasna the same warld it has been sin syne. Wut and wisdom never used to be seen linkin alang thegither han' and han' as they are noo, frae ae end o' the month to the ither,—there was na prented a byuck that garred ye break out at ae page into grief, and at anither

into a guffaw—where could ye foregather wi' sic a canty crew o' chiels as Odoherty and the rest, passin' themselves aff sometimes for real, and sometimes for fictious characters, till the puzzled public glowered as if they had flung the glamour ower her? And oh, sir, afore you brak out, beautiful as had been many thousan' thousan', million, billion, trillion and quadrillion nights by firesides in huts or ha's, or out by in the open air, wi' the starry heavens resting on the saft hill-taps, yet a' the time that the heavenly bodies were performing their stated revolutions—there were nae, nae NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ!

North. I have not, I would fain hope, my dear James, been altogether useless in my generation—but your partiality exaggerates my merits——

Shepherd. A man would require an os magna sonaturum to do that—suffice it to say, sir, that you are the wisest and wittiest of men. Dinna turn awa' your face, or you'll get a crick in your neck. There's no sic a popular man in a' Britain the noo as Christopher North. O, sir, you'll dee as rich as Crœsus—for every day there's wulls makin' by auld leddies and young leddies, leaving you their residiatory legatee, sometimes, I fear, past the heirs, male or female, o' their bodies, lawfully begotten.

North. No, James, I trust that none of my admirers, since admirers you say the old man hath, will ever prove so unprincipled as to leave their money away from their own kin. Nothing can justify that—but hopeless and incurable vice in the natural heirs.

Shepherd. I wush I was worth just twenty thousan' pounds. I could leeve on that—but no on a farden less. In the first place, I would buy three or four pair o' tap-boots—and I would try to introduce into the Forest buckskin breeks. I would neist, sin' naebody's gien me ane in a present, buy a gold musical snuff-box, that would play tunes on the table.

North. Heavens! James—at that rate you would be a ruined man before the coming of Christmas. You would see your name honorably mentioned in the Gazette.

Shepherd. Then a gold twisted watch-chain, sax gold seals o' various sizes, frae the bigness o' my nieve amaist, doun to that o' a kitty-wren's egg.

North. Which Odoherty would chouse you out of at brag, some night at his own lodgings, after the play.

Shepherd. Catch me at the cairds, unless it be a game at Birky; for I'm sick o' Whust itsel, I've sic desperate bad hauns dealt to me noo—no an ace ance in a month, and no that unseldom a haun' without a face-caird, made up o' deuces, and trays, and fours, and fives, and be damned to them; so that to tak the verra weakest trick is entirely out o' my power, except it be by main force, harling the cairds to me whether the opposite side wull or no; and then at the close o' the

roun' threepin' that I had twa honors—the knave and anither ane. Sic bad luck hae I in a' chance games, Mr. North, as you ken, that were I to fling dice for my life alang wi' a hail army o' fifty thousand men, I wud be sure to be shot; for I would fling aces after some puir trumlin' drummer had flung deuces, and be led out in the middle o' a hollow square for execution.

North. James, you're very excursive this evening in your conversation—nobody is thinkin' o' shootin' you, James.

Shepherd. And I'm sure that I hae nae thochts o' shootin' mysel. But ance—it's a lang time syne—I saw a sodger shot—dead, sir, as a door-nail, or a coffin-nail, or ony ither kind o' nail.

North. Was it in battle, James?

Shepherd. In battle?—Na, na; neither you nor me was ever fond o' being in battle at ony time o' our lives.

North. I was Private Secretary to Rodney when he beat Langara, James.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue!—what a crowd on the Links that day! But a' wi' fixed whitish faces—nae speakin'—no sae muckle as a whisper—a frozen dumbness that nae wecht could break!

North. You mean the spectators, James.

Shepherd. Then the airmy appeared in the distance; for there were three hail regiments, a' wi' fixed beggonets; but nae music—nae music for a while at least, till a' at ance, mercy on us! we heard, like laigh sullen thunder, the soun' o' the great muffled drum, aye played on, ye ken, by a black man; in this case, an African neegger, sax feet four; and what bangs he gied the bass—the whites o' his een rowin' about as if he was glad, atween every stroke!

North. I remember him—the best pugilist then going, for it was long before the days of Richmond and Molineaux—and nearer forty than thirty years ago, James.

Shepherd. The tread of the troops was like the step o' ae giant, sae perfate was their discippleen—and afore I weel kent that they were a' in the Links, three sides o' a square were formed—and the soun' o' the great drum ceased, as at an inaudible word of command, or wavin' o' a haun', or the lowerin' o' a banner. It was but ae man that was about to die—but for that ae man, had their awe no hindered them, twenty thousan' folk wad at that moment hae broken out into lamentations and rueful cries; but as yet not a tear was shed—not a sigh was heaved—for had a' that vast crowd been sae mony images, or corpses raised up by cantrip in their death-claes, they couldna hae been mair motionless than at that minute, nor mair speechless than that multitude o' leevin' souls!

North. I was myself one of the multitude, James.

Shepherd. There, a' at ance, hoo or where he cam frae nane could tell, there, I say, a' at ance stood the Mutineer. Some tell't me after-

wards that they had seen him marchin' along, twa three yards ahint his coffin, wi' his head just a wee thocht inclined downwards, not in fear o' man or death, but in awe o' God and judgment, keepin' time wi' a military step that was natural to him, and no unbecoming a brave man on the way to the grave, and his een fixed on the green that was fadin' awa for ever and ever frae aneath his feet; but that was a sicht I saw not—for the first time I beheld him he was standin', ' unlike the ither men, in the middle o' that three-sided square, and there was a shudder through the hail multitude, just as if we had been a' standin' haun in haun, and a natural philospher had gien us a shock o' his electrical machine. "That's him—that's him—puir, puir fallow! Oh! but he's a pretty man!" Such were the ejaculations frae thousan's o' women, maist o' them young anes, but some o' them auld, and gray-headed aneath their mutches, and no a few wi' babies sookin' or caterwailin' at their breasts.

North. A pretty girl fainted within half-a-dozen yards of where I stood.

Shepherd. His name was Lewis Mackenzie—and as fine a young man he was as ever stepped on heather. The moment before he knelt down on his coffin, he seemed as fu' o' life as if he had stripped aff his jacket for a game at foot-ba', or to fling the hammer. Ay, weel micht the women-folk gaze on him wi' red weeping een, for he had lo'ed them but ower weel, and mony a time, it is said, had he let himself down the Castle-Rock at night, God knows hoo, to meet his lemans; but a' that, a' his sins, and a' his crimes acted and only meditated, were at an end noo—puir fallow—and the platoon, wi' fixed beggonets, were drawn up within ten yards, or less, o' where he stood, and he himsel having tied a handkerchief ower his een, dropped down on his knees on his coffin, wi' faulded hands, and lips movin' fast, fast, and white as ashes, in prayer!

North. Cursed be the inexorable justice of military law! he might have been pardoned.

Shepherd. Pardoned! Hadna he disarmed his ain captain o' his sword, and ran him through the shouther—in a mutiny of which he was himsel the ringleader? King George on the throne durstna hae pardoned him—it would hae been as much as his crown was worth—for hoo could King, Kintra, and Constitution thole a standing army, in which mutiny was not punished with death?

North. Six balls pierced him—through head and heart—and what a shriek, James, then arose!

Shepherd. Ay, to hae heard that shriek, you wad hae thought that the women that raised it wad never hae lauched again; but in a few hours, as sune as nightfall darkened the city, some o' them were gossipin' about the shootin' o' the sodger to their neighbors, some dancin' at hops that shall be nameless, some sittin' on their sweethearts' knees

wi' their arms roun' their necks, some swearin' like troopers, some doubtless sitting thochtfu' by the fireside, or awa to bed in sadness an hour sooner than usual, and then fast asleep.

North. I saw his old father, James, with my own eyes, step out from the crowd, and way being made for him, he walked up to his son's dead body, and embracing it, kissed his bloody head, and then with clasped hands, looked up to heaven.

Shepherd. A strang and stately auld man, and ane too that had been a soldier in his youth. Sorrow, not shame, somewhat bowed his head, and anee he reeled as if he were faint on a sudden. But what the deevil's the use o' me haverin' awa about the shootin' o' a sodger thretty years sin syne, and mair too—for didna I see that auld silvery-headed father o' the mutineer staggering alang the Grass-Market, the verra next day after the execution, as fou' as the Baltic, wi' a heap o' mischievous weans hallooin' after him, and him a' the while in a dwam o' drink and despair, maunderin' about his son Lewis, then lyin' a' barken'd wi' blood in his coffin, six feet deep in a fine rich loam?

North. That very same afternoon, I heard the drums and fifes of a recruiting party, belonging to the same regiment, winding away down towards Holyrood; and the place of Lewis Mackenzie, in the line of bold sergeants with their claymores, was supplied by a corporal, promoted to a triple bar on his sleeve, in consequence of the death of the mutineer.

Shepherd. It was an awfu' scene yon, sir; but there was naething humiliating to human nature in it,—as in a hangin'; and it struck a wholesome fear into the souls o' many thousan' sodgers.

North. The silence and order of the troops, all the while, was sublime.

Shepherd. It was sae, indeed.

North. What do you think, James, of that, by way of a toasting cheese? Ambrose calls it the Welshman's delight, or Davies' darling.

Shepherd. It's rather teuch—luk, luk, hoo it pu's out, out, out, and better out, into a very thread o' the unbeaten gold, a' the way frae the ashet to my mouth. Saw ye ever ony thing sae tenawcious? I verily believe that I could walk, without breakin't, intil the tither room. Luk, hoo it shines, like a gossamer-filament, a' threaded wi' what Allan Kinningham would ca' dew-blobs, stretching across frae ae sweet-brier bush to anither, and breaking afore the step o' the early lassie tripping down the brae, to wash her bonny face, yet smiling wi' the glimmerin' light o' love-dreams, in the bit burnie that wimples awa as pure and stainless as her ain virgin life!

North. Sentiment—divine sentiment, extracted by the alchemy of genius from a Welsh rabbit!

Shepherd. Noo that I've gotten't intil my mouth, I wush it ever may be gotten out again! The tae end o' the line is fastened, like a hard

gedd (See Dr. Jamieson) in the ashet—and the ither end's in my stamach—and the thin thread o' attenuated cheese gets atween my teeth, sae that I canna chow't through and through. Thank ye, sir, for cuttin't. Rax me ower the jug. Is't yill? Here's to you, sir.

North. Peebles ale, James. It has a twang of the Tweed.

Shepherd. Tweed! Do you ken, Mr. North, that last simmer the Tweed ran dry, and has never flowed sin syne? They're speakin' o' takin' doon a' the brigs frae Erickstane to Berwick, and changing the channel intil the turnpike road. A' the materials are at haun', and it's a' to be Macadameezed.

North. The steam-engine mail-coach is to run that road in spring.

Shepherd. Is't? She'll be a dangerous vehicle—but I'll tak my place in the safety-valve. But jeestin apairt, do you ken, sir, that mony and mony a wee will among the hill and muntains was really dried up by the drought o' three dry simmers—and for them my heart was wae, as if they had been ance leevin' things! For were na they like leevin' things, aye sae calm, and clear, and bright, and sae contented, ilka ane by itself, in far-awa spats, where the grass runkled only to the shepherd's foot, twa three times a year, and a' the rest o' the sun's annual visit roun' the globe lay touched only by the wandering light and shadows!

North. Poo—poo—James—there's plenty of water in the world without them.

Shepherd. Plenty o' water in the world without them? Ay, that there is, and mair than plenty—but what's that to the purpose, ye auld haveral? Gin five thousan' bonny bairns were to be mawn down by the scythe o' Death during the time that I'm drinking this glass—(oh man, but this is a grand jug, aiblins rather ower sweet, and rather ower strong, but that's twa gude faults)—there wad be plenty o' bairns left in the warld, legitimate and illegitimate—and you nor me micht never miss them. But wadna there be just sae much extinguishment, or annihilation like o' beauty and bliss, o' licht and lauchter, o' ray-like ringlets, and lips that war nae sweeter, for naething can be sweeter than the half-opened buds o' moss-roses, when the Morning is puttin' on her claes, but lips that were just as sweet when openin' and shuttin' in their balmy breath, when ilka happy bairn was singing a ballant or a psalm, baith alike pious and baith alike pensive; for a' the airs o' Scotland (excepp a gae hantle, to be sure, o' wicket tunes) soun' aye to me mair melancholy than mirthfu', spirit-like, and as if of heavenly origin, like the bit lown musical souns that go echoing by the ear, or rather the verra soul o' the shepherd leaning on his staff at nicht, when a' the earth is at rest, and lookin' up, and ower, and through into the verra heart o' Heaven, when the lift is a' ae glorious glitter o' cloudless stars! You're no sleepy, sir?

North. Sleepy! You may as well ask the leader in a tandem if he

be sleepy, when performing the match of 28 miles in two hours without a break.

Shepherd. Ae spring there is—in a nook known but to me and anither, a bit nook greener than ony emerald—or even the Queen Fairy's cymar, as she disentangles it frae her feet in the moonlight dance, inclosed wi' laigh broomy rocks, amaist like a sheep-fauld, but at the upper end made loun in a' weathers by ae single stane, like the last ruin o' a tower, smelling sweet, nae doubt, at this blessed moment, wi' thyme that enlivens even the winter season,—ae spring there is—I say——

North. Dear me! James—let me loosen your neckcloth—you are getting black in the face. What sort of a knot is this? It would puzzle the ghost of Gordius to untie it.

Shepherd. Dinna mind the crauvat—I say, Mr. North, rather were my heart dried up to the last drop o' bluid, than that the pulses of that spring should cease to beat in the holy wilderness.

North. Your emotion is contagious, James. I feel the rheum bedimming my aged eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood.

Shepherd. You've heard me tell the tale afore—and it's no a tale I tell when I can help it—but sometimes, as at present, when sittin' wi' the friend I love, and respect, and venerate, especially if, like you, he be maist like a father, or at least an elder brither, the past comes upon me wi' a' the power o' the present, and though my heart be sair, ay, sair maist to the verra breakin', yet I maun speak—for though big and great griefs are dumb, griefs there are, rather piteous than profound, that will shape themselves into words, even when nane are by to hear, nane but the puir silly echoes that can only blab the twa three last syllables o' a secret!

North. To look on you, James, an ordinary observer would think that you had never had any serious trials in this life—that Doric laugh of thine, my dear Shepherd——

Shepherd. I hate and despise ordinary observers; and thank God that they can ken naething o' me or my character. The pitifu' creturs aye admire a man wi' a lang nose, hollow cheeks, black een, swarthy cheeks, and creeshy hair; and tauk to ane another about his interesting melancholy, and severe misfortunes; and hoo he had his heart weel nigh broken by the death o' twa wives, and the loss o' a third evangelical Miss, wha eloped after her wedding-claes had been taen aff at the haberdasher's wi' a play-actor wha had ance been a gentleman; that is, attached to the commissawriat depairtment o' the army in the Peninsula, a dealer in adulterated flour and mule-flesh sausages.

North. Interesting emigrants to Van Diemen's Land.

Shepherd. A man wi' buck-teeth and a cockit nose, like me, they'll no alloo to be a martyr to melancholy; but because they see and hear

me lauchin' as in Peter's Letters,* scoot the idea o' my ever gien' way to grief, and afttimes thinkin' the sweet light o' heaven's blessed sunshine darkened by a black veil that flings a correspondin' shadow over the seemingly disconsolate yerth.

North. Most of the good poets of my acquaintance have light-colored hair.

Shepherd. Mine in my youth was o' a bricht yellow.

North. And a fine animal you were, James, I am told, as you walked up the trans o' the kirk, with your mane flying over your shoulders, confined within graceful liberty by a blue riband, the love-gift of some bonny May, that won'd amang the braes, and had yielded you the parting kiss, just as the cottage clock told that now another week was past, and you heard the innocent creature's heart beating in the hush o' the Sabbath morn.

Shepherd. Whist, whist!

North. But we have forgotten the Tale of the Haunted Well.

Shepherd. It's nae tale—for there's naething that could be ca'd an incident in a' that I could say about that well! Oh! sir—she was only twa months mair than fifteen—and though she had haply reached her full stature, and was somewhat taller than the maist o' our forest lasses, yet you saw at ance that she was still but a bairn. Her breast, white, and warm, and saft, and fragrant, as the lily, whose leaves in the driest weather you'll never find without an inklin' o' heaven's dew, no perhaps what you would ca' a dew-drap, but a balmy freshness, that ever breathes o' delight in being alive beneath the fair skies, and on this fair planet, the greenest sure by far o' the seven that dance around the Sun!

North. Too poetical, James, for real feeling.

Shepherd. Wha that ever saw—wha that ever touched that breast, would not hae been made a poet by the momentary bliss! Yet, as God is my judge, her mother's hand busked not that maiden's bosom wi' mair holy love than did I place within it, mony and mony a time, the yellow primroses and the blue violets, baith o' them wi' but single leaves, as you ken, amang the braes, but baith alike bonnier far—oh, bonnier, bonnier far when sometimes scarcely to be seen at all atween the movings o' her breast, than when she an' I pu'd them frae amang the moss and tufts o' lang grass, whisperin' saft and dreamlike thochts, as the hill breezes went by on a sudden, and then a' was again as loun as death.

North. My dear Theocritus——

Shepherd. Whisht. I was a hantle aulder than her—and as she had nae brither, I was a brither to her—neither had she a father or mither, and ance on a day, when I said to her that she wad find baith

* Hogg's portrait, in "Peter's Letters," represents the Poet with his mouth open from ear to ear, indulging in a great *guffaw*. It was ludicrously like.—M.

in me, wha loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the puir britherless, sisterless, parentless orphan, had her face a' in ae single instant as drenched in tears, as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a spate frae the far-aff hills.

North. Her soul, James, is now in Heaven!

Shepherd. The simmer afore she died, she didna use to come o' her ain accord, and, without being asked in aneath my plaid, when a skirring shower gaed by—I had to wise her in within its faulds—and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast—and when I spak to her, half in earnest half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to lauch, sae muckle as to greet! As sure as God's in heaven, the fair orphan wept.

North. One so happy and so innocent might well shed tears.

Shepherd. There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that wad noo be aneuch for years!

North. For us, and men like us, James, there is on earth no such thing as happiness. Enough that we have known it.

Shepherd. I should fear noo to face sic happiness as used to be there, beside that well—sic happiness would noo turn my brain; but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returnin', for that voice went wavering awa' up to heaven from this mute earth, and on the nicht when it was heard not, and never more was to be heard, in the psalm, in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this world, this life was disenchanted for ever, and the place that held her grave a Paradise no more!

North. A fitter place of burial for such an one is not on the earth's surface, than that lone hill kirkyard, where she hath for years been sleeping. The birch shrub in the south corner will now be quite a stately tree.

Shepherd. I visit the place sae regularly every May-day in the morning, every Midsummer-day, the langest day in the year, that is, the twenty-second o' June, in the gloaming, that I see little or nae alteration on the spat, or ony thing that belongs to it. But nae doubt, we are baith grown aulder thegither; it in that solitary region, visited by few or none—except when there is a burial—and me sometimes at Mount Benger, and sometimes in here at Embro', enjoyin' mysel at Awmrose's—for, after a', the world's no a bad world, although Mary Morrison be dead—dead and buried thirty years ago, and that's a lang portion o' a man's life, which is, scripturally speakin', somewhere about threescore and ten.

North. Look here, my dear James, don't say that you have not as exquisite a perception of beauty, and all that sort of thing, now, as thirty years ago. There, my man, there is the Paphian Bower, com-

posed by Phillips, from a picture by Martin; saw ye ever any thing more perfectly lovely?

Shepherd. Never since the day I was born. Dinna tell me wha thae Three Female Figures are—for it's a' ane whether they be Three Muses, or Three o' the Nine Graces, or Venus and twa o' her handmaids, or ony ither three o' God's fairest creatures, for whom that wee, winged, kneeling Cupid is pluckin' flowers for them to wreathe round their heavenly hair; dinna tell me what they're doin', hae been doin', or are gaun to do, for it's delightfu' for the imagination to sink awa' into its ain dreams amang thae lang withdrawing glades, and outower the wood-taps, if sae ane feel inclined, to flee awa' to yonder distant hills, and from their pinnacles to take a flight up to yon pavilion-clouds, and lay a body's sell doon at full length on the yielding saftness!

North. Look at Her with the frame-enveloping veil, James, and wish yourself a Pagan of the olden time, James, when mortals loved immortals, and Venus herself did not disdain to meet the Shepherd——

Shepherd. As sure's I'm leevin' there's the same three Goddesses, and the same bit Cupid, standin' on their heads in the water amang the floating lilies!

North. Martin has a soul both for beauty and grandeur.

Shepherd. He has that—and it's a wonderfu' thing to think that the same genius that saw yon sublime vision o' Belshazzar's Feast, an endless perspective o' Babylonian buildings, should delight to wanton thus with Nature in her prime—for were it no for the pillared roof o' that palace peering aboon the tree-taps, ane micht believe themselves in ane o' the woodland and waterland glades o' paradise!

North. I don't think, James, that you do much now-a-days with the pencil?

Shepherd. No me. I've gien ower the paintin' noo a'thegither—for I canna please mysel in the execution. But it's a fine art—and I'm giein' lessons to my callant——

North. Right, James. Of all the accomplishments of a gentleman, I do not know one superior to that of being a good draftsman. He who can use his pen and his pencil can seldom or never be at a loss in this world. One half the time often lost in learning to play the beautiful but pernicious game of billiards, would be sufficient to give a youth mastery over that other elegant and useful art. Yet how few gentlemen can draw or paint well!

Shepherd. Sketchers are gaen apt, howsomever, to be wearisome wi' their critical cant, and even to talk o' nature hersel, as if she were only worth studying for the sake o' art.

North. Very true, James. There was a painter, some twenty years ago, of the name of Havel—dead now, I suppose—who really painted with some spirit and splendor. He was all an' all with an amateur

friend of mine; and I remember once contemplating a glorious sunset among mountains with the said amateur friend when after a "syncope and solemn pause," he exclaimed to himself in soliloquy, "Havel all over! Havel all over!" He complimented the sunset, James, Nature's own midsummer-sunset at the close of a thunderous day, James, by likening it to, or rather identifying it with, a bit of oiled canvas run over by the brush of a clever Cockney!

Shepherd. That beats a', and is a capital illustration o' my meaning. Sketchers 'll often no alloo the sun to set in his ain way, nor a mountain to haud up his head as he chooses, without takin' baith the ane and the ither to task for their clumsiness or awkward demeanor. The sea wide-rolling in his verdant lustre, or a' a-foam wi' fury, that daunts not however the wing-tips o' thae bonny creturs the sea-maws, that think naething o' floating on and awa, Willie, on waves that seem big and fierce aneuch to dash a veshel again the rocks—sketchers, I was gaun to say, 'll criticise the old sea, without ony o' that reverential awe o' which Wudsworth so finely speaks—fin' fault wi' him for no being black aneuch here, and white aneuch there, and purple aneuch yonner, and green aneuch ower ayont, and yellow aneuch where the sunlight smites, and red aneuch where the lightning shivers the mast o' the ship scuddin' under bare poles, wi' ten thousand million o' white-maned waves pursuing her, as if gaping and roaring for their prey.

North. You poets are just as bad as painters.

Shepherd. That's a lee, sir. For we poets deal in general sketches o' nature—and alloo her great latitude in a' her conduct wi' the elements. We do not tie her down, like the painters, to ony set rules o' behaviour, sae that she but behave like hersel; and we defy her to come wrang ony hour, or in ony mood, before our spirits, provided only she be nae wrapt up a'thegither in a vile, cauld, nizzling, mizzling, drizzling Scotch mist, that utterly obliterates the creation, and reduces it to warse than Naething.

North. Have you been at the Exhibition, James, this season?

Shepherd. The Directors didna open't till they knew I had come to town, and they presented me wi' a perpetual ticket, that'll answer for a' this century. Let's hear your opinion, Mr. North. Speak out, man, and dinna be afeared for me, for I'll mak allooance for your never having studied the arts o' paintin' and poetry, as I hae done; and you'll be keepit frae ganging verra far wrang in your judgment by your ain natural taste and genius.

North. Landscape or Portrait?

Shepherd. Portrait—for I canna let you think o' takin' the landscapes out o' my ain haun. Wha's best in the line o' portraits?

North. Need you ask? John Watson Gordon. In three years more—if he goes on thus—he will be equal to Raeburn. Indeed Rae-

burn himself, although the greatest portrait painter Scotland ever produced, never painted, at John Watson's age, a better picture than that artist's Dr. Hunter.

Shepherd. It's no in this Exhibition, is't?

North. No—but Lady——

Shepherd. Ay—that is a maist beautiful wark o' airt. Sae composed and dignified that leddy sits—yet without ony tincture o' pride; for what's rank to them that hae rank? They never think about it. It's only your upstart madams that haud their heads heich and haughty.

North. I have not seen any portrait of you, James, in any late Exhibition?

Shepherd. Nor me of you, sir. What for doesna Watson Gordon immortaleeze himsel by paintin' a Portrait o' Christopher North? But, oh, sir! but you hae gotten a kittle face—your een's sae changefu' in their gleg expression, and that mouth o' yours takes fifty shapes and hues every minute, while, as for your broos, they're noo as smooth as those o' a lassie, and noo as frownin' as the broos o' a Saracen's head.

North. There's nothing uncommon in my face, James?

Shepherd. O, sir, you hae indeed a kittle kittle face, and to do it justice it should be painted in a series. Ane micht ken something o' your physiognomy in the coorse o' a gallery.

North. The "Stirrup Cup," painted by James Stewart, the engraver, is exceedingly clever and characteristic. I have not seen an old gentleman enjoy a caulker more intensely since the peep I had a few minutes ago of myself in that glass, when turning up my little finger to Ambrose's incomparable Glenlivet.

Shepherd. The powney, too, seems unwilling to start—no that he's sorry to return hame ony mair than his maister; but somehow or ither the ribs o' the rack fitted the nose o' him unco snugly, and the aits were o' a peculiarly fine flavor. The laird's man, too, looks as if he wad fain hae anither hour's conversation wi' that yellow-haired lassie, that's gien him a partin' keek frae ahint the door-cheek; "but fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well!" sighs out Jock, till the bubbles floatin' o'er the brimmin' quaich disappear like a vapor.

North. Now, James, that you have permitted me at such great length, and without any interruption, to describe to you the merits of many of the best portraits, let us have your opinion of the landscapes.

Shepherd. That young chiel Gibb hits aff a simple scene o' nature to the nines—a bit dub o' water, aiblins—a foot-path—a tree—a knowe—a coo, and a bairn; yet out o' sic slender materials the chiel contrives to gie a character to the place in a way that proves him to hae the gift o' genius.

North. Mr. Thomson of Duddingston is the best landscape painter in Scotland. The man's a poet.

Shepherd. I dinna like that picture o' his at a' o' Loch Catrine frae the Goblin's Cave. The foregrund is too broken, spotty, confused, and huddled—and what is worst of all, it wants character. The chasm down yonner too, is no half profound aneuch, and inspires neither awe nor wonder. The lake itself is lost in its insignificance, and the distant mountains are fairly beaten by the foregrund, and hardly able to haud up their heads.

North. There is truth in much of what you say, James—but still the picture is a magnificent one.

Shepherd. I wudna gie the Bass Rock for a dizzen o't. You may weel ca' it a magnificent ane, and I wud wish, in sic weather, to be ane o' the mony thousan' sea-birds that keep wheeling unwearied in the wind, and ever and anon cast anchor in the clifts. Still, solitary, and sublime—a sea-piece, indeed, worthy of being hung up in the Temple o' Neptune.

North. Kinbane Castle is just as good—and Torthorwald Castle, Dumfries-shire, is the best illustration I ever saw of Gray's two fine lines—

> Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

Shepherd. Mr. Thomson gives me the notion o' a man that had loved natur afore he had studied art—loved her and kent her weel, and been let intil her secrets, when nane were by but their twa sells, in neuks where the wimplin burnie plays, in open spats within the woods where you see naething but stems o' trees—and a flicker o' broken light interspersing itsel among the shadowy branches—or without ony concealment, in the middle o' some wide black moss—like the moor o' Rannoch—as still as the shipless sea, when the winds are weary—and at nightfall in the weather-gleam o' the settin' sun, a dim object like a ghost, stannin' alane by its single solitary sell—aiblins an auld tower, aiblins a rock, aiblins a tree-stump, aiblins a club, aiblins a vapor, a dream, a naething.

North. Yes, he worships nature, and does not paint with the fear of the public before his eyes. It is a miserable mistake to paint purposely for an Exhibition. He and his friend Hugh Williams are the glory of the Scottish landscape school.

Shepherd. It's impossible to excel Williams—in his ain style—but he should leave the iles and keep to water-colors. In his water-colors, so saft and hazy—sae like the aërial scenery that shifts afore the half-closed een when a midsummer dream has thrown its glamour ower a body sinkin' down to slumber in noonday, within a fairy-ring on the hillside—no a man in Britain will get the heels o' Hugh Williams;

and as for the man himsel', I like to look on him, for he's gotten a gran' bald phrenological head, the face o' him's at ance good-natured and intelligent; and o' a' the painters I ken, his mainners seems to me to be the maist the mainners o' a gentleman and a man o' the world —if he wud but gi'e up makin' auld puns, and be rather less o' the Whig and a wee mair o' the Tory. But here's his health.

North. With perfect satisfaction. "Hugh Williams"—Not Greek Williams—not Grecian Williams—for I suppose he was somewhere about fifty years of age before he ever saw Greece;—but Welsh Williams—Scotch Williams—for in Wales was he born, and in Scotland was he bred, and neither country need be ashamed of him.

Shepherd. As weel ca' me Greek Hogg or Grecian Hogg, because I write, as ye tell me, in the Doric dialect. But forgettin' sic folly, what think you o' the Death o' the Buck, by that Southron, Edwin Landseer? Never saw I bloodthirsty fierceness better depicted than in the muzzles of thae ferocious Jowlers. Lord preserve us, was that the way, think ye, that the Spanish bloodhounds used to rug doon the Maroons in the West Indies?

North. There is a leetle, and but a leetle something, resembling affectation in the manner of the Huntsman.

Shepherd. Come, sir, nane o' your captious criticisms. That black dog, wi' the red legs, and chafts and eebrees, is equal to ony thing that ever was painted in this world; and that white deevil—a bick, I'se warrant, for bicks are aye the fleetest and the fiercest, hinging to the Buck's lug, with teeth inextricable as arsenic to the coat of the stomach, is a canine leech, that if no chocked aff frae the bite, would soon let out the animal's life, and stretch him with his spreading antlers on the heather.

North. Heather, James—there is no heather in the picture. The scene is not peculiarly Highland—and therefore I do not feel the bonnet and tartan of the hunter.

Shepherd. I saw naething to fin' fault wi'—you see it's no a red deer—but a fallow deer—frae the spots—and the Park, as they ca' it, 'll be somewhere perhaps on the borders o' the mountainous pairts o' Perthshire or Argyllshire—or wha kens that the scene's no English—and that the painter has gien the hunter something o' the dress o' a Highlander, frae an imaginative feeling but half understood by his ain mind, as maist imaginative feelings are, but nane the waur on that account aither for painting or poetry? But what say ye to the statues, sir?

North. Macdonald from Rome is a statuary, James, not only of promise, but of performance. Edinburgh is a considerable village now, and there is room in it for both him and Joseph. He is sure to succeed.

Shepherd. A mair innocent, mair kinder, and bonnier lassie than

her wi' the burdie in the tae haun', and the cup o' water—is't?—in the tither, wanting the cretur to tak a drink—I never saw; and the ither taller figur o' the virgin sendin' aff the carrier pigeon wi' a love-letter to him ayont the hills, in answer to the ane she has hidden in her bosom, is a delicate conception, whether new or auld I neither ken nor care, and as far as I am a judge o' sculpture and statues, executed wi' a smoothness, and I had maist said warmth,—but then marble's a cauld thing in itself to the touch,—that exactly hits the right point o' loveableness in the figure and posture o' a virgin about to be married in a year or twa—but haply no to him she has sent the letter to; for hoo seldom is the soul's first celestial imagination o' rapture realized—hoo seldom in the auld warld, as in the new, did Hymen ever light his torch to consecrate the ecstasies of virgin bosoms meeting in the life-deep passion of a first love!

North. Mary Morrison!

Shepherd. Christopher, I never see marble but I think o' moonlicht—hoo's that?

North. Some one of those fine, old, solemn associations, of which the poet's soul is full. In his thoughts and feelings all external things lie linked together in amities and sympathies, of which the worldling has no notion. Music, Marble, Melancholy, Moonlight, all begin with an M—but so do Macedon and Monmouth—the four are a Four by Fine affinities.

Shepherd. There you're going ayont my deepth—and you'll sune be out o' your ain too—if ye plump into the pool o' metaphysics, and try to "pluck up drowned meaning by the locks." But hae ye been at the Opposition Exhibition? They tell me it's capital. Can that be true? and what for did the painters cast out amang themselves, and whence a' this cabawl?

North. It's a long story that, James, and might be tedious; nor is it an affair, I confess, in which I can take much interest; but the artists who were dissatisfied with the Directors of the Institution, if so it were that they were dissatisfied, did right to secede, and open an Opposition Exhibition. This is a free country, James; Tories like you and I love liberty, and we grant to others the same rights and privileges which we ourselves at all times exert and enjoy.

Shepherd. I clap my hauns to hear sic sentiments frae your mouth, for I heard some of your friends rinnin' doun Nicholson, and Syme, and Joseph, and Hamilton, and the lave!

North. Very right, my dear James, very right in any of my friends, to run down any body they choose, at any time or place; and for any reason; but I, as you know, run people up, and run people down, of my own free will and pleasure, and never allow my friends, deservedly dear to me, as many dozen of them are, of both sexes, to influence my opinion in the slightest degree, on any one single thing in this

world, living or dead, rational or irrational, monoped, biped, or quadruped. The Opposition Exhibition, as you call it, James, is excellent; and a true lover of the arts will go from one to the other with pleasure, nor will his comparison be odious.

Shepherd. Naebody ever did a better picture o' me than Nicholson, in my plaid, you ken, and wi' my celebrated dog, Hector, sittin' sae wiselike by my side, "in a cleugh aneath a cliff,"—strong likenesses o' us baith, yet nane o' us ower sair flattered.

North. Mr. Nicholson is rather uncertain—no uncommon thing with artists of original minds; but some of his happiest performances are very happy. He has a picture of a Lady and Child in this Exhibition, that might be seen to advantage in any Exhibition in the island. In the dress of the mother—her arm and shoulder especially, there is something rather stiffish—but the child is nature itself—the coloring something in the style of the old masters.

Shepherd. I like that—especially in the heads o' bairns, and their shouthers.

North. Nicholson paints children better than he used to do, now that he's a married man.

Shepherd. A' painters should marry—it humaneezes their imaginations, and gi'es a tenderness to the ideal creations o' their genius that nae bachelor can ever infuse into his canvas.

North. Hamilton's architectural drawings are admirable specimens of wonder-working art. If you wish, James, to have a perfect knowledge of all the intended new Improvements, South and West Approach, &c., and indeed a bird's-eye view of all Edinburgh, go and take it at the Exhibition. I always knew Hamilton to be an architect of first-rate genius and skill, quite equal to Playfair and Burn, but I had no notion that he was such an artist.

Shepherd. Ony gude landscapes?

North. Not a few. Young Kidd, a pupil of Mr. Thomson's, I believe, possesses much of the taste, feeling, and genius of his great master—and D. Mackenzie, also quite a youth, if he will take my advice and give up his blue imitations, will ere long be an excellent artist. Two or three of his landscapes, even now, (of the color of this earth,) are very beautiful.

Shepherd. In short, you think the Exhibition a gude ane—so nae mair about pictures for ae nicht, if you please, sir.

North. Unless I am much mistaken indeed, James, you introduced the subject yourself.

Shepherd. I'll bet you anither jug I did nae sic thing.

North. Done.

Shepherd. But wha'll decide? Let's drink the jug, though, in the first place. It's quite a nicht this for whusky toddy. Dinna you observe that a strong frost brings out the flavor o' the speerit in a maist

surprising manner, and gies't a mair precious smell o'er the hail room? It's the chemical action, you understaun', o' the cauld and heat, the frost and fire, working on a' the materials o' the jug, and the verra jug itsel', frae nose to doup, sae that sma'-still becomes perfect nectar, on which Jupiter, or Juno either, micht hae got drunk, and Apollo, after a hail nicht's screed, risen up in the morning wi' his gowden hair, and not the least o' a headache, nor crap-sick as he druve his chariot along the Great Turnpike Road o' Heaven.

North. Have you been to see the wild beasts, James?

Shepherd. I took a day o' the Mound last week, sir.

North. A day o' the Mound!

Shepherd. Ay, a day o' the Mound. I took the hail o' the shows, ane after the ither, beginning wi' the Wild Beasts, and ending with the Caravan containing the Fat Boy, and the Dwarfie Woman and her tall husband, and the Malacca Man, the Whiteheaded Girl—and——

North. And what else?

Shepherd. Wull ye no let a body speak? What else? a bairn that never was born, in a bottle alang wi' twa creatures like lizards—a stuffed serpent wi' a gapin' mouth o' red worsted, to mak it look bluidy-like after devouring its prey—forbye the body o' the shaven bear that was passed aff some seasons since for a dog-headed Indian frae America.

North. An interesting collection indeed, James.

Shepherd. Besides them, the man that aught the caravan, his wife and six children sleept in't, he tell't me sae himsel', a' nicht—and yet, I'm sure, I'm within bounds when I aver that the caravan was no bigger in the inside than about twice or three times the inside o' ane o' the coaches that rins atween Embro' and Glasgow.

North. What did you admire most of the number?

Shepherd. The wee dwarfie woman, no three feet high, wi' a husband sax feet four; I never saw a happier couple. She loupt intil the pouch o' his shooting jacket, and keekit out like a maukin. But oh! she had a great ugly wide mouth, and her teeth were as sharp and yellow as prins. I wudna hae sleepit in the same bed wi' sic a vermin for the mines o' Peru, for gin she had fa'en upon a body in the middle o' the nicht, and fasten'd on their throat like a rotten, there wad hae been nae shakin' her aff—the vampire. She was in the family way, sir.

North. The caravan?

Shepherd. I'm thinkin', Mr. North, that ye dinna gang to the kirk sae regular as you micht do, for I never hear you talkin' about ministers. Wha do ye sit under?

North. My pew is too near the stove, James. But would you wish my talk to be of ministers? I have no objections to talk about the Theatre; but really, James, you must excuse me should I sport mum

on church-going,—but notwithstanding my aversion to all public appearance, I hobbled out and in to hear the Missionary Wolfe.

Shepherd. Ance a Jew, always a Jew, sir. But I wunner hoo the holy aye contrive to get married sae fast—it seems odd how the spiritual-minded should be sae fond o' the flesh. Catch ony o' them marrying an auld woman for the Christian graces o' her character; except, indeed, it be for the widow's mite—they generally prefer a sonsy lass, wi' a tocher o' her ain, and if wi' a sickly only brither, far gane in a consumption, and wi' twa thousan' a year, sae muckle the better,—for wi' sic a soom they may Christianize the heathen, and provide for a' the bairns besides—and bairns they are sure to hae, aiblins twins—the first never a week beyond the nine months——

North. Beyond, James!

Shepherd. In or ower, sir.

North. Better marry than burn, Shepherd.

Shepherd. But there's nae occasion for burnin'. There's him they ca'd the Sultan Katty Gheray, wha carried aff a Scotch wife to Mount Caucasus. You'll no tell me that the Sultan was likely to be burned on the frosty Caucasus. He micht hae wrapt himsel in a pair o' ice sheets and snaw blankets, and a sleet coverlid—and the deevil burn him if he wad hae taen fire and thawed the bed-claes.

North. James, you're libellous.

Shepherd. I'm nae mair libellous nor ither folk. But just answer me this. Didna the Missionary Wolfe seem to be devoted, soul and body, to the conversion o' the Jews, and naething else in this wicked warld?

North. Don't bother me any more, James, with "Le Loup et l'Agneau." I'm sick of the whole gang——

Shepherd. Gang ye never to the Theatre?

North. Occasionally behind the scenes.

Shepherd. O, sir—O, sirs! Ha'e ye come to that? and can you thole to see the pent on the faces o' them, the red on their cheeks, and the white on their chins, and the fause curls, and fauser eebrows, nae mair, they tell me, than a streak o' burned cork or coom, and the paste pearls on their gowns, and a' the rest o' the mak-believe frae tap to tae, where there's naething but delusion a'thegither; and the play-actress, that appears to the people in the pit a' fidging fain to see her sparkling in spangles afore the lamps, gin she were ta'en and stripped naked on the spat, wud be naething but a lang rickle o' banes, and aneuch to make a man——

North. James, a man at my time of life likes to be behind the scenes in any acted drama. You are mistaken in supposing that there is any thing at all disgusting in a nearer approach to the divinities of the stage. They are not a whit more made up than the generality of young ladies in private parties—and then, in their case, there is no deception.

Shepherd. Nae deception, say ye?

North. None whatever! Strip a fashionably-dressed young lady who is swimming through a rout, of all the cork that keeps her buoyant, and you would be surprised, James, to behold the goddess of your idolatry.

Shepherd. They're ga'en sair made up, I fear, sir?

North. You have seen, I dare say, a wooden young lady, a doll James, after she has undergone denuding, her legs so stiff from shin to knee-pan, her most unsatisfactory waist, and back as flat as "a hone" for sharpening razors——

Shepherd. I'll no sit here anither minute and hear sic language—no even frae you, Mr. North. Ye tauk o' coorseness——

North. Few provincial theatres are equal to that of Edinburgh. Murray is one of the best managers and best comic actors in Britain.

Shepherd. But oh! man, what for do ye gang behind the scenes? It had nearly brock my heart whan I first fand out that Punch and his wife warna alive—and that it was only the mock deevil that carried a mock Punch awa to a mock hell——

North. Whisht—whisht.

Shepherd. Would there was nae real ane, Mr. North!

North. Eh?

Shepherd. Pardon me, sir, but there's nae need pretending no to understaun me—for you're as muckle interested in the wush as I can possibly be—aiblins mair—as you're a hantle aulder, and in your younger days——

North. Don't rip up old sores, my dear Shepherd——

Shepherd. Nae offence—nae offence, sir. But what for be ganging ahint the scenes?

North. James, a man at my time of life, who has seen as much of the world as I have done, sees every thing in its real hue and form, nor depends on illusory imagination. "The world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players." I see that—I know it—yet still I take my station behind the scenes and look on, not without interest, James, at the passions, real or mimic, of the patients or the puppets, James—for I too play my part, (alas! with some difficulty now, but for the prompter,) and how soon, James, may the curtain fall on my last appearance on any earthly stage!

Shepherd. I sometimes wunner how the warld will gang on when I'm dead. It's no vanity, or any notion that I gar the wheels o' the warld work, that makes me think sae, but just an incapacity to separate my life frae the rest o' creation. Suns settin' and risin', and me no there to glower! Birds singin', the mavis in the wood, and the laverock in the lift, and me no there to list—list—listen! Bonny lasses tripping through the dew-flaughts, and nae kiss o' mine to bring the blush roses on their lilied bosoms! Some ane lovelier than the lave,

singin' ane o' my ain sangs, and me in the unhearin' grave! Thochts like these will come fleein' into my spirit during the night-watches, but they can find no resting-place for the soles of their feet, ony mair than the bits o' wearied sea-birds that will try to sit down on the riggin' o' a ship at sea!

North. Shepherd, you should have been a sailor.

Shepherd. But the ship, you see, although a' by hersel on the great wide deep, is sailing prosperously afore the Monsoon, and her crew wullna alloo the winged creatures to settle among the cordage, sae daft wi' joy are they a' on their hameward bound voyage, while aiblins the thousan' spires o' a coral reef are right in the track o' her roaring prow, and in another hour she will disappear like a foam-bell frae the sea.

North. How the Cockneys prate about Shakspeare, James; and abuse the public for not encouraging his Dramas on the stage!

Shepherd. Poor deevils! They had better haud their tongues about Cordelia, and Juliet, and Cleopatra, and Imogen, or I'll fasten my crook intil the nape o' their necks, and harl them out to dereesion. Where's the play-actors and play-actresses that can act Shakspeare's characters, noo that John Kammel and Mrs. Siddons is baith dead? Besides, gin they were leevin', wha but a Cockney wud wish to see oftener than ance or twice a-year tragedies that cause a soul-quake? The creatures in their hearts wud far rather see Mother Guse.

North. I wish, James, you would write a Tragedy.

Shepherd. I hae ane in my pouch, man—"Mirk Monday."

North. No Poet of this age has shown sufficient concentration of thought and style for Tragedy. All the living poets are loose and lumbering writers—and I will engage to point out half-a-dozen feeblenesses or faults of one kind or another, in any passage of six lines that you, James, will recite from the best of them.

Shepherd. He's gettin' fuddled noo, I see,—or he wudna be haverin' about poetry. Mr. North, you're as sober as when we begood to the saxth jug afore the ane that was the immediate predecessor o' this jug's great-grandfather—but as for me, I'm blin' fou, and rather gizzy. I canna comprehend hoo we got into this room, and still less hoo we're to get out again—for I'll stake my character that there's no ae single door in a' the four wa's. I shou'dna care gin there was a shake-down or a suttee; but I never could sleep wi' a straught back. Mercy on us! the hail side o' the house is fa'en doon, as in the great earthquake at Lisbon. Steady—sir—steady—that's Mr. Awmrose—you ken Mr. Awmrose. (Awmrose, he's far gane the nicht, and I'm feared the fresh air 'ill coup and capsize him a'thegither.)

North. Mr. Ambrose, don't mind me—give Mr. Hogg your arm. James, remember there are a couple of steps. There now—I thought Pride would have a Fall at last, James! Now coachy!! drive to the devil. (*Exeunt.*)

No. XXXII.—APRIL, 1827.

SCENE—*Ambrose's Hotel, Picardy Place, Paper Parlor.*

NORTH—TICKLER—SHEPHERD.

North. GOLD-HEADED CANE,* indeed! Could I think, Tickler, that this crutch of mine would have nothing better to say for itself and its old master, when the world desires it to be inditing about Christopher, I would break it across my knee, into pieces six inches long, thus—and send it to the nearest old beggar-woman to boil her kettle with, for a dish of weak tea and superannuated scandal.

Tickler. The writer had hold of some good subjects; but he is dull, heavy, pedantic, prosaic, pompous, and inane, beyond the proper pitch for sleep. Not one single anecdote, incident, remark, image, sentiment, or feeling, does the stick utter; and yet he pretends to have been hand and glove with Ratcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie!

North. What, Tickler, if one and all of the Five were but very ordinary persons? Doctors are generally dull dogs; and nobody in tolerable health and spirits wishes to hear any thing about them and their quackeries.

Tickler. Their faces are indeed at all times most absurd; but more especially so when they are listening to your account of yourself, and preparing to prescribe for your inside, of which the chance is that they know no more than of the interior of Africa.

North. And yet, and yet, my dear Tickler, when old bucks like us are out of sorts, then like sinners with saints, we trust to the sovereign efficacy of their aid, and feel as if they stood between us and death. There's our beloved Shepherd, whose wrist beats with a yet unfelt pulse——

* At this time (April, 1827) was published a volume entitled "The Gold-Headed Cane,"—so called from a cane which had successively belonged to Dr. Ratcliffe, physician to William III. and Queen Mary; Dr. Mead, who succeeded to his practice; Dr. Askew, who could read not only Galen but Homer; Dr. David Pitcairn, whose aphorism was that "the last thing a physician learns, in the course of his experience, is, to know when to do nothing;" and Dr. Matthew Baillie, brother to the poetess, and long the leading physician in the time of George III. and his successor. This book is full of anecdotes, covering a space of nearly 150 years, and was written by Dr. Paris. The cane was presented by Dr. Baillie's widow to the Royal College of Physicians in London, in whose Museum it is.—M.

Shepherd. I dinna despise the doctors. In ordinar complaints I help mysel out o' the box o' drogs; and I'm never mair nor three days in gettin' richt again;—the first day for the beginning o' the complaint—dull and dowie, sair gi'en to gauntin, and the streekin' out o' ane's airms, rather touchy in the temper, and as easily satisfied wi' ony thing ane can get to eat;—the second day, in bed wi' a nichtcap on, or a worsted stockin' about the chafts, shiverin ilka half hour aneath the blankets, as if cauld water were poorin' down your back; a stamach that scunners at the very thocht o' fud, and a sair sair head amaist as a wee deevil were sittin' in't knappin' stanes wi' an ir'n hammer;—the third day about denner time hungrier than a pack o' hounds, yokin' to the haggis afore the grace, and in imagination mair than able to devour the hail jiget, as weel's the giblet-pie and the pancakes.

North. And the fourth day, James?

Shepherd. Out wi' the grews* gin it be afore the month o' March, as soople and thin in the flanks as themsells—wi' as gleg an ee—and lugs pricked up ready for the start o' pussie frae amang the windlestraes—Halloo—halloo—halloo!—O man, are na ye fond o' coorsin'?

Tickler. Of hare-soup I am—or even roasted hare—but——

Shepherd. There are some things that a man never gets accustomed to, and the startin' o' a hare's ane o' them;—so is the whur o' a covey o' paitricks—and aiblins so is the meetin' o' a bonny lassie a' by hersel' amang the bloomin' heather, when she seems to rise up frae the earth, or to hae drapped down frae heaven. Were I to leeve ten thousan' years, and gang out wi' the grews or pointers every ither day, I sud never get the better o' the dear délightfu' dirl o' a fricht, when pussie starts wi' her lang horns.

North. Or the covey whirrs——

Tickler. Or the bonny lassie——

Shepherd. O man, Tickler, but your face the noo is just like the face o' a satyr in a pictur-byuck, or that o' an auld stane-monk keekin' frae a niche in the corner o' an abbey-wa'—the leer o' the holy and weel-fed scoonrel's een seemin' mair intense on the Sabbath, when the kirkyard is fu' o' innocent young maidens, tripping ower the tombs to the House o' Prayer! Mr. North, sir, only look at the face o' him!

North. Tickler, Tickler, give over that face—it is absolutely getting like Hazlitt's.

Shepherd. What's that chiel doin' noo, think ye, sir?

North. Sunk into utter annihilation.

Shepherd. He had a curious power that Hazlitt, as he was ca'd, o' simulatin' sowl. You cou'd hae ta'en your Bible oath sometimes, when you were readin' him, that he had a sowl—a human sowl—a sowl to be saved—but then, heaven preserve us, in the verra middle aiblins o' a paragraph, he grew transformed afore your verra face into

* *Grews*—shudders; but it here means greyhounds.—M.

something bestial,—you heard a grunt that made you grew, and there was an ill smell in the room, as frae a puff o' sulphur.—And Hazlitt's dead?

North. Yes, James, perfectly.

Shepherd. I wunner what the copyright o' the Modern Pygmalion* would sell for, noo that Hazlitt's a posthumous author?

Tickler. Who the devil introduced this loathsome subject?

Shepherd. Your ain face, sir, when I was speakin' about the bonny lasses. You've just your ain face to blame for't, sir. Fine him in a bumper, Mr. North, for suggestin' sic a sooterkin.

North. We will, if you please, James, take each a glass—all round—of Glenlivet—to prevent infection.

Shepherd. Wi' a' my heart. Sic a change in the expression o' your twa faces, sirs! Mr. North, you look like a man that has just received a vote o' thanks for ha'en been the instrument o' some great national deliverance. Is na that wunnerfu' whisky? As for you, Mr. Tickler,—your een's just like twa jaspers—pree'd ye ever the like o't?

North. Never, so help me Heaven,—never since I was born!

Shepherd. Wordsworth tells the world, in ane o' his prefaces, that he is a water-drinker—and it's weel seen on him. There was a sair want of speerit throughout the hail o' yon lang Excursion. If he had just made the paragraphs about ae half shorter, and at the end of every ane ta'en a caulker, like ony ither man engaged in gayen sair and heavy wark, think na ye that his Excursion would hae been far less fatiguesome?

Tickler. It could not at least well have been more so, James,—and I devoutly hope that that cursed old Pedlar is defunct. Indeed, such a trio as the poet himself, the packman, and the half-witted annuitant——

North. My friend Wordsworth has genius, but he has no invention of character,—no *constructiveness*, as we phrenologists say.

Shepherd. He, and ither folk like him, wi' gude posts and pensions, may talk o' drinkin' water as muckle's they choose—and may abuse me and the like o' me for preferrin' speerits—but——

North. Nobody is abusing you, my dear Shepherd——

* The antipathy—for it merits no milder name—of *Blackwood's Magazine* towards William Hazlitt commenced early and continued long. As a Shakspearian critic he has seldom been surpassed; his analytic essays upon the Characters of Shakspeare's Plays far exceeding the wordiness of Schlegel. Hazlitt had as little common-place in his compositions as any writer of his time. He was, in very truth, a philosophical critic. The attacks by *Blackwood* annoyed him much, but he was a generous antagonist, and when a friend showed him a passage in Maga which praised Napoleon, (whom he considered the great man of the time,) he exclaimed, "That's good, by Heaven! that's fine! I forgive them all they ever said of me." One of his works (The Modern Pygmalion) subjected him to many sneers. It is charitable to suppose that it was written and published in a state of temporary insanity, and illustrates Pope's remark that

"Unheard-of follies cheat us in the wise."

Hazlitt died in 1830.—M.

Shepherd. Haud your tongue, Mr. North—for I'm gayen angry the now—and I canna thole being interrupted when I'm angry,—sae haud your tongue, and hear me speak,—and faith, gin some folk were here, they should be made to hear on the deafest side o' their heads.

North. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Shepherd. Well then, gentlemen, it cannot be unknown to you, that the water-drinking part of the community have not scrupled to bestow on our meetings here, on the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the scurrilous epithet of Orgies; and that I, the Shepherd, have come in for the chief part of the abuse. I therefore call on you, Mr. North, to vindicate my character to the public, to speak truth and shame the devil—and to declare in Maga, whether or not you ever saw me once the worse for liquor during the course of your career.

North. Is it possible, my dearest friend, that you can trouble your head one moment about so pitiful a crew? That jug, James, with its nose fixed upon yours, is expressing its surprise that——

Tickler. Hogg, Hogg, this is a weakness which I could not have expected from you. Have you forgotten how the Spectator, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and others, were accused of wine-bibbing,* and other enormities, by the dunces of those days?

Shepherd. Confound their backbiting malignity! Is there a steadier hand than that in a' Scotland?—see how the liquid quivers to the brim, and not a drop overflowing—is my nose red? my broo blotched? my een red and rheumy? my shanks shrunk? my knees, do they totter? or does my voice come from my heart in a crinkly cough, as if the lungs were rotten? Bring ony ane o' the base water-drinkers here, and set him doon afore me, and let us discuss ony subject he likes, and see whase head's the clearest, and whase tongue wags wi' maist unfaulterin' freedom!

North. The first thing, James, the water-drinker would do, would be to get drunk, and make a beast of himself.

Shepherd. My life, Mr. North, as you ken, has been ane o' some vicissitudes, and even now I do not eat the bread of idleness. For ae third o' the twenty-four hours, tak ae day wi' anither throughout the year, I'm i' the open air, wi' heaven's wind and rain perhaps, or its hail and sleet, and they are blessed by the hand that sends them,

* Addison, to whom we owe the admirable creation of Sir Roger de Coverley—the full-length of a genuine English gentleman in the time of Anne—was himself fond of wine, which he took so freely as to injure his health. When composing, he had a bottle of wine upon a table at each end of a long corridor in Holland House, and would so frequently partake of the generous liquor, that, when the wine was finished, he would be "done up" also. Every one knows that, on his death-bed, he sent for young Lord Warwick, (his wife's step-son,) who was very dissipated, and said, "Look how a Christian may die." The tradition at Holland House, however, is, that he was actually in liquor at the time, and hiccupped the words! I was curious enough to make an inquiry on this head, and the late Lord Holland's gentle reply was, "Let us think as well as we can of the departed, and forget their frailties." It was evident that his Lordship had heard and did not disbelieve the story. It strikes me, also, that I have read something to the same effect in one of the memoirs of Addison, published immediately after his death, in 1719.—M.

blashing against me on the hill;—for anither third, I am at my byucks —no mony o' them to be sure in the house—but the few that are no the wark o' dunces, ye may believe that; or aiblins doin' my best to write a byuck o' my ain, or if no a byuck, siccan a harmless composition as ane o' my bits o' Shepherd's Calendars, or the like;—or, if study hae nae charms, playin' wi' the bairns, or hearin' them their lessons, or crackin' wi' a neighbor, or sittin' happy wi' the mistress by our own twa sells, sayin' little, but thinkin' a hantle, and feeling main. For the remaining third, frae ten at nicht to sax in the morning, enjoyin' that sweet sound sleep that is the lot of a gude conscience, and out o' which I come as regular at the verra same minute as if an angel gently lifted my head frae the pillow, and touched my eyelids with awakening licht,—no forgettin', as yoursel kens, Mr. North, either evening or morning prayers, no very lang anes to be sure, except on the Sabbath; but as I hope for mercy, humble and sincere, as the prayers o' us sinfu' beings should ever be,—sinfu', and at a' times, sleepin' or waukin', aye on the brink o' death! Can there be ony great harm, Mr. North, in a life that—saving and excepting always the corrupt thochts of a man's heart, which has been wisely said to be desperately wicked—even when it micht think itsel', in its pride, the verra perfection o' virtue——

North. I never left Altrive or Mount Benger, James, without feeling myself a better and a wiser man.

Shepherd. Nae man shall ever stop a nicht in my house, without partakin' o' the best that's in't, be't meat or drink; and if the coof canna drink three or four tummlers or jugs o' toddy, he has nae business in the Forest. But if he do nae mair than follow the example I'se set him, he'll rise in the morning without a headache, and fa' to breakfast, no wi' that fause appeteet that your drunkards yoke on to the butter and breed wi', and the eggs, and the ham and haddies, as if they had been shipwrecked in their sleep, and scoured wi' the salt water,—but wi' that calm, sane, and steady appeteet, that speaks an inside sound in a' its operations as clock-work, and gives assurance o' a' lang and usefu' life and a large family o' children.

North. Replenish the Dolphin, James.

Shepherd. She's no tume, yet. Now, sir, I ca' that no an abstemious life—for why should ony man be abstemious?—but I ca't a temperate life, and o' a' the virtues, there's nane more friendly to man than Temperance.

Tickler. That is an admirable distinction, James.

Shepherd. I've seen you forget it, sir, howsomever, in practice; especially in eatin'. Oh, but you're far frae a temperate eater, Mr. Tickler. You're ower fond o' a great heap o' different dishes at denner. I'm within bouns when I say I hae seen you devour a dizzen. For me.

sufficient is the Rule of Three. I care little for soop, unless kail, or cocky-leeky, or hare-soop, or mock turtle, which is really, considerin' it's only mock, a pleasant platefu'; or hodge-podge, or potawtoe-broth, wi' plenty o' mutton-banes, and weel peppered; but your white soops, and your broon soops, and your vermisilly, I think naething o', and they only serve to spoil, without satisfyin' a gude appeteet, of which nae man o' sense will ever tak aff the edge afore he attacks a dish that is in itself a dinner. I like to bring the hail power o' my stomach to bear on vittles that's worthy o't, and no to fritter awa' on side dishes, sic as pâtes, and trash o' that sort, only fit for boardin'-school misses, wi' wee shrimpit mouths, no able to eat muckle, and ashamed to eat even that; a' covered wi' blushes, puir things, if ye but offer to help ony thing on till their plates, or to tell them no to mind folk starin', but to make a gude dinner, for that it will do them nae harm, but, on the contrary, mingle roses with the lilies of their delicate beauty.

Tickler. Every man, James, is the best judge of what he ought to eat, nor is one man entitled to interfere——

Shepherd. Between another man and his own stomach! Do you mean to say that? Why, sir, that is even more absurd than to say, that no man has a right to interfere between another and his own conscience, or his——

Tickler. And is that absurd?

Shepherd. Yes, it is absurd—although it has, somehow or other, become an apothegm. Is it not the duty of all men, to the best o' their abilities, to enlighten ane anither's understandings? And if I see my brethren o' mankind fa' into a' sorts o' sin and superstition, is't nae business o' mine, think ye, to endeavor to set them right, and enable them to act according to the dictates o' reason and nature?

Tickler. And what then, James?

Shepherd. Why, then, sir, it may be often our duty to interfere between a man and his conscience, when that conscience is weak, or dark, or perverted—between a man and his religion, when that religion is fu' o' falsehood and idolatry. The opposite doctrine that holds that every man's religion is a matter solely between his own soul and his Maker, is, in my belief, a pernicious doctrine, and one that countenances all enormities of faith. There is surely such a thing as Truth—and such a thing as Falsehood—and for my ain part, I shall never leave ony freen' o' mine in undisturbed enjoyment o' falsehood, even if that falsehood relate to his God.

North. We are getting on difficult, on dangerous ground, my dear Shepherd——

Shepherd. Yes; but we maun a' tread difficult and dangerous ground, Mr. North, every day in our lives,—even the simplest and the maist sincere,—and we are a' o' us bound to contribute to ane anither's

security, amang the pitfalls and quagmires o' life. I hae nae notion of that creed that tells me to leave a dour doited devil to go daunderin' on, wi' his een shut, his ain way to perdition.

North. Would you, like Missionary Wolfe, challenge the Pope to battle, and call his religion a lie?

Shepherd. No, sir,—I wad never sae far forget mysel' as to cease being a gentleman; for then, so far, I should cease being a Christian. Gin I thocht Papistry a fause thing, which I do, I wadna scruple to say sae, in sic terms as were consistent wi' gude manners, and wi' charity and humility of heart,—and back my opinion wi' sic arguments as I had learned out o' that book which the Pope, I fancy, wadna allow a poor lay-creature like me to read at night, afore gaen to bed, and just after I had seen the bairns a' soun' asleep in theirs, wi' their quiet smiling faces hushed to peace, under the protecting love o' Him wha had wrapt the innocent things in the heaven o' happy dreams. Still, I wadna ca' the Pope a leear, like Mr. Wolfe; for nae man's a leear, unless he kens that he is ane; and his Holiness, for ony thing I ken to the contrar', may be, in his delusion, a lover of the Truth.

North. You would not, if in Parliament, James, vote for what is called Catholic Emancipation?

Shepherd. I scarcely think I would,—at least I would be what Mr. Canning says he is not, a security grinder.

Tickler. And I, James.

North. And I, James.

Shepherd. And, thank heaven, the majority of the British Parliament, and three-fourths of the British people, Mr. North.

North. Have you read Dr. Phillpott's Letter,* Tickler?

Tickler. I have with delight. One of the ablest productions of modern days—bold, fearless, manly, gentlemanly, Protestant.

North. And yet the Whigs all call it personal—nay, libellous—although Dr. Phillpott expresses towards Mr. Canning, to whom it is addressed, the greatest respect for his character, and the highest admiration of his talents. Not thus, Tickler, did they speak and write of that illustrious person a few short years ago.

Tickler. I have made out a paper on that point—but it is too long I fear, for the Magazine—it would occupy three sheets—of malignity, stupidity, and abuse, incredible, but from the tongues and fingers of

* A remarkable pamphlet. Dr. Henry Phillpott was Rector of Stanhope up to 1830, when he was made Bishop of Exeter. His "Letters to Mr. Canning," who was a warm and eloquent advocate of Catholic Emancipation, were written in reply to a speech, in defence of that measure, made in 1825, by Mr. Canning, in Parliament. In 1827, when the "Letters" appeared, Canning was Prime Minister, and it was understood that, in the following Session, he intended making Emancipation a Cabinet measure—but he died, in August, after a brief reign of a few months. Dr. Phillpott argued very strongly *against* Emancipation—but, in less than two years after the publication, he quietly eat his own words, and supported the Catholic Relief Bill, which Wellington and Peel had introduced!—M.

Whigs. Even now, they hate Mr. Canning! We, on the contrary, always loved him—then as now—but——

Shepherd. What noise is that in that press? Is't a moose getting its neck into a trap? Let's see.——

(*Opens the press, and out steps a person, shabby genteel, in black or brownish apparel.*)

Wha are ye, my man, that's here hearkenin' to a conversation that I'm thinkin', frae the face o' you, you're no very able to understand the drift o'?—wha are ye, my man, wi' cheeks like potty, and tawtied hair, and a coat sae desperate short in the sleeves? But dinna be sae feared, I'm no gaun to put ye to death, only what was ye chrissend? or are you a Pagan wi' some outlandish name, and a mother tongue unintelligible in this quarter o' the habitable globe? I'll haud ye, sir, by the cuff o' the neck, till ye speak—are ye dumb, sir?

North. James, James—my dear Shepherd, relax your hold, he is a short-hand writer.

Shepherd. A short-hand writer! a short-hand writer! and that's the way o't—that's the way o't—that the Noctes Ambrosianæ are gotten up for that Magazine o' yours, Mr. North!!! How durst you, sir, sit in that press takin' down my words? A pretty gentleman of the press, indeed! Gude faith, a wee thing would mak me fling you out o' the window! There's anither shake for you, sir, to mak your blood circulate.

North. Mr. Gurney,* don't mind the Shepherd, it is his way. James, James, he is not one of the enemy—and as worthy a fellow as lives; moderate your fury, James.

Shepherd. Now the cat's out o' the bag. Never could I comprehend hoo a hail night's conversation, on to the sma' hours, could get itsel a' prented word for word in the Magazine, doun to my vera spellin' afore—and there, for the sax years past, hae ye been writin' in the press, my man, takin' doon the conversation in hieroglyphics, and at hame extendin' your notes, as they ca't, ower your sooens and sma' beer afore gaun to sleep on caff.

Tickler. Come, James, you are getting personal and abusive. Mr. Gurney is a most excellent fellow—a man of education, and a small private fortune of his own on the death of his grandmother.

North. Sit down, Mr. Gurney, and take a glass of toddy.

Shepherd. What for will you no speak, sir? Open your mouth and speak.

* The Gurney family have made Stenography their profession for many years. One of them has long held the lucrative office of Short-hand Writer to both Houses of Parliament, and has a large corps of regularly-educated reporters. One of this family, (Sir John Gurney,) who became a Judge, used to take his notes in short-hand, and whenever the Government desired to peruse them, his clerk, who was also a Stenographer, had to copy them out, *in extenso*, at the rate of a shilling sterling for every folio of seventy-two words, which was a pleasant and extensive increase to his ordinary income. The idea of having Gurney reporting each of the Noctes was carried through the whole series.—M.

North. Mr. Gurney, James, is no speaker.

Shepherd. What, is he dumb?

North. Rather so, Shepherd. It would be a long story to tell you how he lost his tongue early in life in Persia.

Shepherd. He's aff—he's aff out at the door like a shot. He may be a short-haun' writer, but he's a lang-legged ane. See yonner he's jinkin' round the corner o' Union Place already, never doubtin' that I'm at his tails! There's no anither gentleman o' the press, is there, in ahint that ither door, on the right cheek o' the fire?

Tickler. Well, the world must just content itself without any record of this meeting. Nor does it much matter, for I have seen the Shepherd much brighter.

Shepherd. I hate to see ony man ower bricht, as it is ca'd, in company. Commend me to the man that's just like a star amang ither stars—only noos and thans a wee thocht brichter than the luminaries around him, as if something internal glanced out frae within his verra core, and after a few fitfu' flashes let him relapse back again into his former sober radiance.

Tickler. A new image, James, or something like it—go on—I'll follow thee.

Shepherd. Or haply, sir, not that he was ony brichter than afore—but that the rest had grown somewhat dimmer, or mair obscure, as a cloud, or the shadow o' a cloud, had tamed their lustre, and made some o' them indeed amaist disappear frae the heavens a'thegither!

North. O! better and better, James. You speak like an absolute Coleridge.

Shepherd. Or suppose we liken a man, that in company is just what he ought to be, to a good fire—made o' Scotch coals, wi' a sprinklin' o' English—no bleezin' as if soot had faun doon the chimley, and then flingin' out reek amaist to chock you, and also to blear your een, at the same time makin' the room so insufferably hot that water would pabble in a dish; but a calm, composed fire, bold as the sun, yet mild almost as the moon, shinin' and warmin' all it looks upon with a summery spirit, till all our feelings expand in the glow like flowers, and the circle o' humanity round it becomes, in the best sense o' the word, Christianized by the gracious light!

North. That man, Tickler, flings away as much poetry in the course of an afternoon's crack, as would serve the pet poet of a Cockney coterie all his lifetime.

Shepherd. What's that you were sayin', sir, to Mr. Tickler? I'm rather deafish. It's maist a pity the short-haund writer ran aff; but aiblins he's gotten into the press again through a back-door:—and if sae, I shanna disturb him; for I carena, for my ain pairt, although every single syllable that ever was uttered by me within these four wa's was prented in capitals, and circulate to the remotest corners o' the Earth.

North. Did you go t'other day, James, to hear Mr. Somerville of Currie's sermon against cruelty to animals? I don't remember seeing your face in the throng. It was an elegant discourse.

Shepherd. I dinna doubt that, for he's a clever chiel—and as gude a man and as humane as ever used a double-barrelled gun.

Tickler. What! is he a sportsman, and yet preaches about cruelty to animals?

North. Did not you know, Tickler, that Mr. Somerville invented a gun-lock,* for which he ought to have got a patent?

Tickler. In that case he ought just to have allowed a brother clergyman to preach the Gibsonian sermon. For although, for my own part, I see no cruelty in field sports, no man in the pulpit can possibly defend them; and if he omits all mention of them, he leaves his argument incomplete—and when the preacher is a notorious good shot, slaughtering right and left, to a dead certainty, there is room for the scoffers to treat the entire sermon with derision.

Shepherd. I dinna see that ava. Real cruelty to animals canna be defined, but every body kens what it is—for example, thumpin' wi' a rung a puir, auld, tremblin', staggerin', worn-out, starved horse, reesting at a steep pull in the trams aneath a ton o' coals, a' the time the carter swearing like Cloots—that's cruelty, and should be preached against, and also punished by Act o' Parliament.

Tickler. But there is no cruelty, you think, James, in the Rev. Mr. Somerville shooting at a hare on her form, who carries off into the brake her poor wounded withers full of No. 34 or 5, and there continues dying by inches all through the week—expiring, perhaps, within the tinkle of the Sabbath bell of Currie kirk?

Shepherd. It's just a doonright sophism, Mr. Tickler, and you ken it is—but I hate a' argling and hargarbargling o' argument ower ane's toddy—or indeed ony where else, except at the bar when Jeffrey or Cobrun's speaking—and there to be sure it's a treat to hear the tane threeping and the tither threeping, as if not only their verra lives depended on't, but the hail creation; whereas the dispute was only about some abstract consideration o' a point o' law in the way o' preliminary form anent the regulation o' the Court, kittle enough to be understood, nae doubt, sin' the introduction o' the new system; but as to the real intrinsic maitter o' equity and justice, nae mair than a preliminary that might hae been gien against either the ae party or the ither, with out detriment to the patrimonial interests either o' the plaintiff or defendant, the respondent or appellant, in sic a cause no easy o' being discriminated by a hearer like me, no verra deeply versed in the laws.

North. An Annual Sermon against any one particular vice,—and

* An excellent invention it was. By the simplest mechanism, which added nothing to the weght, it was rendered utterly impossible that a gun could be discharged without the will of the person who carried it.—M.

none more odious than cruelty of disposition,—is a foolish institution. Let people go regularly to church, and hear good sermons, of which there is no lack either in the city or the country,—and they will be merciful to their beasts, I hope, through the spirit of Christianity thus fanned and fostered in their hearts.

Shepherd. That is verra true. Cruelty to animals is no a gude subject for a hail sermon,—and it's only clever men like Chalmers and Somerville, that can prevent it from becoming even absurd in the pulpit, when formally treated of, and at great length—whereas——

North. Put these two little volumes, James, in your pocket, that you are ogling on the side-table. Sketches of Persia,—a few pages of it is a cheering recreation for a leisure hour. Sir John tells a story admirably, and is a man of keen and incessant observation.* I had no idea he could have written any thing so light and vivacious,—so elegant even, and so full of character. The volumes must be popular, and I hope he will give us more of them,—a couple more at the least. Murray has published nothing so good of the kind for years.

Shepherd. Hae ye read Boaden's Life o' Siddons, sir?

North. I have, James—and I respect Mr. Boaden for his intelligent criticism. He is rather prosy occasionally†—but why not? God knows, he cannot be more prosy than I am now at this blessed moment—yet what good man, were he present now, would be severe upon old Christopher for havering away about this, that, or t'other thing, so long as there was heart in all he said, and nothing *contra bonos mores?* Sarah was a glorious creature. Methinks I see her now in the sleep-walking scene!

Shepherd. As Leddy Macbeth! Her gran' high straicht-nosed face, whiter than ashes! Fixed een, no like the een o' the dead, yet hardly mair like them o' the leevin'; dim, and yet licht wi' an obscure lustre through which the tormented sowl looked in the chains o' sleep and

* Sketches of Persia were written by Sir John Malcolm, who had filled a high diplomatic office in the country which he described with spirit and truth. The Schah was so well pleased with him as to present him with a valuable sword and star, and make him a Khan and Sepahder of Persia; at the same time, he was knighted by the Prince Regent of England, and made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. The East India Company repeatedly gave him public thanks for his military prowess as well as his diplomatic services, and he received the thanks of Parliament, in 1818, for his valor in the famous battle of Mehidpoor, when the army of Mulhar Ras Holkar was routed and dispersed. The best History of Persia is from Malcolm's pen. In 1815, at Paris, he had the honor of introducing Walter Scott to the Duke of Wellington. Scott, who was much attached to Sir John Malcolm, mentioned him, in one of his letters, as "the Persian envoy; the Delhi resident; the poet; the warrior, the polite man, and the Borderer"—and "really a fine fellow." Malcolm survived Scott only one year.—M.

† Of two indifferent biographies of Mrs. Siddons, it need only be said that (if possible) Boaden's was worse than that by Thomas Campbell. The best memoir (which would bear republication) appeared as a series of articles in *Blackwood*. John Boaden had a passion for writing dramatic memoirs. His only merits were his accumulation of facts and his accuracy of dates. He "took the lives" of Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Jordan. The last, published immediately after the Duke of Clarence became King, was evidently written—*to be suppressed*. But William IV., to whom Mrs. Jordan had been mistress for twenty years, refused to purchase the manuscript, and when the book was published it was very tame indeed, as prudent Mr. Boaden was afraid of personally attacking the reigning Monarch. Boaden died in 1839.—M.

dreams wi' a' the distraction o' remorse and despair,—and oh! sic an expanse o' forehead for a warld o' dreadfu' thochts, aneath the braided blackness o' her hair, that had nevertheless been put up wi' a steady and nae uncarefu' haun' before the troubled leddy had lain doon, for it behoved ane so high-born as she, in the middle o' her ruefu' trouble, no to neglect what she owed to her stately beauty, and to the head that lay on the couch of ane o' Scotland's Thanes—noo likewise about to be, during the short space o' the passing o' a thunder-cloud, her bluidy and usurping King.

North. Whisht—Tickler—whisht—no coughing.

Shepherd. Onwards she used to come—no Sarah Siddons—but just Leddy Macbeth hersel'—though through that melancholy masquerade o' passion, the spectator aye had a confused glimmerin' apprehension o' the great actress—glidin' wi' the ghostlike motion o' nicht-wanderin' unrest, unconscious o' surroundin' objects,—for oh! how could the glazed, yet gleamin' een, see aught in this material world?—yet, by some mysterious power o' instinct, never touchin' ane o' the impediments that the furniture o' the auld castle micht hae opposed to her haunted footsteps,—on she came, wring, wringin' her hauns, as if washin' them in the cleansin' dews frae the blouts o' blood,—but wae's me for the murderess, out they wad no be, ony mair than the stains on the spat o' the floor where some midnicht-slain Christian has groaned out his soul aneath the dagger's stroke, when the sleepin' hoose heard not the shriek o' departing life.

Tickler. North, look at James's face. Confound me, under the inspiration of the moment, if it is not like John Kemble's!

Shepherd. Whether a' this, sirs, was natural or not, ye see I dinna ken, because I never beheld ony woman, either gentle or semple, walkin' in her sleep after having committed murder. But, Lord safe us! that hollow, broken-hearted voice, "out, damned spot," was o' itsell aneuch to tell to a' that heard it, that crimes done in the flesh during time will needs be punished in the spirit during eternity. It was a dreadfu' homily yon, sirs; and wha that saw't would ever ask whether tragedy or the stage was moral, purging the soul, as she did, wi' pity and wi' terror?

Tickler. Ha, ha, ha!—James, was you at the Theatrical Fund Dinner.* my boy? and what sort of an affair was it?

Shepherd. Ay, you may lauch; but you did sae merely to conceal

* This dinner took place at Edinburgh, on February 23d, 1827—a date to be recorded in the annals of literature. Sir Walter Scott was Chairman—it being his first public appearance since the failure of Constable, his publisher, had ruined him. The parentage of the Waverley Novels had necessarily ceased, by that event, to be a secret, (up to that time there had been only twenty persons in the heart of the mystery, of whom *six were females!*) and, with Scott's consent, Lord Meadowbank, one of the Judges, proposed his health as The Great Unknown—the Minstrel of Scotland—the mighty magician who had rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before the living senses the men and the manners of days which had long passed away On this Scott "owned the soft impeachment."—M.

your emotion; for I saw your lips quiver at my picture o' the Siddons, as James Ballantyne used to ca' her in the Journal. He's the best theatrical creetic in Embro' though, notwithstanding rather ower pompous a style o' panegyric. But that's the way o' a' your creetics —high and low—rich and poor—Grosvenor Square and Grub Street —Royal Circus and Lawnmarket—you're a' upon stilts, and wi' speakin'-trumpets, and talk o' the stage as if play-actors and play-actresses were ony thing mair than puppets, and could hae ony serious or permanent influence on the affairs o' this warld. Whew, whew!

North. Would you believe it, James, that many modern Athenians assisted at the dinner you speak of, and did not subscribe a farthing; some not more than a penny, wrapped up in a bit of brown paper, as if it had been the Holy Alliance of Sovereigns?

Tickler. I think little about that—but do you know, James, that there are absolutely gentlemen in Edinburgh that are opposing, and going to appeal to Parliament, against the new improvements of the City—the South and the West Approaches, and all because they may be taxed some ten or twenty shillings a year?

North. They use two arguments—first, that the South and West Approaches are local, and therefore ought not to cost those people any thing who live in another part of the town.

Shepherd. Haw, haw, haw! So there's nae sic things as a city! according to that rule, every bit dirty close maun tak' care o' itsel, and there maun be nae general pervadin' spirit, like the verra spirit o' life in modern Athens. What sumphs and meesers!

North. The second argument is, that every new improvement in one part of a city, deteriorates property in some other part—and that if there be a fine couple of approaches to Edinburgh from the west and the south, the northern part of the New Town, especially the Royal Circus, will be ruined, and the houses sell for nothing.

Shepherd. Haw, haw, haw! Hip, hip, hip, hurraw! What sumphs!

Tickler. Then the Oppositionists have "opened at Budge's a subscription for receiving donations!"

Shepherd. That's desperate bad English surely—bit what for dinna ye publish the names o' the Opposition, sir?

North. Because I hate all personality, James; and besides, the names, with some two or three exceptions, are so obscure that nobody would believe them to be real names, such as Smith, Taylor Thomson, &c. &c.

Shepherd. And anonymous names o' that sort—weel, weel. I see the creturs in this ill-written manifesto of theirs, sir, that you hae gien me to glance at, object to the improvements, because they're to cost some twa or three hundred thousan pounds. That's the verra reason I wad agree to them—for it shows they're on a grau' and magnificent

scale, and I like a' things that's gran' and magnificent? Then, is na Embro' said to be a City o' Palaces?

North. James, you're very high on your chair to-night—you're surely sitting on something.

Shepherd. Ay—the last month's Magazines and Reviews. They're a' but indifferent numbers, this last month—and your ain, sir, no muckle better than the lave—though it maintains a sort o' superiority.

North. I can *afford*, now and then, to be stupid. Wait till May-day, my dear Shepherd, and you shall see GLORIOUS TWINS.*

Tickler. The Monthly Review is a creditable work; and you surprise me, North, by telling me that it does not sell. The articles are heavy, indeed, and any thing but brilliant; but there is a sort of sober, steady stupidity about many of them, that I should have thought would have been popular among a certain set.

North. It sells pretty well—about 600, I understand.† That number will pay a few pounds, occasionally, to a crack contributor, and the common run of its writers are not persons who can expect to be paid any other remuneration than a tavern supper, once a quarter, which costs Mr. Knight but little—and he is too generous a fellow, we all know, to care about such a trifle.

Shepherd. I canna thole't. The editor, I fear, 's a guse—and he maun aye be kecklin' himsel', after laying a big muckly clumsy egg amang the nettles, and then hissin' at you, as if you were gaun to gie him a kick—haudin' his doup up in the air in triumph, as if he were about to fire a royal salute. A guse is a lang-leeved bird, but that's only when he leads a quate life, in or about some auld ha' or castle, and has naething to disturb him—but a guse, though slow in understandin', is a bird o' quick feelings, and allow him to harass himsel' wi' passengers and passers by, and he will get lean in a twelvemonth, dwine away in perfect vexation, and waddling a' by himsel' like a rejected lover, in some obscure nook, expire the victim o' sensibility.

Tickler. North, do you know any thing about this Journal of Foreign Literature about to be published in London?

North. Something. I have heard some great, and many respectable names spoken of in connection with it, and if not started till the plan is matured, and regular contributors engaged, it will certainly succeed—otherwise, as certainly fail. It is, I hear, to be published by an eminent German house in London, and is intended to give the spirit of continental literature and philosophy.‡

* There was a double number in June, 1827, not in May.—M.

† The *Monthly Review*, which once had considerable influence and circulation, became an organ of the Unitarians soon after this date, but finally died out, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."—M.

‡ Treuttel and Würtz, of Soho-Square, London, established the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in 1827. R. P. Gillies, whose translations from the German and Scandinavian drama had been most attractive in *Blackwood*, was the Editor.—M.

Tickler. A fine field, undoubtedly—and I am happy to hear the plan is not to be confined to the literature and philosophy of Germany.

Shepherd. So am I—for the German authors are like pigs—great cry and little wool. I hae read about some thretty volumins o' translations frae the German this last year, chiefly tales, and deevil tak me, if there be a first-rate tale in the hail lot.

North. A first-rate tale, James, is rather a rarity. I can't say that I ever read one. The Crusaders of Sir Walter Scott comes pretty near my notion of one, but not quite up to it—there being somewhat too much changing of dresses, and too much legerdemain. Redgauntlet, by the same writer, is somewhere, I opine, about a tenth-rate tale—Peveril of the Peak a fourth-rate one—Quentin Durward a third-rate one—Waverley a second—The Pirate a third—Ivanhoe and Kenilworth——

Shepherd. Let's see a tale o' your ain, sir, afore ye speak sae bauldly o' your betters.

North. Jeffrey and I never write any thing original. It's porter's work.

Shepherd. Because ye canna. Ye're only creetics, and writin' a review's ae thing, and writin' a byuck's anither, let me tell you that, sir; and yet, I dinna ken, Mr. North, although I hae nae houps o' Mr. Jaffray, oh! man, but I do think, that you that wrote the "Birds," and "Streams," and "Cottages," and "Hints for the Holidays," and "Selby's Ornithology," and other leading articles, last year, micht write a byuck to shame us a' gin ye wad only let yersel' lowse on a subject, and poor yersel' out wi' a' your birr ower four vollums, like a spate carryin' every thing afore you on to Finis, and drownin' the catastrophe in a flood o' tears.

North. James, I'll tell you a kind of composition that would tell.

Shepherd. What is't, man? Let's hear't.

North. Pastoral Dramatic Poetry, partly prose and partly verse—like the Winter's Tale, or As You Like It, or The Tempest, or The Midsummer Night's Dream.

Shepherd. You're just the man for that, Mr. North, sir—only you're rather auld.

North. I have four such dramas, James, in my escrutoire.

Shepherd. Out wi' them, and let's see whether they'll be damned or no. Oh, sir, but you're hated by the Cockneys!

North. I—I—James—hated by the Cockneys? What harm did I ever to the nation?

Shepherd. Extirpated them—that's a'—dethroned their king, and drove him into exile,—reduced the Royal Family to beggars—taught the Nobility to spell themselves wi' the letter M,—and rendered Little Britain desolate.

Tickler. Dramas of which the scenes are laid in the country cannot be good, for the people have no character.

Shepherd. Nae character's better than a bad ane, Mr. Tickler; but you see, sir, you're just perfectly ignorant o' what you're talkin' about—for it's only kintra folk that has ony character ava,—and town's-bodies seem to be a' in a slump. Hoo the street rins wi' leevin' creatures, like a stream rinnin' wi' foam-bells! What maitter if they a break as they gang by? For anither shoal succeeds o' the same empty race!

North. The passions in the country, methinks, James, are stronger and bolder, and more distinguishable from each other, than in towns?

Shepherd. Deevil a passion's in the town, but envy, and backbiting, and conceitedness. As for friendship, or love, or hate, or revenge—ye never meet wi' them where men and women are a' jumbled throughither, in what is ca'd ceevileezed society. In solitary places, the sicht o' a human face aye brings wi't a corresponding feeling o' some kind or ither—there can be nae sic thing as indifference in habitations stannin' here and there, in woods and glens, and on hill-sides, and the shores o' lochs or the sea.

Tickler. Are no robberies, murders, and adulteries, perpetrated in towns, James?

Shepherd. Plenty—and because there are nae passions to guard frae guilt. What man wi' a sowl glowin' wi' the free feelings o' nature, and made thereby happy and contented, wi' his plaid across his breast, would condescend to be a highway rubber, or by habit and repute a thief? What man, whose heart loupt to his mouth whenever he forgather'd wi' his ain lassie, and never preed her bonny mou' but wi' a whispered benediction in her ear, wad at ance damn and demean himsel' by breakin' the seventh commandment? As for committin' murder, leave that to the like o' Thurtell and Probert, and the like, wha seem to have had nae passions o' ony kind, but a passion for pork chops and porter, drivin' in gigs, wearin' rough big coats wi' a dizzen necks, and cuffin' ane anither's heads wi' boxin' gloves on their nieves,—but nae real South kintra shepherd ever was known to commit murder, for they're ower fond o' fechtin' at fairs, and kirns, and the like, to tak the trouble o' puttin' ye to death in cool blood——

Tickler. James, would ye seriously have North to write dramas about the loves of the lower orders—men in corduroy-breeches, and women in linsey-woollen petticoats——

Shepherd. Wha are ye, sir, to speak o' the lower orders? Look up to the sky, sir, on a starry nicht, and puir, ignorant, thochtless, upsettin' cretur you'll be, gin you dinna feel far within and deep down your ain sowl, that you are, in good truth, ane o' the lower orders—no perhaps o' men, but o' intelligences! and that it requires some dreadfu' mystery far beyond your comprehensions, to mak you worthy o' ever

in after life becoming a dweller among those celestial mansions. Yet think ye, sir, thousan's and tens o' thousan's o' millions, since the time when first God's wrath smote the earth's soil with the curse o' barrenness, and human creatures had to earn their bread wi' sweat and dust, hae na lived and toiled, and laughed and sighed, and groaned and grat, *o' the lower orders*, that are noo in eternal bliss, and shall sit above you and Mr. North, and ithers o' the best o' the clan, in the realms o' heaven?

Tickler. 'Pon my soul, James, I said nothing to justify this tirade!

Shepherd. You did though. Hearken till me, sir. If there be no agonies that wring the hearts of men and women lowly born, why should they ever read the Bible? If there be no heavy griefs makin' aftentimes the burden o' life hard to bear, what means that sweet voice callin' on them to "come unto me, for I will give them rest!" If love, strong as death, adhere not to yon auld widow's heart, while sairly bowed down, till her dim een canna see the lift, but only the grass aneath her feet, hoo else wou'd she or cou'd she totter every Sabbath to kirk, and wi' her broken, feeble, and quiverin' voice, and withered hands clasped thegither on her breast, join, a happy and a hopefu' thing, in the holy Psalm? If——

Tickler. James, you affect me, but less by the pictures you draw, than by the suspicion—nay more than the suspicion—you intimate that I am insensible to these things——

Shepherd. I refer to you, Mr. North, if he didna mean, by what he said about corduroy breeks and linsey-woollen petticoats, to throw ridicule on all that wore them, and to assert that nae men o' genius, like you or me, ought to regard them as worthy o' being charactereezed in prose or rhyme?

North. My dear James, you have put the argument on an immovable basis. Poor, lonely, humble people, who live in shielings, and huts, and cottages, and farm-houses, have souls worthy of being saved, and therefore not unworthy of being written about by such authors as have also souls to be saved; among whom you and I, and Tickler himself——

Shepherd. Yes, yes—Tickler himself sure aneuch. Gie's your haun', Mr. Tickler, gie's your haun'—we're baith in the right; for I agree wi' you, that nae hero o' a tragedy or a yepic should be brought forrit ostentatiously in corduroy breeks, and that, I suppose, is a' you intended to say.

Tickler. It is indeed, James; I meant to say no more.

North. James, you would make a fine bust.

Shepherd. I dinna like busts, except o' ideal characters, sic as water-nymphs, and dryads, and fauns, and Venuses, and Jupiters. A man o' real life, aiblins, Mr. Tickler, wi' corduroy breeks, or at the best velveteens, has naething to do wi' a bust; and then you maun be repre-

sented without your neckcloth, and your breast bare; and wi' only head and shouthers, perhaps; sittin' a daft-like image on a pedestal. I dinna like busts.

Tickler. Byron's bust, James?

Shepherd. Ay, I like it—for he had a beautiful face, like as o' Apollo,—high birth too,—a genius rare aneath the skies; and he died young, and far off in a foreign land—the land, too, o' busts, and o' immortal song. I'se warrant that his een took a thousand expressions in the course o' ae single hour, but in those serene marble orbs there is but one—an expression o' uninterrupted and eternal peace. His lip, they said, was apt to curl into scorn—and nae wunner, for it was a tryin' thing, wi' a' his fauts, to be used as he was used by those that micht hae forgi'en; but in the bust I saw, his mouth was mild as that o' a man in a dreamless sleep,—and yet something there was about it, too, that tauld the leevin' lips it imaged must have been eloquent to express all the noblest, best emotions o' a great poet's soul! Byron was entitled to a breathin' bust—a cold, still, marble image, peacefully divine; but I, sirs, am weel contented wi' my picture in body-colors by Nicholson, and so should you too, Mr. Tickler—while as to Mr. North, I hae some diffeeculty in determining—yet, on the whole, I'm disposed to think he should be sculptured by Chantrey——

Tickler. And placed on the Half-Moon Battery,* James, beside the statue of our most gracious king!

North. Cease your fooling, lads. James, I intend commencing a series of articles on the British Navy.

Shepherd. O! do, sir—do, sir. It's a gran' topic, and you're just the man to do't, wi' your naval knowledge and national enthusiasm.

North. All the Fleet-fights, James, all the actions of single ships—all boat-affairs, such as cuttings-out, storming of batteries, &c. &c. &c.

Shepherd. The whole sailor's life at sea, my boys. If you'll promise, sir, aye to read my Shepherd's Calendar, I'll promise aye to read your Naval Chronicle.

North. A bargain, James. Pray, James, by the way, have you read Almack's?

Shepherd. The author sent me a copy—for he's a chiel that I used to ken when he was a clerk in the coach-office o' the Star Inn, Prince's Street, and he had aye a turn for what he ca'd high life. He used to get into that sort of society in Embro by pretending to be a flunky, and stannin' ahint chairs at great parties—and he's naturally a genteel lad, and no that stupid—so that, noo that he fills a situation something similar, as I have heard, in London, he gets access to lords and leddies by flunkeyin't; which is, however, a species of forgin', and sometimes subjects a lad to being sair kickit—whilk has, mair than

* Of Edinburgh Castle.—M.

ance or twice either, happened until the author o' Almack's. But a clour on the head's waur than a kick on the bottom.

North. What's the fellow's name?

Shepherd. That's surprising! You've just driven his name out o' my head by askin' for it. I canna remember't—but it's a very common name, and o' nae repute, except among the mechanical tredds.

Tickler. What is Crockford House, Mr. North?

North. A clever satire of Luttrel's on one of the devils of one of the London hells. You know Luttrel,* I presume, sir?

Tickler. Know him—that I do—and one of the most accomplished men in all England—a wit and a scholar.

Shepherd. I think verra little in general o' your wits and your scholars, and your most accomplished men in all England. They may be very clever and agreeable chiels in company and conversation, but clap a pen into their hand, and bid them write something, and, oh! but their expressions are sairly deficient in point, their love-sangs cauld and clear as the drap at a man's nose on a frosty mornin',—as for their charauds, even after you've been tauld them, there's nae findin' them out; and, hech, sirs! but their prologues and their epilogues are, twenty yawns to the line, soporifics that neither watchman nor sick-nurse could support.

Tickler. The Honorable Lord William Spencer,† although a wit and a scholar, is, like my friend Luttrel, an exception to your general rule, James.

Shepherd. Is that him that wrote Bedgelert, or the Grave o' the Greyhound? Faith, that chiel's a poet. Thae verses hae muckle o' the auld ballant pathos and simplicity;—and then he translated Leonora, too, did na he? That's anither feather in his cap that Time's hand'll no plook frae't. What for did ye no send me out to Altrive Hood's National Tales? Yon Whims and Oddities o' his were maist ingenious and divertin'. Are the National Tales gude?

North. Some of them are excellent, and few are without the impress of originality. I am glad to see that they are published by Mr. Ainsworth, to whom I wish all success in his new profession. He is himself a young gentleman of talents, and his Sir John Chiverton is a spirited and romantic performance.‡

* Mr. Luttrel was a wit of no ordinary brilliancy, and a great friend of Moore's, who has recorded many of his *bon-mots* in his Diary. Besides "Crockford House," (in which the proprietor and frequenters of that "hell" were keenly satirised,) Luttrel wrote a charming poem, entitled "Advice to Julia."—M.

† Spencer was one of the best writers of *vers de société* in his time. He died in 1884, aged sixty-four. In 1796 appeared his translation of Bürger's Lenore, with beautiful illustrations by Lady Diana Beauclerc. His memory was so astonishingly good that it is said he undertook, for a wager, to get the whole contents of a newspaper by rote, without the omission of a single word, and that—*he won it!*—M.

‡ Hood's National Tales were such as many men with inferior ability might readily have written. Mr. W. H. Ainsworth (who was married to a daughter of Mr. Ebers, a fashionable London publisher) commenced life as a bibliopole. In 1826, when he was only twenty-one, he

Shepherd. Surely, Mr. North, you'll no allow anither Spring to gang by without comin' out to the fishing? I dinna understaun' your aye gaun up to the Cruick Inn in Tweedsmuir. The Yarrow trouts are far better eatin'—and they mak far better sport too—loupin' out the linns in somersets like tumblers frae a spring-brod, head ower heels,—and gin your pirn does na rin free, snappin' aff your tackle, and don wi' a plunge four fathom deep i' the pool, or awa' like the shadow o' a hawk's wing alang the shallows.

North. Would you believe it, my dear Shepherd, that my piscatory passions are almost dead within me; and I like now to saunter along the banks and braes, eyeing the younkers angling, or to lay me down on some sunny spot, and with my face up to heaven, watch the slow-changing clouds!

Shepherd. I'll no believe that, sir, till I see't,—and scarcely then, —for a bluidier-minded fisher nor Christopher North never threw a nackle. Your creel fu',—your shootin'-bag fu',—your jacket pouches fu',—the pouches o' your verra breeks fu',—half a dozen wee anes in your waistcoat, no to forget them in the croon o' your hat,—and, last o' a', when there's nae place to stow awa' ony mair o' them, a willow-wand, drawn through the gills of some great big anes like them ither folks would grup wi' the worm or the mennon—but a' gruppit wi' the flee—Phin's delight, as you ca't,—a killin' inseck,—and on gut that's no easily broken, witness yon four-pounder aneath Elibank wood, where your line, sir, got entangled wi' the auld oak-root, and yet at last ye landed him on the bank, wi' a' his crosses and his stars glitterin' like gold and silver amang the gravel! I confess, sir, you're the king o' anglers. But dinna tell me that you have lost your passion for the art; for we never lose our passion for ony pastime at which we continue to excel.

Tickler. Now that you two have begun upon angling, I shall ring the bell for my nightcap.

Shepherd. What! do you sleep wi' a nicht-cap?

Tickler. Yes, I do, James—and also with a night-shirt—extraordinary as such conduct may appear to some people. I am a singular character, James, and do many odd things, which, if known to the public, would make the old lady turn up the whites of her eyes in astonishment.

Shepherd. Howsomever that be, sir, dinna ring for a nichtcap, for we're no gaun to talk ony mair about angling! We baith hae our

published Sir John Chiverton, a romance in one volume, which appeared anonymously. It was read by Scott, while on a tour in the October of that year, and noted in his Diary as "a clever book,—in imitation of the days of chivalry." His next book (Rookwood) did not appear until 1834. It may be new to most of my readers to state, which I do on the authority of Mr. Kenealy, (of whom more particular mention is made in Maginn's Memoir, which I have written for this edition of the Noctes,) that a great portion of the celebrated Ride to York, which Dick Turpin is described, in "Rookwood," as having accomplished on his renowned steed, Black Bess, was written by Dr. Maginn.—M.

weakness, Mr. North and me;—but there's Mr. Awmrose—(*Enter Mr. Ambrose*)—bring supper, Mr. Awmrose—Verra weel, sir, I thank ye—hoo hae you been yoursel', and hoo's a' wi' the wife and weans?—Whenever you like, sir; the sooner the better.

(*Exit Mr. Ambrose.*)

North. You knew Bishop Heber, Mr. Tickler, I think? He was a noble creature——

Tickler. He was so.* Why did not the writer of that most excellent article about him in the Quarterly, give us a quotation from Sir Charles Grey's beautiful funeral oration over his illustrious friend?

North. That is a question I cannot answer; but such an omission was most unpardonable. Neither could it have been from ignorance—it must have been intentional.

Tickler. Perhaps he feared that Sir Charles Grey's pathetic oration would have made his own eulogy seem dull.

North. He need not have feared that—for they would have naturally set off each other—the reviewer, whoever he may be, being a man of fine talents, and a forcible writer.

Tickler. For all that he may be capable of——

Shepherd. Mr. Soothey's the author o' that article, in my opinion; and Mr. Soothey's no capable o' ony thing that's no just perfecly richt. There's no a man leevin' that I think mair o' than Mr. Soothey —and if ever I forget his kindness to me at Keswick, may I die in a strait waistcoat.

Tickler. What an idea!

Shepherd. Tak Mr. Soothey in prose and verse, I ken nane but ane that's his equal.†

* Bishop Heber died, at Trichinopoly, in the East Indies, in April, 1826. He was one of the most elegantly accomplished scholars of his time. In 1803, at the age of twenty, he wrote the Oxford Prize Poem of "Palestine." At that time, Scott (who knew his brother, Richard, the book-collector) visited Oxford, and made his acquaintance. Heber read the poem to him, and Scott remarked that in the verses on Solomon's Temple, he had omitted to allude to the fact that no tools were used in its erection. The young poet retired to another part of the room, and in a few minutes returned with the beautiful lines,—

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung—
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence," &c.

He entered the Church, and was presented to the rectory of Hodnet, in Shropshire, where he zealously performed the duties of a parish priest. In 1822, he was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, (his own letter to Sir Thomas Plomer, Master of the Rolls, offering himself as a candidate, is in my collection of autographs,) and, soon after, he was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, vacant by the death of apostolic Middleton. Having twice declined it, he accepted it, on the entreaty of his wife—herself a bishop's daughter—and embarked for the East Indies in June, 1823, arriving at Calcutta in the following October. He displayed much zeal and judgment in the execution of his Episcopal duties, and died suddenly—being found lifeless at the bottom of a cold bath. Heber's literary labors were considerable. He published several sermons, edited Jeremy Taylor's writings, produced several poems, (chiefly on sacred subjects,) and contributed largely to the Quarterly Review.—M.

† Robert Southey possessed genius as well as erudition. He wrote prose so well that his poetry, which was good, met with comparatively slight notice. Commencing life as an extreme liberal, he settled down into moderate conservatism. He was taunted with his change of politics, but said to myself, (who knew him well,) "I am no more ashamed of having been a republican, than I am of having been a boy." His principal poems (Joan of Arc, Roderick,

North. Who's that?

Shepherd. No you, sir—for you canna write verse. As for your prose, nane bangs it, serious or comic, ludicrous or shublime—but what can be the maitter wi' thae eisters? Mr. Gurney! are you there again, sir, ye gentleman o' the press? For if you be, you may step out, now that the Noctes is drawin' to a close, and partake o' the eisters.

North. James, you don't know S. T. Coleridge—do you? He writes but indifferent books, begging his pardon; witness his Friend, his Lay Sermons, and, latterly, his Aids to Reflection; but he becomes inspired by the sound of his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea. Had he a domestic Gurney, he might publish a Moral Essay, or a Theological Discourse, or a Metaphysical Disquisition, or a Political Harangue, every morning throughout the year during his lifetime.

Tickler. Mr. Coleridge does not seem to be aware that he cannot write a book, but opines that he absolutely has written several, and set many questions at rest. There's a want of some kind or another in his mind; but perhaps when he awakes out of his dream, he may get rational and sober-witted, like other men, who are not always asleep.

Shepherd. The author o' Christabel, and the Auncient Mariner, had better just continue to see visions, and to dream dreams—for he's no fit for the wakin'world.*

North. All men should be suffered to take their own swing—for divert them from their natural course, and you extinguish genius never to be rekindled.

Shepherd. Are thae eisters never gaun to come ben?

North. James, who do you think will be the first Lord of the Treasury?

Shepherd. Come here, sir, and lay your lug close to mine—but swear you won't blab it. (*Whispers.*)

North. Right, James, you have hit it. HE IS TO BE THE MAN.

Tickler. Who? Canning, or Peel, or Robinson, or Bathurst, or Wellington—or——

Shepherd. I'll communicate the secret, *viva voce*, to nae ither man

Thalaba, The Curse of Kehama) will always rank high, but his celebrity is based on his prose writings, which embraced history, morals, religion, biography, letters, and criticism. He was one of the largest contributors to the *Quarterly Review*. One of his works, part of which was a posthumous publication, was The Doctor, a philosophic, gossiping romance, full of learning, and breathing

The low, sweet music of Humanity.

Southey's mind gave way in 1840, under the intense labors of a long life, and he died in 1843.—M.

* Coleridge was always about doing something. His poems are very fine, but one of the best of them (Christabel) is unfinished. So with his Biographia Literaria. The use of opium, commenced early and continued to the close of his life, in 1834, evidently had unfitted him for the production of some great work "which the world would not willingly let die." As a talker he was without a parallel, literally speaking volumes. Having once said to Lamb, "Oh, Charles, you should have heard me preach," (alluding to his having been an Unitarian minister,) the curt reply was, "I never have heard you do any thing else."—M.

but Mr. North; but if you like, I'll write the name doon wi' my keelavine pen, and seal up the paper wi' waux, no to be opened till after the nation has been informed o' the King's choice.*

Tickler. Whew! what care I who's prime minister? The country has got into a way of going on by and of itself, just as comfortably without as with a ministry. A government's a mere matter of form.

North. Just so with Maga. On she goes, and on she would go, if editor and contributors were all asleep, nay, all dead and buried.

Tickler. No yawning, James,—a barn-door's a joke to such jaws.

North. Give us a song, my dear Shepherd—"Paddy O'Rafferty," or "Low doon i' the Broom," or "O Jeanie there's naething to fear ye," or "Love's like a Dizziness," or "Rule Britannia," or "Aiken Drum," or——

Tickler. Beethoven, they say, is starving in his native country, and the Philharmonic Society of London, or some other association with music in their souls, have sent him a hundred pounds to keep him alive—he is deaf, destitute, and a paralytic.† Alas! alas!

Shepherd. Whisht! I hear Mr. Awmrose's tread in the trans!

"His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair."

(*Enter* MR. AMBROSE *and Assistants.*)

Hoo many hunder eisters are there on the brod, Mr. Awmrose? Oh! ho! Three brods! One for each o' us! A month without an R has nae richt being in the year. Noo, gentlemen, let naebody speak to me for the neist half hour. Mr. Awmrose, we'll ring when we want the rizzars—and the toasted cheese—and the deevil'd turkey. Hae the kettle on the boil, and put back the lang haun' o' the clock, for I fear this is Saturday nicht, and nane o' us are folk to break in on the Sabbath. Help Mr. North to butter and breed,—and there, sir,—there's the vinegar cruet. Pepper awa', gents.

* In February, 1827, the Earl of Liverpool, who was head of the British Government, had a paralytic fit which incapacitated him from any further discharge of his public duties. There was much doubt as to his successor. Canning, who had been Foreign Minister from 1822, and by far the most prominent member of the government, considered himself entitled to the appointment. But George IV. had little personal regard for Canning, (who, pending the proceedings against Queen Caroline in 1820, had complimented her as "the life, grace, and ornament of society,") and especially feared that, if elevated to the rank and power of Premier, he would attempt to give the Roman Catholics admission to Parliament, with other political rights. Peel had the disadvantage of being rather too young, (he was 39 at the time,) but the King sent for him, and gave him *carte blanche* to form an Anti-Catholic administration. Peel did not accept it, from inability to frame such a Cabinet. The King then appointed Canning his Prime Minister. At once, and as if by concert, (though they denied having so acted,) Wellington, Peel, Lord Eldon, and three others of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, sent in their resignation, being unwilling to serve under Canning. He was compelled to look for support from the Whigs, and, recruiting his ranks from their leaders, formed a Cabinet. But disease was busy at work on his frame, and he died on the 8th August, 1827, having been Premier for less than four months.—M.

† Louis Von Beethoven, one of the greatest of modern composers, was deaf for nearly the last twenty years of his life, and died March 26, 1827, in the greatest poverty.—M.

No. XXXIII.—JUNE, 1827.

SCENE I.—*Porch of Buchanan Lodge. Time, Evening.*

MRS. GENTLE—MISS GENTLE—NORTH—SHEPHERD—COLONEL CYRIL THORNTON*—TICKLER.

Shepherd. I just ca' this perfec' Paradise. Oh! Mem! but that's the natest knitting ever blessed the e'en o' man. Is't for a veil to your dochter's bonny face? I'm glad it's no ower deep, sae that it winna hide it a'thegither—for sure amang sic a party o' freens as this, the young leddy 'll forgie me for saying at ance, that there's no a mair beautifu' creatur in a' Scotland.

Mrs. Gentle. See, Mr. Hogg, how you have made poor Mary hang down her head—but you poets——

Shepherd. Breathe and hae our beings in love, and delight in the fair and innocent things o' this creation. Forgi'e me, Miss Gentle, for bringing the blush to your broo—like sunlight on snaw—for I'm but a simple shepherd, and whiles says things I sudna say, out o' the very fulness of my heart.

Mrs. Gentle. Mary, fetch my smaller shuttle from the parlor—it is lying, I believe, on one of the cushions of the yellow sofa.

(MISS GENTLE *retires.*)

Shepherd. Oh! Mem! that my ain dochter may grow up, under the blessing o' God, sic a flower! I've often heard tell o' you and her—and o' Mr. North's freenship o' auld for her father.

North. Hallo—James—there's a wasp running along your shoulder in the direction of your ear.

Shepherd. A wasp, say ye! Whilk shouther? Ding't aff, some o' ye. Wull nane o' ye either speak or stir? Whilk shouther, I say?

* Captain Thomas Hamilton, an early and voluminous contributor to *Blackwood*, was a younger brother of Sir William Hamilton, Baronet, Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh. He entered the army at an early age, served through the Peninsular and American wars, and took up his abode in Edinburgh when peace was secured. In May, 1827, was published his first separate work, a novel of love, society, and military adventure, entitled "The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton," which was very successful. Shortly after appeared his "Annals of the Peninsular Campaign." He subsequently re-visited the United States, and the result was a free-and-easy as well as "hacking" book, entitled "Men and Manners in America." He died in December, 1842, aged fifty-three.—M

Confoun' ye, Tickler—ye great heigh neer-do-weel, wunna ye say whilk shouther! Is't aff?

Tickler. Off? No, James, that it isn't. How it is pricking along, like an armed knight, up the creases of your neckcloth. Left chin—Shepherd.

Mrs. Gentle. Allow me, Mr. Hogg, to remove the unwelcome visitor. (MRS. GENTLE *rises and scares the wasp with her handkerchief.*)

Shepherd. That's like a leddy as you are. There's nae kindness like kindness frae the haun o' a woman.

Tickler. He was within an inch o' your ear, Hogg, and had made good his entrance, but for the entanglement of the dusty whisker.

Shepherd. That's no a word, sir, to speak afore a leddy. It's coorse. But you're wrang again, sir, for the wasp couldna hae made gude his entrance by that avenue, for my left lug's stuffed wi' cotton.

North. How happens it, my dear James, that on coming in town, you are never without a cold? That country will kill you—we shall be losing you, James, some day, of a brain-fever.

Shepherd. A verra proper death for a poet. But it's just your air vile, vapory, thick, dull, yellow, brown, dead, drizzling, damned (beg your pardon, Mem) easterly harr o' Embro', that gies me the rheumatics. In the kintra I think naething o' daunderin' awa' to the holms, without my bannet, or ony thing round my chafts—even though it sud be raining—and the weather has nae ither effec than to gar my hair grow.

North. You must have been daundering about a good deal lately then, my dear James, for I never saw you with such a crop of hair in my life.

Shepherd. It's verra weel for you that's bauld, to talk about a crap o' hair. But the mair hair a man has on his head the better, as lang's it's toosey—and no in candle-wick fashion. What say ye, Cornnall, for judging frae your ain pow, you're o' my opinion.

Thornton. I see, Mr. Hogg, that we both patronize Macassar.*

Shepherd. What? Macawser ile? Devil a drap o't ever wat my weeg—nor never sall; it's stinkin stuff—as are a' the iles—and gies an unwholesome and unnatural greasy glimmer to ane's hair, just like sae muckle creesh.

Thornton. 'Pon my honor, my dear Mr. Hogg, I never suspected you of a wig.

Shepherd. Hoots, man, I was metaphorical. It's a weeg o' nature's weavin'. (*Re-enter* MISS GENTLE *with a small ivory shuttle in her hand.*) Come awa—come awa—mem, here's an empty seat near me. (MISS GENTLE *sits down beside the* SHEPHERD.) And I'll no praise your beauty ony mair, for I ken that maidens dinna like blushing, bonny

* ——— "Nothing could surpass her,
Save thine incomparable oil, Macassar."—M.

as it makes them—but dinna think it was ony flattery—for gif it was the last word I was ever to speak in this warld, it was God's truth, but no the half o' the truth, and when ye gaed ben the house, I cudna help saying to your leddy mother, hoo happy and mair than happy would I be had I sic a dochter.

North. Would you like, James, that Miss Gentle should give us a few tunes on the piano?

Shepherd. Na, sir—I canna say that I should. Just let the young leddy sit still. Yet I'm just desperate fond o' music, Miss Gentle—and nae doubt, nae doubt but thae wee white, slender fingers, when they touch the spinnet, would wauken the notes, just as the rays o' licht wauken the flowers.

Mrs. Gentle. My daughter has just had a dozen finishing lessons from Miss Yaniewicz—and I assure you does no discredit to her teacher.

Shepherd. I'll answer for her, that she disna do discredit to ony leevin soul on the face o' this earth——

North. You play the piano yourself a little, James, if I remember?

Shepherd. I used to do sae—but I'll defy the fingers o' ony man breathin' to hae twa touches—ane for bane, and the tither for thairm. The piawno and the fiddle are no compawtible. You've had some les sons, mem, I think your mother was saying, frae Miss Yaniewicz?

Miss Gentle. Yes, sir.

Shepherd. My dear young leddy, I wush you wouldna gie sic short answers—for you needna be feared o' ony body tiring o' that voice. Yet I dinna ken—for at times, after a' the ither birds hae been busy in the woods, amaist unheard by me as I lay in my plaid on a knowe, and singin' as they aye do, bonnily, bonnily, my heart has gien a sudden stoun' o' uncommunicable delicht, just to hear but twa laigh, sweet, half-mournfu' notes o' the lintwhite in the broom, as if the sweet bird was afraid to hear its ain voice, yet couldna help sae expressin' its happiness in that o' rejoicin' nature. But tell me, Mrs. Gentle, is that a white lace veil?

Mrs. Gentle. It is, Mr. Hogg; but can you guess for whom? Mary shall work such another for yourself, if you be successful.

Shepherd. Me wi' a white lace veil on! My buck-teeth, as that impudent chiel Tickler ca's them, would cut a fearsome figure through a white lace veil.

Mrs. Gentle. I see you cannot guess for whom, Mr. Hogg—so I must tell you—it is for Mr. North.

Shepherd. Haw, haw, haw!

Mrs. Gentle (*with dignity*). I really envy you your high spirits, sir—it is a Midge-veil for Mr. North, sir.

Shepherd. I ask your forgiveness, my dear madam. I ken lauch-in's unco vulgar—but I canna aye help it. A Midge-veil for Mr. North!

Mrs. Gentle. You see it's little more than half-finished—but if Mr. North will permit me to show you how well it becomes him——

(*Mrs. Gentle rises, and drops the midge-veil over Mr. North's head and face.*)

Shepherd. Weel, sic a contrivance! Much as I hae suffered in my day under midges, I never had genius for that discovery or invention! Mr. North, sir, wull you let me tak the midge-veil intil my ain haun'? I'll neither tear nor runkle't.

Tickler. Don't intrust any thing so perishable into such paws. North, are you mad?

Shepherd. That's gayen insultin'—but O man, I only pity ye. Something's been gaun wrang at hame, and you're no yoursel'. Let me see—this is the time for changing servants, and his kyuck'll be leavin' him——

Mrs. Gentle. Take the veil from my hand, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. Thank you, mem—every thing you say, every step you tak, your sittin' down, and your risin' up 's sae like a leddy. There, mem, hing't on my thoomb. Noo, let's see hoo't'll look on anither head a'thegither. (*Drops it with the utmost delicacy and tenderness over the auburn ringlets of* Miss Gentle.) There! You hae a' o' ye seen a White Lily bending to the morning sunlight, no through weakness or because its stalk is bruised or broken, but because it is the nature o' the flower sae ever to incline, when meekly haudin' up its head to heaven—you hae a' o' ye seen a White Lily, I say, wi' a veil o' dew-draps let down on its sweet scented hair by the invisible hauns o' the whisperin' dawn—dew-drap after dew-drap melting away, till the day has at last left on its lustre but a reviving freshness—and the Flower, whom we poets call the Fair-and-well-Beloved, breathes and brightens afore our een but in its ain virgin innocence;—sic and siclike is the lady noo in presence—and may never heavier pressure be at her forehead than this airy veil, or that ane motionless and diamond-dropt, that amang the singing o' birds, and the murmuring o' streams, and the glintin' o' lichts, and the sailin' o' shadows, fa's down on her silken snood, unfelt by the ringlets it embraces, when, in the sweet hour of prime, she gangs out a' by hersel' into the tender calm, and gazes in delichted wonder on the woods and the waters and the mountains, a' giving glory for anither day o' time to their almichty Maker!

Mrs. Gentle. Mr. Hogg, Mr. North requested me to take charge of the making of his primrose-wine this season, and I used the freedom of setting aside a dozen bottles for your good lady at Altrive.

Shepherd. Did ye do sae indeed, Mem? I'm sure that was being maist kind and thochtfu'. I never kent, wad you believe me, till Mr. North sent me out your letter last spring, gien' instructions hoo to pu' and preserve them unfaded, that wine could be made o' primroses. Ony gift frae the like o' ane like you, Mem, wull be maist acceptable;

and nane but prime favorites sall ever pree't, and them only leddies that kens hoo to value the mistress; but for my ain pairt, you'll pardon me for sayin't, but, as sure's death, I'll no like it.

North. Will you try a glass of it now, James?

Shepherd. I'm easy. But Miss Gentle 'll pree't. Primrose-wine is just fit for siccan lips. My dear lassie—na, that's being ower familiar—my lovely leddy, wull I ca' Peter to bring a bottle?

Miss Gentle. It is, I think, sir, the pleasantest of all our home-made wines, and I shall be glad to drink a glass of it with you, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. Peter—Peter—Peter—Pate—I say, Pate! Is the man deaf? But I'll gang and tell him mysell. Is the kitchen to the right or the left haun? I forgot, he'll be in his ain bit neuk o' a butler's pantry.

Tickler. Heavens! Hogg, you have roared the thrush out of its nest.

Shepherd. Is there a mavis's nest amang the honey-suckles?

Miss Gentle. In the Virgin's Bower, sir.

Shepherd. Virgin's Bower, indeed—thou maist innocent o' God's creturs! But has't young anes, or is she only sittin'? (*Enter Peter.*) Peter, my braw man, Mr. North is ordering you to bring but a bottle o' Primrose-wine. (*Exit Peter.*) Wae's me, Mr. North, but I think Peter's lookin' auld-like.

North. Like master like man.

Thornton. Nay, nay, sir—I see little or no change on you since I sold out, and that, as you know, was the year in which the Allied Armies were in Paris.*

Shepherd. Weel—I declare, Cornnall, that I'm glad to hear your voice again—for, as far as I ken you on ower short an acquaintance—I wush it had been langer—but plenty o' life let us howp is yet afore us—you hae but only ae fault, and that's no a common ane—you dinna speak half aneuch as muckle's your freens could desire. Half aneuch, did I say?—na, no a fourth pairt—but put a pen intil your haun, and you ding the best o' us. O man! but your Memoirs o' your Youth and Manhood's maist interestin'. I'm no speaking as a critic, and hate phrasin' ony body—but yon's no a whit inferior, as a whole, to my ain "Perils."†

Thornton. Allow me to assure you, Mr. Hogg, that I am fully sensible both of the value and the delicacy of the compliment. Many faults in style and composition your practised and gifted eye could not fail to detect, or I ought rather in all humility to say, many such faults must have forced themselves upon it; but I know well, at the same time, that the genius which delights the whole world by its own

* In 1815.—M.

† Among Hogg's prose fictions one was the "Three Perils of Man," and another, the Three Perils of Woman."—M.

creations, is ever indulgent to the crudities of an ordinary mind, inheriting but feeble powers from nature, and those, as you know, little indebted to art, during an active life that afforded but too few opportunities for their cultivation.

Shepherd. Feeble poo'rs! Ma faith, Cornall, there's nae symptoms o' feeble poo'rs yonner—you're a strong-thinkin', strong-feelin', strong-writin', strong-actin', and let me add, notwithstandin' the want o' that airm that's missin', strong-lookin' man as is in a' his Majesty's dominions—either in the ceevil or military depairtment—and the cleverest fallow in a' Britain micht be proud to father yon three vollumms. Phrasin's no my fawte—it lies rather the ither way. They're just perfectly capital—and what I never saw afore in a' my born days, and never howp to see again, as sure as ocht, the thredd vollumm's the best o' the three; the story, instead o' dwining awa' intil a consumption, as is the case wi' maist lang stories that are seen gaun backwarts and forrits, no kennin' what to do wi' themsels, and losin' their gate, as sune as it gets dark—grows stouter and baulder, and mair confident in itself as it proceeds,

Veerace aqueerit yeundo,*

till at last it sooms up a' its hail poo'rs for a satisfactory catastrophe, and gangs aff victoriously into the land o' Finis in a sown' like distant thunner, or, to make use o' a martial simile, sin' I'm speakin' to a sodger, like that o' a discharge o' the great guns o' artillery roaring thanks to the welkin for twa great simultawneous victories baith by sea and land, on ane and the same day.

North. James, allow me, in the name of Colonel Thornton, to return you his very best thanks for your speech.

Shepherd. Ay—ay—Mr. North—my man—ye needna, after that, sir, try to review it in Blackwood; or gin you do, hae the grace to avow that I gied ye the germ o' the article, and sen' out to Altrive in a letter the twenty guineas a-sheet.

North. It shall be done, James.

Shepherd. Or rather suppose—to save yourself the trouble o' writin', which I ken you detest, and me the postage—you just tak out your red-turkey the noo, and fling me ower a twenty-pun bank post bill—and, for the sake o' auld lang syne, you may keep the shillins to yoursel'.

North. The evening is beginning to get rather cold—and I feel the air, from the draught of that door, in that painful crick of my neck—

Shepherd. That's a' a flam. Ye hae nae crick o' your neck. O sir, you're growin' unco hard—just a verra Joseph Hume. Speak o' siller,

* Vires acquiret eundo.—M.

that's to say, o' the payin' o't awa', and you're as deaf's a nit; but be there but whusper o' payin't intil your haun', and you're as gleg o' hearin' as a mowdiewarp. Is na that true?

North. Too true, James. I feel that I am the victim of a disease—and of a disease, too, my Shepherd, that can only be cured by death:—old age—we septagenarians are all misers.

Shepherd. O struggle against it, sir! As you love me, struggle against it! Dinna let your imagination settle on the stocks. Pass the fauldin' doors o' the Royal Bank wi' your een shut—sayin' a prayer.—Dear me!—dear me! what's the maitter wi' Mrs. Gentle? Greetin', I declare, and wipin' her een wi' Mr. North's ain bandana! What for are ye greetin', Mrs. Gentle? Hae ye gotten a sudden pain in your head? If sae, ye had better gang up stairs, and lie doon.

Mrs. Gentle (*in tears with a faint sob*). Mr. Hogg—you know not that man's—that noble—generous—glorious man's heart. But for him, what, where, how might I now have been—and my poor orphan daughter there at your side? Orphan I may well call her—for when her brave father, the General, fell——

Shepherd. There's nae punishment ower severe to inflick on me, Mem. But may I never stir aff this firm, if I was no a' in jeest; but there's naething mair dangerous than ill-timed daffin'—I weel ken that—and this is no the first time I hae wounded folks' feelin's wi' nae mair thocht or intention o' doin' sae than—this angel at my side. Tell your mother, my sweet Miss Gentle, no to be angry or sorry any langer—for his heart, for a' my silly nonsense, lies open afore me, and it's fertile wi' the growth o' a' the virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity—especially the last, which is, in good truth, but ae name for a' the Three.

Mrs. Gentle (*Peter entering with tea-tray*). Mr. Hogg, do you prefer black or green tea?

Shepherd. Yes—yes—Mem—black and green tea. But I'm taukin' nonsense. Green—Mem—green—mak' it strong—and I'll drink five cups that I may lie awauk a' nicht, and repent bringin' the saut tear into your ee by my waur than stupid nonsense about our benefactor.

Miss Gentle. Peter, take care of the kettle.

Shepherd. You're ower kind, Miss Gentle, to bid Peter tak care o the kettle on my account. There's my legs stretched out, that the stroop may hiss out its boilin' het steam on my shins, by way o' penance for my sin. I'll no draw a worsted thread through a single ane o' the blisters.

Miss Gentle. What a beautiful color, Mr. Hogg! One might think that the primroses had melted, and that this is the dew.

Shepherd (*drinking and bowing to Miss Gentle*). Ma sentiment—"**May we have in our airms whom we love in our hearts.**" You wudna

like, I ken, just to pronounce the words after me, but you'll no refuse the feelin'. It's no innocence like yours that fears a bit leaf floating on the glass pledged to love and friendship.

Tickler. You have not told us, my dear Hogg, how the country is looking this late spring.

Shepherd. Green as a cameleon could desire. The second snaw-storm gied a' things a drawback as they were hastenin' on into spring; but it had cleared the air, which immediately grew caller—and mair than caller—fu' at times o' a simmer heat, and the change within the week afore last was like that o' mawgic.

Miss Gentle. I fear that second snow-storm, sir, must have been fatal to many of the lambs, for being unlooked for at such a season, the shepherds, perhaps, had not time to bring them from the hill.

Shepherd. It's like you, Mem, to be sorry for the bit lambs. But you'll be happy to hear, baith for their sakes and that o' the farmers, the butchers too, and genteel families in by here in Embro' and the sooburbs, that there wasna five score starved or smoored in the twa hail parishes' o' Ettrick and Yarrow.

North. And the fruit trees, James?

Shepherd. The jergonelle on Eldenhope's barn-en' is sic a sight wi' blossoms as I never saw. Our ain auld cherry-tree that ye threeped upon me was dead, might hae been seen miles aff in its glory; and, to be sure, when you stood close till't, it was like a standard tree o' pearlins and diamonds, brichtening the knowe, and makin' the tawry and tawted sheep that happened to be lyin' aneath it, look as if they had naething to do near sic a glorious and superearthly vision. A' things else I aye think, baith animate and inanimate, even the bonniest amang them, get eclipsed into an obscure and common-day-like appearance, when stanin' aside a great fruit tree in full blossom. But it's only then that they're glorious—at least in this cleemat—for though ripe cherries are just excessive refreshin' the neist morn after toddy, and the delicious sappiness o' the jergonelle wull no bear disputin', on the tree baith fruits hae but a mean appearance; the ane round and poutin' like a kind o' lip I never had ony great fancy tae, and the tither lang, daft-lookin' things like taps and peeries, as indeed in a sense they are; and although multitudinous, yet not in their numbers sublime, for you ken weel aneuch that the servants hae taken on wagers on the maitter, and that, exceptin' them that's plucked stownways, you will ken to a nicety how many dizzens turns out to be in the hail Tot.

Miss Gentle. I have never lived one single spring in the country, Mr. Hogg, since I was a mere child; but I remember how much more beautiful I used to think it than any other season of the year. All things were so full of gladness and hope; and day after day, the very earth itself, as it grew greener and greener, seemed also to grow happier and more happy.

Shepherd. God bless your dear soul for thinking sae, and God bless these bricht een for seein' it was sae; and God bless your red lips for speakin' o' the spring wi' breath and soun' as sweet and as musical as that o' its ain blooming braes and murmuring waters.

Miss Gentle. I am told that late Springs are generally the best for the country, and that thought and that feeling must make them also the most beautiful, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. You speak like yersel', Mem. The maist beautifu' o' a' Springs, my dear Mem, is, whan early on in the season the weather has been mild and warm, wi' fleein' shoors, and mony glintin' hoors o' sunshine, and there comes, a' on a sudden, a raitherly sherp frost, but no sae sherp either as to nip—only to retard the genial strife o' the pooers o' Natur, a' anxious to get burstin' out into leafy life. The verra instant that that week or fortnicht o' a' things observable to ee or mind's ee staunin' still is ower, and the wast wind again begins to waver awa' the cluds into shapes like wee bit shielins and huts, and shiftin' aiblins at sunset to anither airt, say the south—bigs them up roun' and aboon his disk, into towers, and temples, and cathedrals,—then I say, a' at ance, the trees unfauld themselves like a banner, or as you micht suddenly unfauld that fan—the yearth, that has been lookin' grayish and gloomyish, wi' a' the roots o' garse like mouses' nests, puts on without warning her green cymar, like a fairy bride gaun to be married, and hearin' the sweet jingle o' the siller bells on the mane o' the steed o' her pretty paramour—up wi' first ae lark and then anither, no fearin' to be lost in a cloud, but singin' a' the while in the verra hairt o't, and then visible again as well as audible, speckin' the blue sky—that's the Spring, Mem, that's the Spring for me,—ae sic day—ay, ae sic hoor—ay, ae sic minnut o' Natur's book's worth fifty vollumns o' prentit prose and poetry, and micht weel require a giftit and a pious commentautor. But I'm waxin' wearisome——

Miss Gentle. Wearisome, Mr. Hogg! Pardon me for venturing to name you so, but the Ettrick Shepherd never could be wearisome to any one possessed of common——

Shepherd. It'll make us mair than happy—me, and the mistress, and the weans, and a' our humble household, if, Mrs. Gentle, you, and your dutifu' dochter, 'll come out to Yarrow wi' Mr. North, his verra first visit. Say, Mem, that you'll do't. Oh! promise you'll do't, and we'll a' be happy as the twenty-second o' June is lang.

Mrs. Gentle. I promise it, Mr. Hogg, most cheerfully. The Peebles Fly——

Miss Gentle. My mother will make proper arrangements, Mr. Hogg, in good time.

Shepherd. And then, indeed, there will be a Gentle Shepherdess in Yarrow.

North. A vile pun.

Shepherd. Pun! Heaven be praised, I never made a pun in my life. It's no come to that o't wi' me yet. A man's mind must be rookit o' thochts before he begins in his dotage to play upon words. But then, I say, there will be a shepherdess in Yarrow; and the author o' Lichts and Shadows, who imagines every red-kuted hizzie he meets to be a shepherdess——

Miss Gentle. Pardon me, sir, the Lights and Shadows are extremely beau——

Shepherd. Nae mair sugar, Mem, in ma cup; the last was rather ower sweet. What was ye gawn to say, Miss Gentle? but nae matter —it's fixed that you 're comin' out to Altrive in the Peebles Fly, and—

Miss Gentle. The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life——

Shepherd. I agree with you. They certainly are. Nobody admires the author's genius mair than I do; but—— What the deevil's become o' Mr. Tickler? I never missed him till this moment.

North. Yonder he is, James, rolling down the hill all his length with my gardener's children! happy as any imp among them—and worrying them in play, like an old tiger acting the amiable and paternal with his cubs, whom at another hour he would not care to devour.

Shepherd. Look at him, wi' his heels up i' the air, just like a horse rollin' i' the garse on bein' let out o' the harnesh! I wish he mayna murder some o' the weans in his wieldy gambols.

North. 'Tis the veriest great boy, Colonel Thornton! Yet as soon as he has got rid of the urchins, you will see him come stalking up the gravel walk, with his hands behind his back, and his face as grave as a monk's in a cloister, till flinging himself into a chair with a long sigh he will exclaim against the vanity of this weary world, and like the melancholy Jacques himself, moralize on that calf yonder, which by the way has pulled up the peg, and set off at a scamper over my bed of tulips. Mr. Tickler—hallo—will you have the goodness, now that you are on your legs, to tell the children to look after that young son of a cow——

Tickler (*running up out of breath*). He has quite the look of a puma —see how he handles his tail, and kicks up his heels like a D'Egville. Jem—Tommy—Bauldy, my boys,—the calf,—the calf—the hunt's up —halloo, my lads—halloo! (*Off they all set.*)

Shepherd. Faith, I've aneuch o' rinnin' after calves at hame. Here I'm on a holiday, and I'll sit still. What's a puma, Mr. North? I never heard tell o' a beast wi' that name before. Is it outlandish or indigenous?

North. The puma, James, is the Cougar of Buffon—the American Lion; and you will see a drawing of the animal by Lizars in the first number of James Wilson's beautiful illustrations of Zoology; or the animal itself in a cage in the College. Your friend Captain Lord Na-

pier brought it home in the Diamond frigate, and presented it to Professor Jameson.*

Shepherd. Are nane o' the bars o' the cage lowse, think ye? For wild beasts are no safe in colleges; and it would cause a sair stramash gin it got out o't, and entered the Divinity Hall.

North. It is at present of a very gentle disposition; and as a proof of its unwillingness to break the peace, Mr. Wilson mentions, that while in London it made its escape into the street during the night, but allowed itself to be taken up by a watchman, without offering even a show of resistance.

Miss Gentle. Its motions, even in its narrow cage, are wildly graceful; and when let out to range about a large room, it manifests all the elegant playfulness of the cat, without any of its alleged treachery. Mr. James Wilson was so good as to take me to see it, and told me, from Cuvier's History of the Animal Kingdom, a striking story of one of its wild brethren in the woods.

Shepherd. Wull ye hae the goodness to tell us the story, my bonnie dear? Ony thing in the way o' a story maun intereest anent a puma —a Cougar o' Buffon—and an American lion.

Miss Gentle. Two hunters went out in quest of game on the Katskill Mountains, each armed with a gun, and accompanied by a dog. Shortly after separating, one heard the other fire, and agreeable to compact, hastened to his comrade. After searching for him for some time without effect, he found his dog dead and dreadfully torn. His eyes were then suddenly directed, by the growl of a Puma, to the large branch of a tree where he saw the animal couching on the body of a man, and directing his eyes towards himself, apparently hesitating whether to make an attack, or relinquish its prey and take to flight. The Hunter discharged his piece and wounded the animal mortally, when both it and the dead body of the man fell to the ground together from the tree. The surviving dog then flew at the prostrate beast, but a single blow from its paw laid the dog dead by its side. In this state of things, finding that his comrade was dead, and that there was still danger in approaching the wounded animal, the man prudently retired, and with all haste brought several persons to the spot. The unfortunate Hunter, the Puma, and both the dogs, were all lying dead together.

Shepherd. Thank ye, Mem—a very bonny forenoon's sport indeed. Oh! but ye tell a story weel; and I'm thinkin' you'll be unco fond o' Natural History and Zoology, and the like——

Miss Gentle. I lay claim to but very slight and superficial know-

* Robert Jameson, appointed Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, in 1804, at the age of thirty, died in 1854, having occupied that chair for half a century. As a Naturalist and Geologist, his name had been familiar in the scientific circles of Europe and America during that extended period.—M.

ledge on any subject, sir; but it is with great interest that I study the habits and instincts of animals; and this anecdote I copied into my common-place book out of Mr. Griffith's translation of Cuvier, so that I dare say the most of the very words have remained in my memory.

Shepherd. And Mr. James Wilson, the great Naturalist, author o' Illustrations o' Zoology, tyuk you with him into a room where a Puma was gambollin' out o' his cage—did he?

Miss Gentle.. He did so, sir; but——

Shepherd. Nae buts, my dear Mem. I sall gie him his dixies for sic a rash ac' the first time I dine wi' him out yonner at Woodville. He may endanger his ain life wi' Pumas, or Crocodiles, or Krakens, or ony ither carnivorous cannibals, but he sha'na tak young leddies in wi' him intil their dens.

Miss Gentle. We did not go into the cage, Mr. Hogg——

Shepherd. Did na ye? Yet I've seen sic things dune. By payin' a sixpence, you was allooed to gang into the lion's den at Wommell's,* and it was no easy maitter to believe my een, when I rubbit them and saw, first ae nursery maid, and then anither, gang in wi' their maisters' and mistresses' bairns in their airms—the Lion a' the while lickin' his paws, and seemin' rather dour and dissatisfied wi' the intrusion. Suppose he had eaten a wean, what could the slut hae possibly said for herse!' when she tyuk hame only Maggy and Mary, and no puir wee Tam, who had only been charged sixpence for seein' his last Show?—but I'll no press the argument ony furder. You'll maybe hae read my Shepherd's Calendar in the Magazine, Mem?

Miss Gentle (*hesitating*). I have, I believe, sir, read all of it that relates to the habits and instincts of animals.

Shepherd. And a' the rest too, I see; but I'll no press the point. My pen sometimes rins awa wi' me, and——

Mrs. Gentle. Mary often reads the Queen's Wake, Mr. Hogg; and can, indeed, say Kilmeny, and some of the other Tales, by heart.

Shepherd. Oh! but it would make me a proud and a happy man to hear her receet only as mony as a dizzen lines.

Mrs. Gentle (*nodding to her daughter*). Mary!

Miss Gentle.

"Bonny Kilmeny's gane up the glen,
But it isna to meet Duneria's men."

(*The Calf gallops by in an exhausted state, tail-on-end,—with Tickler, and Jem, Tommy and Baldy, the gardener's children, in full cry. The recitation of Kilmeny is interrupted.*)

Shepherd. I canna lauch at that; and yet I dinna ken either—yonner's Tickler a' his length, haudin' fast by the tail, and the calf—it's a

* Wombwell's itinerating Exhibition of Wild Beasts, was the largest menagerie in England in 1827. The collection at the Zoological Gardens in London greatly surpasses it now.—M.

desperate strong beast for sae young a ane, and a quey too—harlin' him through the shrubbery. Haw! haw! haw! haw!—O, Cornall! but I'm surprised no to hear you lauchin'—for my sides is like to split.

Thornton. It is a somewhat singular part of my idiosyncrasy, Mr. Hogg, that I never feel the slightest impulse to laugh aloud. But I can assure you, that I have derived from the view-holla the most intense excitation of the midriff. I never was more amused in my life; and you had, within my very soul, a silent accompaniment to your guffaw.

North. These, Cyril, are not the indolent gardens of Epicurus. You see we indulge occasionally in active, even violent exercises.

Thornton. There is true wisdom, Mr. North, in that extraordinary man's mind. It has given me much pleasure to think that Mr. Tickler should have remembered my name—for I never had the honor of being in his company but once—when I was at the University of Glasgow, in the house of my poor old grand-uncle, Mr. Spreull. Mr. Tickler had carried some important mercantile case through your law-courts here for Mr. Spreull,* and greatly gratified the old gentleman by coming west without ceremony to take pot-luck. It was with no little difficulty that we got through dinner, for I remember Girzy was so utterly confounded by his tout-ensemble, his stature, his tie—for he sported one in those days—his gestures, his gesticulations, his jokes, his waggery, and his wit, all of a kind new to the West, that she stood for many minutes with the tureen of hotch-potch supported against her breast, and all her gray goggles fascinated as by a serpent, till poor old Mr. Spreull cursed her in his sternest style to set it down on the table, that he might ask a blessing.

(*Tickler, Jem, Tommy, and Baldy, recross the front of the Porch in triumph with the captive Calf, and disappear in the rear of the premises.*)

Shepherd. He'll be laid up for a week noo, on account o' this afternoon's stravagin' without his hat, and a' this rowin' ower braes wi' weans, and a' this gallopin' and calf-huntin'. He'll be a' black and blue the morn's mornin', and sae stiff that he'll no be able to rise.

North. If you please, my dear Cyril, here comes Peter with the green wax-taper, as you say, James,

"Like ae single wee starnie that shines its lane!"

(*Peter removes the tea-tray, and puts down the taper.*)

Shepherd. Preserve me, Mr. North, you and the Cornall's no gaun to yoke to the cigars in the porch amang leddies?

Thornton. Do not, I request you, Mr. Hogg, give way to needless distress on account of the fair ladies. These my cigars are from the

* One of the characters (and very well drawn) in Cyril Thornton.—M.

Havana; their peculiar fragrance will scarcely be distinguished in the evening air, among the other sweet scents floating from the flower garden. At Cadiz, where I resided several weeks, after the battle of Barossa, I could not but at first admire the Spanish ladies as they delicately lipped the cigar, and all the while murmured in my ear their sweet unintelligible Castilian speech.

Shepherd. Cadiz is no in Castile?

Thornton. I'm sorry for it, sir, but I cannot help it. Miss Gentle—a cigar?

Miss Gentle. I know not how to light it.

Shepherd. Gie me't, and I'll licht it for you at the pint o' the Cornall's.

Miss Gentle (*tripping across to Mr. North*). I will light it at my own dear father's.

North. Kiss my forehead, child.

(*Miss Gentle does so, lights the cigar at Mr. North's, and returns to her seat beside the Shepherd.*)

Mrs. Gentle. Mary, we must bid Mr. North and his friends good night. You know we are engaged at ten,

"And yon bright star has risen to warn us home."

Shepherd. What's the hurry? what's the hurry? But I see you're gaun, sae I needna try to keep you. I like friens that stays to the verra last moment they can, without hinting a word, and then glides awa in the gloamin' towards their ain hames. The Cornall 'ill bide with Mr. North, but I'll——

Mrs. Gentle. There is a door, Mr. Hogg, in the boundary wall, between Buchanan Lodge and Trinity, and we can pay our visits without going round by the road. Instead of a mile of dust, we have thus not above five hundred yards of greensward. Farewell.

North. Farewell.

Shepherd. Faur ye weel, faur ye weel—God bless you baith—faur ye weel—noo be sure no to forget your promise to bring Miss Mary out wi' ye to Ettrick.

Miss Gentle (*smiling*). In the Peebles Fly.

Shepherd. Na, your father, as ye ca'd him, when ye gied his auld wrinkled forehead a kiss, 'ill bring you to the Forest in his ain cotch and four. Faur ye weel—God bless you baith—faur ye weel.

Thornton. Ladies, I wish you good evening. Mrs. Gentle, the dews are falling; allow me to throw my fur cloak over you and Miss Gentle; it is an ancient affair, but of the true Merino. You flatter me by accepting it.

(*Covers Mother and Daughter with his military cloak, and they vanish.*)

North. Now, James, a single jug of toddy.

Shepherd. What, each?

North. Each. There comes Tickler as grave's a judge—make no allusion to the chase. (TICKLER *rejoins the party.*) But it is chilly, so let us go into the parlor. I see Peter has had the sense to light the candles—and there he goes with a pan of charcoal.

SCENE II.—*The Pitt Parlor.*—NORTH—COLONEL CYRIL THORNTON—SHEPHERD—TICKLER.

Tickler. The Bowl! The Bowl! The Bowl!

Shepherd. The Jug! The Jug! The Jug!

Tickler. The bonny blue gold-rimmed Bowl, deep as Compensation Pond, needing not all night any replenishment, and ebbing down so imperceptibly, that the cheated soul sees not the increasing line of dry shore!

Shepherd. The beautifu' brown silver-lipped Jug, profound as a well, yet aft-times during the short night demanding replenishment, and ebbing sae obviously, that every soul that kens what he's about at all, soon sees that there's no aboon ither twa glasses lying like cauld dregs at the bottom!

Tickler. The Sun-like Bowl!

Shepherd. The Star-like Jug!

Tickler. That fixed in the centre of the System——

Shepherd. That revolving round the circumference o' the System——

Tickler. Sheds light and heat.

Shepherd. Sheds light and heat.

North. Benignant provision made for *mortalia ægra*,

> **At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,**
> **And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove.**

How do you vote, Colonel?

Thornton. Why, in the very unsettled state of the government, I am free to confess, that I am unwilling to give any pledge to my sole constituent, the Country, which my conscience afterwards might not suffer me to redeem.

Shepherd. I dinna understand that equivocation, or tergiversation, as it is ca'd, at a'. Wull you answer me ae single question?

Thornton. Mr. Hogg, short as our friendship has been—and I hope I may call the right honorable Shepherd my friend——

Shepherd. You may do that—you may do that—rax ower your arm, and shake hands across the table. Wull ye answer me ae single question?

Thornton (*addressing himself to* MR. NORTH). Short, sir, as——

Shepherd. That's really ower provoking, Mr. Cornnall Cyril Thornton, Esquire,—Bowl or Jug?

Thornton. Both.

Shepherd. Ay, that's answerin' like a man as you are, every inch o' you—but what for roar sae loud? We're no a' deaf at this side o' the house.

Thornton. Were it not that the name is ugly and ominous, I should propose a coalition of parties, on the basis of mutual concession.

Shepherd. No need o' concessions—confound concessions. Whig and Tory may meet ane anither at the half-way house, and sit down to a Conciliation denner—but as sune as the strong drink operates, the fause friends 'll begin to glower first suspiciously, and then savagely, at ane anither—the cowards 'll egg on the crouse to fecht—them wi' glib tongues in their heads 'll keep gabblin' about principles and consistency—thev'll no be lang o' ca'in' ane anither names a' throughither, renegate, apostate, ratical, yultra, and every thing else that's infamous and fearsome—till feenally there's a battle-royal, a clourin' o' heads and a beatin' o' bottoms; while the bars and benches are fleein' up and down, and nae man, sic is the colleshangy, rippit, and stramash, can be sure whether he's knocked down or no by a new frien' or an auld enemy, fairly by the clenched fist, or by some sharp instrument, treacherously concealed within the palm of the hand—till the hail kintra-side, being scandaleezed at sic nefaurious behaviour, rise up like ae man, and kickin' the heterogeneous mass o' inconsistent combatants out o' doors, pu' down, out o' verra rage, the half-way house itsel, alias the Conciliation, alias the Accommodation tavern, no leaving sae muckle as a single stane to tell where the clay-biggin' stood.

(*The sliding doors run into the wall, and* TICKLER *enters with the Punch-Bowl, christened "Leviathan"—*PETER *close behind with the "Baltic" Jug.*)

Thornton. The transition from a Youth of cold Glasgow Punch,* to a Manhood of Edinburgh hot toddy, has in it something pleasant and mournful to the soul.

Shepherd. Let's finish the jug first—and, Peter, my man, if you would just rug that green-cloth aff the wee circular table in the window, and cover up the mouth o' the Bowl wi't, I wad be muckle obliged to you. It'll keep in the steam. That's it—it just fits. The circumferences o' the twa are just equal to one anither.

North. Take the hips from me. THE KING!

Omnes (*stantes*). Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra,—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra,—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra!!!

* One of the liveliest scenes in "Cyril Thornton" is that of a dinner party at Glasgow, after which the process of making cold punch is performed with the deliberation and judgment necessarily demanded by a transaction so solemn.—M.

Tickler. Suppose that in room of these glasses, that seem very fragile in the stalk, we substitute tumblers?

Thornton. I, for one, shall not make any "factious opposition" to that motion.

Shepherd. Nor me neither; but let it be coonted a bumper, gif the toddy reaches up to the heather-sprig.

North. If ever I accept a seat in the Cabinet, it must be accompanied with Place.

Tickler. On no other condition will I accede or adhere to any administration.

Shepherd. Do you think, sirs, that Mr. Canning should hae tell't his freens that Brumm had made him an overture o' the Whigs?

North. How can you ask the question, James? Certainly.

Tickler. Unquestionably.

Thornton. No doubt he ought, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. Weel then—ought he to try to carry the Catholic Question?

Omnes. Yes.

Shepherd. Wull he try?

Omnes. Cannot say.

Shepherd. But wull the King and country let him?

Omnes. No.

Shepherd. What must he do then?

Omnes. Go out.

North. Nothing, my dear James, as you well know, ever prospered long, even in this wicked world, but plain dealing. Public and private morality are not to the outward eye the same—for the coloring is different. But essentially they are one—and every attempt made to separate them recoils on the head of the schemers, and strikes them all to the earth.

Tickler. All the speechification of all the most eloquent men in England will be as ineffectual to prove that the two great parties in the State are virtually the same, as the drivel of a slavering idiot, to convince you or me that black is white, by holding up in his hands a black crow and a white dove, and muttering with a loud laugh, that he found them both sitting in one nest.

Thornton. I profess myself, as one of the old Whigs, hostile to the present arrangement. Some conversation passed between my Lord Grey and myself, about a month ago, and I am proud to think that his lordship so far honored the humble individual who now addresses you, as to embody some of his opinions and sentiments in his late admirable speech in the Upper House.*

* Lord Grey's speech, strongly attacking Canning, was delivered in the House of Lords, and was inspirited, no doubt, by the fact that the Premiership to which Canning had been promoted, was anticipated for himself (Grey) as leader of the aristocratic section of the Whig party.

North. One noble Lord declares he will support the Ministry, because it is to be guided by the principles of Lord Liverpool—and another noble Lord, equally sapient, and above suspicion, declares he will do so, because it is not. Between these two views of the subject are some score of shadings, those immediately adjacent to each other pretty much alike; but compare those about the middle with each extreme point, and you will observe that it is a bright administration, constructed, not so much on rainbow, as on patchwork principles. We defy you to tell the pattern. Here a graceful and elegant person —buttoned to the chin—with one hand in his breast, just above his heart—and the other outstretched in oratorial action. Here an honest old woman, leaning on her staff, and contrite for her factious resignation, returning to retake her mite out of the Treasury. Here England's Pride, and Westminster's Glory,* the terror of the boroughmongers, and friend to Parliaments accompanying the green earth but on one revolution round the sun, supporting on his shoulders a member lineally descended from the architect who contracted to build the Temple of Solomon, and twice convicted of bribery and corruption in an attempt nefarious by any means, to effect a lodgment in St. Stephen's Chapel for seven solar years. There a mild Whig, of middle age, ranging through his Majesty's Woods and Forests. Here a keen old citra-ultra Whig-Tory leering out of a glass-window in the character of Mat-o'-the-Mint. There one who erst frowned terrible at Satan (I look down at his feet, but nee no, &c.),

"Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved,"

converted into Raphael, "the affable Archangel," but soon to be made to resume his native shape at the touch of some Ithuriel's spear. Here a rabble rout of Radicals, with axes and pitch-smeared firebrands under their cloaks, waiting the word to hew and burn. While on the very edge, and at one corner of the patch-work—instead of in the centre—stands a throne some few degrees declined—and sitting there the shadow of one who the likeness of a kingly crown hath on—and who, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, waves a reluctant, but not a lasting farewell to six faithful servants—one holding in his hand the Balance of Justice, true and steady, even to a grain of dust—and another the sword of Victory, with the hilt fixed, but not fastened to the scabbard.

Shepherd. What, in the name o' Satan and a' his Saunts, can be

If this made the speech "admirable," spleen rather than principle was its foundation. Brougham's conduct, on the other hand, was admirable. Some years before, he and Canning had a "passage of arms" in Parliament, which disunited them for a time. When Canning took office, avowedly to conduct the Government on liberal principles, Brougham gave him powerful support in the Legislature,—wholly disinterested, too, as he declined accepting office.—M.

* Sir Francis Burdett, so called in his days of Radicalism.—M.

the riddle-me-ree o' that allegory? The toddy surely canna hae ta'en the head o' him already—for we ha'ena drank half a dizzen o' thae rather-aneath-the-middle-sized tumblers. Mr. North, you talked at tea-time o' me deein' o' a brain fiever—but I'm fearin' it's flown to your ain head, and that you're forced to be obedient, whether you will or no, to a species o' ravin'.

Tickler (*sings*).

Let's all get fou together,
Together, together,
Let's all get fou together,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho!
See how it runs down his gizzard,
His gizzard, his gizzard,
See how it runs down his gizzard,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho!

Omnes. Encore—encore—encore!

Tickler. No—I never do the same thing over again, now, on the same night. Encoring should be coughed down by general expectoration.

Thornton. I often feel for that nightingale, Miss Paton,* who, after seeming to pour out in thick delicious warble, nay, rather in a stream of sound, bold, bright, beautiful, and free, her very soul—is forced, fair Christian though she be, to courtesy to the Heathen Gods, and laying her white hand upbraidingly on her bosom, to recall it from its flight, and let it die once more in heavenly harmonies, that they may re thunder from their high abodes.

North. We have a sister of Miss Paton's here, Cyril—Miss Eliza Paton, a charming creature—in years quite a school-girl, but in face and figure a lovely woman—who is every day singing more and more like an angel. Miss I. Paton, too, occasionally sojourns with us in Edinburgh—and I have heard no such profound and pathetic contralto as hers since the era of the glorious Grassini.

Thornton. A family of genius.

North. They are so indeed—and it is hereditary on both sides of the house. For the father is a man of original talents, and the mother quite a delight—of the most mild and modest demeanor—prudent, sensible, and affectionate—and had her voice not mysteriously failed in her youth, I know not but she would have been the finest singer of them all.

Shepherd. I never thocht muckle o' the piawno till I heard Miss Yaniewicz. What fingering is yon! Like a shower o' dancing sunbeams! What's in general ca'd execution 's a desperate clatter o' keys. But that young leddy makes the ivory silver-sweet as the mu-

* Mary Anne Paton, now Mrs. Joseph Wood, whose professional visit to the United States is sufficiently recent to be recollected without any further reference to it here.—M.

sical glasses, or it crashes to her hauns like the pealing organ in a cathedral.

Tickler. I fear, Colonel, since you lost your arm, that you are no longer a sportsman.

Thornton. I have given up shooting, although Joe Manton constructed a light piece for me, with which I generally contrived to hit and miss time about; but I am a devout disciple of Izaak, and was grievously disappointed on my arrival t'other day in Kelso, to find another occupier in Walton Hall; but my friend Mr. Alexander Ballantyne, and I, proceed to Peebles on the first of June, to decide our bet of a rump and dozen, he with the spinning minnow, and I with Phin's delight.

Shepherd. Watty Ritchie 'll beat you baith with the May-flee, if it be on, or ony length aneath the stanes.

North. You will be all sorry to hear that our worthy friend Watty is laid up with a bad rheumatism, and can no longer fish the Megget Water and the lochs, and return to Peebles in the same day.

Shepherd. That's what a' your waders comes to at last. Had it no been, Mr. North, for your plowterin' in a' the rivers and lochs o' Scotland, baith sawt water and fresh, like a Newfoundland dog, or rather a seal or an otter, you need na had that crutch aneath your oxter. Cornnall Cyril, saw ye him ever a-fishin?

Thornton. Never but once, for want of better ground, in the Crinan Canal, out of a coal-barge, for braises, when I was a red-gowned student at Glasgow.

Shepherd. Oh! but you should hae seen him in Loch-Owe, or the Spey. In he used to gang, out, out, and ever sae far out frae the pint o' a promontory, sinkin' aye furder and furder doon, first to the waistband o' his breeks, then up to the middle button o' his waistcoat, then to the verra breest, then to the oxters, then to the neck, and then to the verra chin o' him, sae that ye wunnered how he could fling the flee, till last o' a' he would plump richt out o' sicht, till the Highlander on Ben Cruachan thocht him droon'd; but he wasna born to be drooned—no he, indeed—sae he taks to the soomin', and stricks awa wi' ae arm, like yoursel, sir, for the tither had haud o' the rod—and, cou'd ye believ't, though it's as true as Scriptur, fishin' a' the time, that no a moment o' the cloudy day micht be lost; ettles at an island a quarter o' a mile aff, wi' trees, and an old ruin o' a religious house, wherein beads used to be coonted, and wafers eaten, and mass muttered hundreds o' years ago; and gettin' footin' on the yellow sand or the greensward, he but gies himsel a shake, and ere the sun looks out o' the clud, has hyucket a four-pounder, whom in four minutes (for it's a multiplying pirn the cretur uses) he lands gasping through the giant gills, and glitterin' wi' a thousan' spots, streaks, and stars, on the shore. That's a pictur o' North's fishin' in

the days of yore. But look at him noo—only look at him noo—wi' that auld-farrant face o' his, no unlike a pike's, crunkled up in his chair, his chin no that unwullin' to take a rest on his collar-bane—the hauns o' him a' covered wi' chalk-stanes—his legs like winnle-straes—and his knees but knobs, sae that he canna cross the room, far less soom over Loch-Owe, without a crutch; and wunna you join wi' me, Cornnall Cyril, in haudin' up baith your hauns—I aux your pardon, in haudin' up your richt haun—and comparin' the past wi' the present, exclaim, amaist sobbin', and in tears, "Vanity o' vanities! all is vanity!"

North (*suddenly hitting the Shepherd over his sconce with his crutch*). Take that, blasphemer!

Shepherd (*clawing his pow*). "Man of age, thou smitest sore!"

Thornton. Mr. Hogg, North excels at the crutch-exercise.

Shepherd. Put your finger, Cornnall, on here—did you ever fin' sic a big clour risen in sae wee a time?

Thornton. Never. Mr. North with his crutch, had he lived in the Sylvan Age of Robbery, would have been a match for the best of the merry Outlaws of Sherwood. Little John would have sung small, and Robin Hood fancied him no more than he did the Pinder of Wakefield.

Shepherd. That's what's ca'd at Buchanan Lodge cracking a practical joke, Cornnall. I maun get Peter to bring me some brown paper steep'd in vinegar, or the clour'll be like a horn. I scarcely think, even already, that my hat would stay on. O sir, but you're desperate cruel.

North. Not I, my dear James. I knew I had a man to deal with; the tenth part of such a touch would have killed a Cockney.

Shepherd. The table's unco coggly; and if a body happens to fill their tumbler to the brim, the toddy fa's ower, and jaups it a', makin' the mahogany nasty sticky.

North. One of the feet is too short; but it is a difficult thing to get a book exactly of the right size to steady it. Tom Dibdin is making the attempt now—but without any benefit.

Tickler. Boaden?

North. Too heavy. Peter uses him instead of the lead for the front door.

Tickler. Shall we try Reynolds?

North. Too light.

Tickler. Old O'Keefe?

North. He would do better, but is now too much battered.

Tickler. The Margravine of Anspach?*

* Thomas Dibdin, Frederick Reynolds, John O'Keefe, (author of "Wild Oats" and other plays,) and the Margravine of Anspach had respectively published their Autobiographies in 1827.—M

North. I am using her at present for the door of my bed-room, to keep it from flying to in this hot weather; and when the nights are cool I take the old lady into bed with me, sliding her, when I get sleepy, under the bolster.

Shepherd. That's a bonny way o' usin' so many o' Mr. Cobrun's byucks; for my ain pairt, I like just excessively to read the lives o' play-actors and play-actresses, and every thing in ony way connected with the stage.

Tickler. So do I, Hogg. There's Cibber, a delightful book.* You are carried back by a single little unimportant fact to the Augustan age—such as Cibber's mentioning that the person sitting next him in the pit was—Mr. Addison!

North. Reynolds is the liveliest of those modern Theatrical Autobiographers, and tells well some good stories. Dibdin is less so—but he seems to be, notwithstanding, a clever man, with his talents at all times at his finger ends; and what is better, an amiable and an honest man. I like Tom Dibdin both on his own and his father's account. I never saw Tom, but his father I knew well; and although my friend Allan Cunningham and I differ in opinion on that point, he was, take good, bad, and indifferent together, the best sea-song writer that ever was chanted below or between decks of the British Navy.†

Shepherd. What a bow-wowing's that, thinks ony o' you, out-by?

North. Bronte baying at some blackguards on the outer side o' the gate.

Shepherd. Oh! sir, I've heard tell o' your new Newfoundland dowg, and would like to see him. May I ring for Peter to lowse him frae his cheen, and bring him ben for me to look at?

(*Rings the bell—Peter receives his instructions.*)

North. Bronte's mother, James, is a respectable female who now lives in Claremont Crescent; his father, who served his time in the navy, and was on board Admiral Otway's ship when he hoisted his flag in her on the Leith Station, is now resident, I believe, at Porto-Bello. The couple have never had any serious quarrel; but, for reasons best known to themselves, choose to live apart. Bronte is at present the last of all his race—the heir apparent of his parents' virtues—his four brothers and three sisters having all unfortunately perished at sea.

Shepherd. Did ye ever see ony thing grow so fast as a Newfoundland whalp? There's a manifest difference on them between breakfast and denner, and denner and sooper; and they keep growin' a' nicht lang.

* "An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber," written by himself, is one of the most entertaining of all dramatic memoirs. It gives the History of the British Stage during a period of forty years, in the reigns of William III., Anne, George I. and George II.—M.

† Charles Dibdin, although an actor by profession, was more successful as a dramatist and musical composer. His literary reputation principally rests upon his sea-songs; he composed about 1,400 songs, and 30 dramatic pieces.—M.

North. Bronte promises to stand three feet without his shoes——

Shepherd. I hear him comin'—yowf-yowffin as he spangs along. I wush he mayna coup that weak-ham'd bodie, Peter.

(*Door opens, and* BRONTE *bounces in.*)

Thornton. A noble animal, indeed, and the very image of a dog that saved a drummer of ours, who chose to hop overboard, through fear of a flogging, in the Bay of Biscay.

North. What do you think of him, James?

Shepherd. Think o' him? I canna think o' him—it's aneuch to see him—what'n a sagacious countenance! look at him lauchin' as he observes the empty punch-bowl. His back's preceesely on a line wi' the edge o' the table. And oh! but he's bonnily marked, a white ring roun' the neck o' him, a white breast, white paws, a white tip o' the tail, and a' the rest as black as nicht. O man, but you're towsy! His legs, Mr. North, canna be thinner than my airm, and what houghs, hips, and theeghs! I'm leanin' a' my hale waght upon his back, and his spine bends nae mair than about the same as Captain Brown's chain-pier at Newhaven, when a hundred folk are wauking alang't, to gang on board the steamboat. His neck, too, 's like a bill's—if he was turnin' o' a sudden at speed, a whap o' his tail would break a man's leg. Fecht! I'se warrant him fecht, either wi' ane o' his ain specie, or wi' cattle wi' cloven feet, or wi' the lions Nero or Wallace o' Wummell's Menagerie, or wi' the lord o' creation, Man—by himsel' Man! How he would rug them down—dowgs, or soos, or stirks, or lions, or rubbers! He could kill a man, I verily believe, without ever bitin' him—just by doonin him wi' the waght o' his body and his paws, and then lying on the tap o' him, growlin to throttle and devour him if he mudged. He would do grandly for the monks o' St. Bernard to save travellers frae the snaw. Edwin Landseer* maun come doon to Scotland, for ane's errand, just to pennt his pictur, that future ages may ken that in the reign o' George the Fourth, and durin' the Queer Whig-and-Tory Administration, there was such a dowg.

North. I knew, James, that he was a dog after your own heart.

Shepherd. O, sir! dinna let ony body teach him tricks—sic as runnin' back for a glove, or standin' on his hurdies, or loupin' out ower a stick, or snappin' bread frae aff his nose, or ringin' the bell, or pickin' out the letters o' the alphabet, like ane o' the working classes at a Mechanic Institution,—leave a' tricks o' that sort to Spaniels, and Poodles and Puggies, (I mean nae reflection on the Peebles Puggie withouten the tail, nor yet Mr. Thomas Grieve's Peero,) but respec the soul that maun be in that noble, that glorious frame; and if you maun chain him, let him understand that sic restraint is no incompawtible wi' lib-

* Sir Edwin Landseer, the best of all the English animal painters, used to pay an annual visit to Scotland, among the islands and highlands of which he passed weeks, studying the habits, forms, and aspects of the creatures whom he has so truly depicted.—M.

erty; and as for his kennel, I would hae it sclated, and a porch ower the door, even a miniture imitation o' the Buchanan Lodge.

North. James, we shall bring him with us—along with the Gentles—to Altrive.

Shepherd. Proud wud I be to see him there, sir, and gran' soomin wud he get in St. Mary's Loch, and the Loch o' the Lowes, and Loch Skene. But there's just ae objection—ae objection, sir—I dinna see how I can get ower't.

North. The children, James? Why, he is as gentle as a new-dropt lamb.

Shepherd. Na, na, it's no the weans—for Jamie and his sisters would ride on his back—he could easy carry threppla—to Yarrow Kirk on the Sabbaths. But—but he would fecht with—the Bonassus.

North. The Bonassus! What mean ye, Shepherd?

Shepherd. I bocht the Bonassus frae the man that had him in a show; and Bronte and him would be for fechtin' a duel, and baith o' them would be murdered, for neither Bronte nor the Bonassus would say "Hold, enough."

North. Of all the extraordinary freaks, my dear bard, that ever your poetical imagination was guilty of, next to writing the Perils of Women, your purchase of the Bonassus seems to me the most miraculous.

Shepherd. I wanted to get a breed aff him wi' a maist extraordinar cow, that's half-blood to the loch-and-river kine by the bill's side—and I have nae doubt but that they will be gran' milkers, and if fattened, wull rin fifty score a quarter. But Bronte maunna come out to Altrive, sir, till the Bonassus is dead.

North. But is the monster manageable, James? Is there no danger of his rebelling against his master? Then suppose he were to break through, or bound over the stone-wall and attack me, as I kept hobbling about the green braes, my doom would be sealed. I have stood many a tussel in my day, as you know and have heard, James; but I am not, now, single-handed, a match for the Bonassus.

Shepherd. The stane-wa's about my farm are rather rickly; but he never tries to break them doun as lang as the kye's wi' him,—nor do I think he has ony notion o' his ain strength. It's just as weel, for wi' yon head and shouthers he could ding doun a house.

Thornton. How the deuce, Mr. Hogg, did you get him from Edinburgh to Altrive? To look at him, he seemed an animal that would neither lead nor drive.

Shepherd. I bought him, sir, at Selkirk, wagon and a', and druv him hame mysel. The late owner tawked big about his fury and fairceness—and aiblins he was fairce in his keepin' as weel he micht be, fed on twa bushels o' ingens—unnions that is—per deeam—but as sune as I had him at Mount Benger, I backet the wagon a wee doun hill,

flang open the end door, and out, like a debtor, frae five years' confinement, lap the Bonassus——

Tickler. Was you on the top of the wagon, James?

Shepherd. No—that thocht had occurred to me,—but I was munted,—and the powney's very fleet, showin' bluid,—and aff I set at the gallop——

Tickler. With the Bonassus after you?

Shepherd. Whisht, man, whisht. The poor beast was scarcely able to stan'! He had forgotten the use of his legs! Sae I went up to him, on futt withouten fear, and patted him a' ower. Sair frights some o' the folk frae Megget Water got, on first coming on him unawares, —and I'm tell't that there's a bairn owerby about the side of Moffat Water—it's a callant—whose mither swarfed at the Bonassus, when she was near the doon-lying, that has a fearsome likeness till him in the face; but noo he's weel kent, and I may say, liked and respeckit through a' the Forest, as a peaceable and industrious member o' society.

North. I dread, my dear James, that independent of the Bonassus, it will not be possible for me to be up with you before autumn. I believe that I must make a trip to London im——

Shepherd. Ay, ay,—the truth's out noo. The rumor in the Forest was, that you had been sent for by the King a month sin' syne, but wadna gang,—and that a sheriff's offisher had been dispatched in a chaise-and-four frae Lunnun, to bring you up by the cuff o' the neck, and gin you made ony resistance at the Lodge, to present his pistol.

North. There are certain secrets, my dearest James, the development of which, perhaps, lies beyond even the privileges of friendship. With you I have no reserve—but when majesty——

Shepherd. Lays its command on a loyal subject, you was gaun to say, he maun obey. That's no my doctrine. It's slavish-like. You did perfectly richt, sir; the hail Forest swore you did perfectly richt in refusin' to stir a futt frae your ain fireside in a free kintra, like the auld kingdom o' Scotland. Had the King been leevin' at Holyrood, it micht hae been different; but for a man o' your years to he haurled through the snaw——

North. I insist that this sort of conversation, sir, stop—and that what has been now said—most unwarrantedly, remember, James—go no farther. Do not think, my dear Shepherd, that all that passes within the penetralia of the Royal breast, finds an echo in the rumors of the Forest. "But something too much of this."

Shepherd. Weel, weel, sir—weel, weel. But dinna look sae desperate angry. I canna thole to see a frown on your face, it works sic a dreadfu', I had maist said deeabolical change on the hail expression o' the faytures. O smile, sir! if ye please—do, Mr. North, sir, my dear freen, do just gie ae bit blink o' a smile at the corner o' your ee or mouth—ay, that 'll do, Christopher—that 'll do. O maun, Kit, but

you was fierce the noo just at naething ava', as folks generally is when they are at their faircest, for then their rampaging passion meets wi' nae impediment, and keeps feed, feed, feedin' on itself and its ain heart.

North. For his Majesty King George the Fourth, James, would I lay down my life. A better—a nobler King—never sat on the British throne.

Shepherd. Deevil the ane. I dinna like the thocht o' deein', but gin it cam to that, and that my life could save his life, the thocht would be like the sound o' a trumpet, and when I fell I shou'd

"Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of Fame!"

North. Scotland was delighted with the Thane's elevation to the Peerage.

Shepherd. What! Lord Fife's? She had reason to be sae; for there's no a nobler ane amang a' her nobles.*

North. Not one.

Shepherd. Ae promise ye maun gie me, my dear sir, before you gang to Lunnun, and that's no to gang into the Tunnel.†

North. But Brunel, James, is one of my most particular friends, and if he asks me to accompany him, I do not know how I can refuse.

Shepherd. That's the head engineer? Just tell him at aince that I hae extorted an oath, made you swear ower the dregs o' a jug o' toddy and a bowl o' punch, the Baltic and the Leviathan, that nae power on earth, short o' a Pulley or a Steam-engine, shall induce, or seduce you into the Tunnel.

North. I swear.

Shepherd. Noo I'm easy. A Tunnel, indeed, aneath the Thames! If there's no brig anew, canna they bigg mair o' them? Nae Tunnels, nor Funnels—for I kenna what you ca' them—aneath rivers for me! It's no verra pleasant passin' even under an aqueduck. But, Lord preserve us! think o' a street a' roarin' wi' passengers, and lighted wi' lamp-posts, half a mile lang, and after a' but a Tunnel!

* "The Thane" (James Duff, Earl of Fife) had been created Baron Fife, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, which gave him a seat in the Upper House of Parliament.—M.

† The Thames Tunnel was completed, and publicly opened, in 1843. Sir Isambert Brunel, who projected and executed it, learned and had his first practice in the art of engineering, in the United States. In England, subsequently, he had great difficulty in carrying out his invention of making ship-blocks by machinery, which was adopted into the British navy in 1806. When the Emperor of Russia visited England in 1814, Brunel submitted to him a plan for making a tunnel under the Neva; where the accumulation of ice, and the suddenness with which it breaks up on the termination of winter, rendered the erection of a bridge a work of great difficulty. This was the origin of his plan for a tunnel under the Thames, which had been twice before attempted. After many difficulties—chiefly arising from the necessity of building a solid structure through a quicksand—the Tunnel was completed, but is rather an object of curiosity than utility.—Brunel died in 1849. His son was engineer of the Great Western Rail way, from London to Bristol and Exeter, on the broad gauge.—M.

North. Yet I hope Brunel, a man of true genius, may yet overcome all difficulties.

Shepherd. Never; no, never. Only think o' plastering the back, or rather the bottom o' the river Thames wi' clay, to hinner the water frae oozing through the roof o' the Tunnel!

North. It does indeed seem a slight application for a hopeless disease.

Shepherd. Thank God, sir, you was no in the Tunnel that day! In twal minutes fu' to the verra mouth o' the shaft! You never could hae made your escape, gran' soomer as you ance was; and what signifies soomin' when the risin' waters jam you up to the ceilin'—or when twenty out o' a hunder Irish laborers grup haud of your legs? There maun hae been fine helter-skelterin' that day; but neist time the Thames pays a visit to his ain Tunnel, he mayna be so slaw, nor yet so sober—but send a' the four hunder men wi' their spades, and shovels, and pick-axes, and gavelocks, and barrows, haund and horrel'd, and a' the sheds, and scaffoldin', and machinery, steam-engines and a', to destruction in ae single squash. But whisht—there's thunner!

Tickler. Only Mr. Ambrose with the coach I ordered to be at the Lodge precisely at one.

Shepherd. I'm sorry she's come. For I was just beginnin' to summon up courage to hint the possibility, if no the propriety, o' anither bowl—or at least a jug.

Thornton (*rising*). God bless you, sir, good morning. Mr. Ambrose may call it but one o'clock, if it gives him any pleasure to think that the stream of time may run counter to the moon and stars; but it is nearer three, and I trust the lamps are not lighted needlessly to affront the dawn. Once more—Good bless you, sir. Good morning.

North. Thursday at six, Cyril—farewell.

Enter Mr. Ambrose *to announce the coach.*

Shepherd. Gude by, sir, dinna get up aff your chair. (*Aside.*) Cornall, he canna rise. The coach'll drap the Cornall at Awmrose's in Picardy, and me at the Peebles Arms, Sign o' the Sawmon, Candlemaker Row— and Mr. Tickler at his ain house, Southside—and by then it'll be about time for't to return to the stance in George Street.

Thornton (*opening the window-shutters at a nod from* North). The blaze of day!

(*Coach drives from the Lodge, ribands and rod in the hand of* Mr. Ambrose.)

No. XXXIV.—JULY, 1827.

SCENE I.—*Two Bathing-machines in the Sea at Portobello.*

SHEPHERD *and* TICKLER.

Shepherd. Halloo, Mr. Tickler, are you not ready yet, man? I've been a mother-naked man, in my machine here, for mair than ten minutes. Hae your pantaloons got entangled amang your heels, or are you saying your prayers afore you plunge?

Tickler. Both. These patent long drawers, too, are a confounded nuisance—and this patent short under-shirt. There is no getting out of them without greater agility than is generally possessed by a man at my time of life.

Shepherd. Confound a' pawtents. As for mysel' I never wear drawers, but hae my breeks lined wi' flannen a' the year through; and as for thae wee short corded under-shirts that clasp you like ivy, I never hae had ane o' them on syn last July, when I was forced to cut it aff my back and breast wi' a pair o' sheep-shears, after having tried in vain to get out o't every morning for twa month. But are ye no ready, sir? A man on the scaffold wad na be allowed sae lang time for preparation. The minister or the hangman will be jugging him to fling the handkerchief.

Tickler. Hanging, I hold, is a mere flea-bite——

Shepherd. What! tae doukin?—Here goes.

(*The* SHEPHERD *plunges into the sea.*)

Tickler. What the devil has become of James? He is nowhere to be seen. That is but a gull—that only a seal—and that a mere pellock. James, James, James!

Shepherd (*emerging*). Wha's that roaring? Stop awee till I get the sawt water out o' my een, and my mouth, and my nose, and wring my hair a bit. Noo, whare are you, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. I think I shall put on my clothes again, James. The air is chill; and I see from your face that the water is as cold as ice.

Shepherd. Oh, man! but you're a desperate cooart. Think shame o' yoursell, staunin' naked there at the mouth of the machine, wi' the hail crew o' yon brig sailin' up the Frith, looking at ye, ane after anither, frae cyuck to captain, through the telescope.

Tickler. James, on the sincerity of a shepherd, and the faith of a Christian, lay your hand on your heart, and tell me was not the shock tremendous? I thought you never would have reappeared.

Shepherd. The shock was naething, nae mair than what a body feels when waukenin' suddenly during a sermon, or fa'in' ower a staircase in a dream.—But I'm aff to Inchkeith.

Tickler. Whizz. (*Flings a somerset into the sea.*)

Shepherd. Ane—twa—three—four—five—sax—seven—aught—but there's nae need o' coontin'—for nae pearl-diver, in the straits o' Madagascar or aff the coast o' Coromandel, can haud in his breath like Tickler. Weel, that's surprisin'. Yon chaise has gaen about half a' mile o' gate towards Portybelly syn he gaed fizzin' out-ower the lugs like a verra rocket. Safe us, what's this gruppin' me by the legs? A sherk—a sherk—a sherk!

Tickler (*yellowing the surface*). Blabla—blabla—bla——

Shepherd. He's keep't soomin' aneath the water till he's sick; but every man for himself, and God for us all—I'm aff.

(SHEPHERD *stretches away to sea in the direction of Inchkeith*—TICKLER *in pursuit.*)

Tickler. Every sinew, my dear James, like so much whip-cord. I swim like a salmon.

Shepherd. O, sir! that Lord Byron had but been alive the noo, what a sweepstakes!

Tickler. A Liverpool gentleman has undertaken, James, to swim four-and-twenty miles at a stretch. What are the odds?

Shepherd. Three to one on Saturn and Neptune. He'll get numm.

Tickler. James, I had no idea you were so rough on the back. You are a perfect otter.

Shepherd. Nae personality, Mr. Tickler, out at sea. I'll compare carcasses wi' you ony day o' the year. Yet, you're a gran' soomer—out o' the water at every stroke, neck, breast, shouthers, and half way doon the back—after the fashion o' the great American serpent. As for me, my style o' soomin's less showy—laigh and lown—less hurry, but mair speed. Come, sir, I'll dive you for a jug o' toddy.

(TICKLER *and* SHEPHERD *melt away like foam-bells in the sunshine.*)

Shepherd. Mr. Tickler!

Tickler. James!

Shepherd. It's a drawn bate—sae we'll baith pay. O sir! is na Embro a glorious city? Sae clear the air, yonner you see a man and a woman stannin' on the tap o' Arthur's Seat!* I had nae notion there were sae mony steeples, and spires, and columns, and pillars, and obelisks, and doms, in Embro! And at this distance, the ee canna

* Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags tower close to Edinburgh on the south-east.—M.

distinguish atween them that belangs to kirks, and them that belangs to naval monuments, and them that belangs to ile-gas companies, and them that's only chimney-heeds in the auld toun, and the taps o' groves, or single trees, sic as poplars; and aboon a' and ahint a', craigs and saft-broo'd hills sprinkled wi' sheep, licht and shadows, and the blue vapory glimmer o' a midsummer day—het, het, het, wi' the barometer at ninety;—but here, to us twa, bob-bobbin amang the wee, fresh, cool, murmurin', and faemy wi' waves, temperate as the air within the mermaid's palace. Anither dive!

Tickler. James, here goes the Fly-Wheel.

Shepherd. That beats a'! He gangs round in the water like a jack roastin' beef. I'm thinkin' he canna stop himsel'. Safe us, he's fun' out the perpetual motion.

Tickler. What fish, James, would you incline to be, if put into scales?

Shepherd. A dolphin—for they hae the speed o' lichtnin'. They'll dart past and roun' about a ship in full sail before the wind, just as if she was at anchor. Then the dolphin is a fish o' peace—he saved the life o' a poet o' auld, Arion, wi' his harp—and oh! they say, the creatur's beautifu' in death. Byron, ye ken, comparin' his hues to those o' the sun settin' ahint the Grecian Isles. I sud like to be a dolphin.

Tickler. I should choose to sport shark for a season. In speed he is a match for the dolphin—and then, James, think what a luxury to swallow a well-fed chaplain, or a delicate midshipman, or a young negro girl occasionally——

Shepherd. And feenally to be grupped wi' a hyuck in a cocked hat and feather, at which the shark rises, as a trout does at a flee, hawled on board, and hacked to pieces wi' cutlasses and pikes by the jolly crew, or left alive on the deck, gutted as clean as a dice-box, and without an inch o' bowels.

Tickler. Men die at shore, James, of natural deaths as bad as that——

Shepherd. Let me see—I sud hae nae great objections to be a whale in the Polar Seas. Gran' fun to fling a boatfu' o' harpooners into the air—or, wi' ae thud o' your tail, to drive in the stern-posts o' a Greenlandman.

Tickler. Grander fun still, James, to feel the inextricable harpoon in your blubber, and to go snorting away beneath an ice-floe with four mile of line connecting you with your distant enemies.

Shepherd. But then whales marry but ae wife, and are passionately attached to their offspring. There, they and I are congenial speerits. Nae fish that swims enjoys so large a share of domestic happiness.

Tickler. A whale, James, is not a fish.

Shepherd. Is na he? Let him alane for that. He's ca'd a fish in

the Bible, and that's better authority than Buffon. Oh! that I were a whale!

Tickler. What think you of a summer of the American Sea-Serpent?

Shepherd. What? To be constantly cruised upon by the hale American navy, military and mercantile! No to be able to show your back aboon water without being libelled by the Yankees in a' the newspapers, and pursued even by pleasure-parties, playin' the hurdy-gurdy and smokin' cigars! Besides, although I hae nae objection to a certain degree o' singularity, I sudna just like to be sae very singular as the American Sea-Serpent, who is the only ane of his specie noo extant; and whether he dees in his bed, or is slain by Jonathan, must incur the pain and the opprobrium o' defunckin' an auld bachelor. What's the matter wi' you, Mr. Tickler? (*Dives.*)

Tickler. The calf of my right leg is rather harder than is altogether pleasant. A pretty business if it prove the cramp; and the cramp it is, sure enough—hallo—James—James—James—hallo—I'm seized with the cramp—James; the sinews of the calf of my right leg are gathered up into a knot about the bulk and consistency of a sledge-hammer——

Shepherd. Nae tricks upon travellers. You've nae cramp. Gin you hae, streek out your richt leg, like a horse giein' a funk—and then ower on the back o' ye, and keep floatin' for a space, and your cauf 'll be saft's a cushion. Lord safe us, what's this? Deevil tak me if he's no droonin'. Mr. Tickler, are you droonin'? There he's doon ance, and up again—twice, and up again;—but it's time to tak haud o' him by the hair o' the head, or he'll be doon amang the limpets!

(SHEPHERD *seizes* TICKLER *by the locks.*)

Tickler. Oho—oho—oho—ho—ho—hra—hra—hrach—hrach.

Shepherd. What language is that? Finnish? Noo, sir, dinna rug me doon to the bottom alang wi' you in the dead-thraws.

Tickler. Heaven reward you, James; the pain is gone—but keep near me.

Shepherd. Whammle yoursel' ower on your back, sir. That 'ill do. Hoo are you now, sir? Yonner's the James Watt steamboat, Captain Bain, within half a league. Lean on my airm, sir, till he comes alang-side, and it 'ill be a real happiness to the captain to save your life. But what 'ill a' the leddies do whan they're hoistin' us a-board? They maun just use their fans.

Tickler. My dear Shepherd, I am again floating like a turtle,—but keep within hail, James. Are you to the windward or leeward?

Shepherd. Right astarn. Did you ever see, sir, in a' your born days, sic a sky? Ane can scarcely say he sees't, for it's maist invisible in its blue beautifu' tenuity, as the waters o' a well! It's just like the ee o' ae lassie I kent lang ago—the langer you gazed intil't, the deep, deep, deeper it grew—the cawmer and the mair cawm—composed o'

a smile, as an amethyst is composed o' licht—and seeming something impalpable to the touch, till you ventured wi' fear, joy, and tremblin' to kiss it just ae hesitatin', pantin', reverential kiss—and then to be sure your verra sowl kent it to be a bonny blue ee, covered wi' a lid o' dark fringes, and drappin' aiblins a bit frichten'd tear to the lip o' love.

Tickler. What is your specific gravity, James? You float like a sedge.

Shepherd. Say rather a Nautilus, or a Mew. I'm native to the yelement.

Tickler. Where learned you the natatory art, my dear Shepherd?

Shepherd. Do you mean soomin'? In St. Mary's Loch. For a hail simmer I kept plouterin' alang the shore, and pittin' ae fit to the grun, knockin' the skin aff my knees, and makin nae progress, till ae day, the gravel haein' been loosened by a flood, I plowpped in ower head and ears, and in my confusion, turnin' my face the wrang airt, I swom across the loch at the widest, at ae streatch, and ever after that cou'd hae soomed ony man in the Forest for a wager, excep Mr. David Ballantyne, that noo leeves ower by yonner, near the Hermitage Castle.

Tickler. Now, James, you are, to use the language of Spenser, the Shepherd of the Sea.

Shepherd. O that I had been a sailor! To hae circumnavigated the warld! To hae pitched our tents, or built our bowers, on the shores o' bays sae glitterin' wi' league lang wreaths o' shells, that the billows blushed crimson as they murmured! To hae seen our flags burnin' meteor-like, high up amang the primeval woods, while birds bright as ony buntin' sat trimmin' their plummage amang the cordage, sae tame in that island where ship had haply never touched afore, nor ever might touch again, lying in a latitude by itsel', and far out o' the breath o' the treddwunds! Or to hae landed wi' a' the crew, marines and a', excep a guard on shipboard to keep aff the crowd o' canoes, on some warlike isle, tossin' wi' the plumes on chieftains' heads, and soun'-soun'-soundin' wi' gongs! What's a man-o'-war's barge, Mr. Tickler, beautifu' sicht though it be, to the hundred-oared canoe o' some savage Island-king? The King himsel' lyin' in state—no dead, but leevin', every inch o' him—on a platform—aboon a' his warriors standin' wi' war-clubs, and stane-hatchets, and fish-bane spears, and twisted mats, and tattooed faces, and ornaments in their noses, and painted een, and feathers on their heads a yard high, a' silent, or burstin' out o' a sudden intil shootin' sangs o' welcome or defiance, in a language made up o' a few lang strang words—maistly gutturals—and gran' for the naked priests to yell intil the ears o' their victims, when about to cut their throats on the altar-stane that Idolatry had incrusted with blood, shed by stormy moonlicht to glut the maw of their sanguinary God. Or say rather—O rather say, that the

white-winged Wonder that has brought the strangers frae afar, frae lands beyound the setting sun, has been hailed with hymns and dances o' peace—and that a' the daughters o' the Isle, wi' the daughter o' the King at their head, come a' gracefully windin' alang in a figur, that, wi' a thousand changes, is aye but ae single dance, wi' unsandalled feet true to their ain wild singin', wi' wings fancifully fastened to their shouthers, and, beautifu' creatürs! a' naked to the waist. But whare the deevil's Mr. Tickler? Has he sunk during my soliloquy? or swum to shore? Mr. Tickler—Mr. Tickler. I wush I had a pistol to fire into the air, that he might be brought to. Yonner he is, playin' at porpuss. Let me try if I can reach him in twenty strokes—it's no abune a hunder yards. Five yards a stroke—no bad soomin' in dead water. There, I've done it in nineteen. Let me on my back for a rest.

Tickler. I am not sure that this confounded cramp——

Shepherd. The cramp's just like the hiccup, sir—never think o't, and it's gane. I've seen a white lace-veil, sic as Queen Mary's drawn in, lyin' afloat, without stirrin' aboon her snawy broo, saftenin' the ee-licht—and it's yon braided clouds that remind me o't, motionless, as if they had lain there a' their lives; yet, wae's me! perhaps in ae single hour to melt away for ever!

Tickler. James, were a Mermaid to see and hear you moralizing so, afloat on your back, her heart were lost.

Shepherd. I'm nae favourite noo, I suspec, amang the Mermaids.

Tickler. Why not, James? You look more irresistible than you imagine. Never saw I your face and figure to more advantage—when lying on the braes o' Yarrow, with your eyes closed in the sunshine, and the shadows of poetical dreams chasing each other along cheek and brow. You would make a beautiful corpse, James.

Shepherd. Think shame o' yoursell, Mr. Tickler, for daurin' to use that word, and the sinnies o' the cawf o' your richt leg yet knotted wi' the cramp. Think shame o' yoursell! That word's no canny.

Tickler. But what ails the Mermaids with the Shepherd?

Shepherd. I was ance lyin' half asleep in a sea-shore cave o' the Isle o' Sky, wearied out by the verra beauty o' the moonlicht that had keepit lyin' for hours in ae lang line o' harmless fire, stretching leagues and leagues to the rim o' the ocean. Nae sound, but a bit faint, dim plash—plash—plash o' the tide—whether ebbin' or flawin' I ken not—no against, but upon the weedy sides o' the cave——

Tickler.

> As when some shepherd of the Hebride Isles,
> Placed far amid the melancholy main!

Shepherd. That soun's like Thamson—in his Castle o' Indolence. A' the hail warld was forgotten—and my ain name—and what I was

—and where I had come frae—and why I was lyin' there—nor was I ony thing but a Leevin' Dream.

Tickler. Are you to windward or leeward, James?

Shepherd. Something—like a caulder breath o' moonlicht—fell on my face and breast, and seemed to touch all my body and my limbs. But it canna be mere moonlicht, thocht I, for, at the same time, there was the whisperin'—or say rather, the waverin' o' the voice—no alang the green cave wa's, but close intil my ear, and then within my verra breast; sae, at first, for the soun' was saft and sweet, and wi' a touch o' plaintive wildness in't no unlike the strain o' an Æolian harp, I was rather surprised than feared, and maist thocht it was but the wark o' my ain fancy, afore she yielded to the dwawm o' that solitary sleep.

Tickler. James, I hear the Steamer.

Shepherd. I opened my een, that had only been half steekit—and may we never reach the shore again, if there was not I, sir, in the embrace o' a Mermaid!

Tickler. James, remember we are well out to Inchkeith. If you please, no——

Shepherd. I would scorn to be droon'd with a lee in my mouth, sir. It is quite true that the hair o' the cretur is green—and it's as slimy as it's green—slimy and sliddery as the sea-weed that cheats your unsteady footing on the rocks. Then what een!—oh, what een! Like the boiled een o' a cod's head and shouthers!—and yet expression in them—an expression o' love and fondness, that would hae garred an Eskimaw scunner.

Tickler. James, you are surely romancing.

Shepherd. Oh, dear, dear me!—hech, sirs! hech, sirs!—the fishiness o' that kiss! I had hung my claes to dry on a peak o' the cliff—for it was ane o' thae lang midsummer nichts, when the sea air itself fans ye wi' as warm a sugh as that frae a lady's fan, when you're sittin' side by side wi' her in an arbour——

Tickler. Oh, James, you fox——

Shepherd. Sae that I was as naked as either you or me, Mr. Tickler, at this blessed moment—and whan I felt mysell enveloped in the hauns, paws, fins, scales, tail, and maw o' the mermaid o' a monster, I grued till the verra roof o' the cave let down drap, drap, drap on us—me and the Mermaid—and I gied mysel up for lost.

Tickler. Worse than Venus and Adonis, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. I began mutterin' the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the hundred and nineteenth psalm—but a' wudna do. The Mermaid held the grup—and while I was splutterin' out her kisses, and convulsed waur than I ever was under the warst nichtmare that ever sat on my stamach, wi' a desperate wallop we baith gaed tapsalteerie—frae a sliddery ledge to anither—till, wi' accelerated velocity, like twa stanes,

increasin' accordin' to the squares o' the distances, we played plunge like porpusses into the sea, a thousand fadom deep—and hoo I gat rid o' the briny beastliness nae man kens till this day; for there was I sittin' in the cave, chitterin' like a drookit cock, and nae Mermaid to be seen or heard; although, wad ye believe me, the cave had the smell o' crabs and labsters, and oysters, and skate, and fish in general, aneuch to turn the stamach o' a whale or a sea-lion.

Tickler. Ship ahoy! Let us change our position, James. Shall we board the Steamer?

Shepherd. Only look at the waves, hoo they gang welterin' frae her prow and sides, and widen in her wake for miles aff! Gin we venture ony nearer, we'll never wear breeks mair. Mercy on us, she's bearin' doon upon us. Let us soom fast, and passing across her bows, we shall bear up to windward out o' a' the commotion. Captain Bain! Captain Bain! it's me and Mr. Tickler, takin' a soom for an appeteet—stop the ingine till we get past the bowsprit.

Tickler. Heavens, James, what a bevy of ladies on deck. Let us dive.

Shepherd. You may dive—for you swim improperly high; but as for me, I seem in the water to be a mere Head, like a cherub on a church. A boat, captain—a boat!

Tickler. James, you aren't mad, sure? Who ever boarded a steamer in our plight? There will be fainting from stem to stern, in cabin and steerage.

Shepherd. I ken that leddy in the straw-bannet and green veil, and ruby sarsnet, wi' the glass at her ee. Ye ho—Miss——

Tickler. James—remember how exceedingly delicate a thing is a young lady's reputation. See, she turns away in confusion.

Shepherd. Captain, I say, what news frae London?

Captain Bain (*through a speaking trumpet*). Lord Wellington's amendment on the bonding clause in the corn bill again carried against ministers by 133 to 122. Sixty-six shillings!

Tickler. What says your friend M'Culloch to that, Captain?

Shepherd. Wha cares a bodle about corn bills in our situation? What's the captain routin' about noo out o' his speakin' trumpet? But he may just as weel haud his tongue, for I never understand ae word out o' the mouth o' a trumpet.

Tickler. He says, the general opinion in London is, that the Ad ministration will stand—that Canning and Brougham——

Shepherd. Canning and Brougham, indeed! Do you think, sir, if Canning and Brougham had been soomin' in the sea, and that Canning had ta'en the cramp in the cawf o' his richt leg, as you either did, or said you did, a short while sin syne, that Brougham wad hae safed him as I safed you? Faith, no he indeed! Hairy wad hae thocht naething o' watchin' till George showed the croon o' his head aboon water, and then hittin' him on the temples.

Tickler. No, no, James. They would mutually risk lives for each other's sake. But no politics at present, we're getting into the swell, and will have our work to do to beat back into smooth water. James, that was a facer.

Shepherd. Dog on it, ane wad need to be a sea-mew, or kitty-wake, or stormy petrel, or some ither ane o' Bewick's birds——

Tickler. Keep your mouth shut, James, till we're out of the swell.

Shepherd. Em—hem—umph—humph—whoo—whoo—whurr—whurr—herrachvacherach.

Tickler. Whsy—whsy—whsy—whugh—whugh—shugh—shugh—prugh—ptsugh—prgugh.

Shepherd. It's lang sin' I've drank sae muckle sawt water at ae sittin'—at ae soomin', I mean—as I hae dune, sir, sin' that Steamboat gaed by. She does indeed kick up a deevil o' a rumpus.

Tickler. Whoo—whoo—whoof—whroo—whroo—whroof—proof—ptroof—sprtf!

Shepherd. Ae thing I maun tell you, sir, and that's, gin you tak the cramp the noo, you maunna expect ony assistance frae me—no gin you were my ain father. This bates a' the swalls! Confound the James Watt, quoth I.

Tickler. Nay, nay, James. She is worthy of her name; and a better seaman than Captain Bain never boxed the compass. He never comes below, except at meal times, and a pleasanter person cannot be at the foot of the table. All night long he is on deck, looking out for squalls.

Shepherd. I declare to you, sir, that just noo, in the trough o' the sea, I did na see the top o' the steamer's chimley. See, Mr. Tickler—see, Mr. Tickler—only look here—HERE'S BRONTE! MR. NORTH'S GREAT NEWFUNLAN' BRONTE!

Tickler. Capital—capital. He has been paying his father a visit at the gallant Admiral's, and come across our steps on the sands.

Shepherd. Puir fallow—gran' fallow—did ye think we was droonin'?

Bronte. Bow—bow—bow—bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

Tickler. His oratory is like that of Bristol Hunt versus Sir Thomas Lethbridge.*

Shepherd. Sir, you're tired, sir. You had better tak haud o' his tail.

Tickler. No bad idea, James. But let me just put one arm round his neck. There we go. Bronte, my boy, you swim strong as a rhinoceros!

* Henry Hunt, the leader of the English Radicals, (particularly at the Manchester meeting on August 16, 1819, when the yeomanry were let loose on the unarmed multitude,) had been an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Bristol and Somersetshire. Sir Thomas Lethbridge, an exceedingly dull Tory, was in Parliament, and had large estates in the West of England. Hunt had brains, Lethbridge acres.—M.

Bronte. Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

Shepherd. He can do ony thing but speak.

Tickler. Why, I think, James, he speaks uncommonly well. Few of our Scotch members speak better. He might lead the Opposition.

Shepherd. What for will ye aye be introducin' politics, sir? But really, I hae fund his tail very useful in that swall; and let's leave him to himsell noo, for twa men on ae dowg's a sair doondracht.

Tickler. With what a bold kind eye the noble animal keeps swimming between us, like a Christian!

Shepherd. I hae never been able to perusade my heart and my understandin' that dogs haena immortal sowls. See how he's tee himsell, first a wee towarts me, and then a wee towarts you, wi' his tail like a rudder. His sowl *maun* be immortal.

Tickler. I am sure, James, that if it be, I shall be extremely happy to meet Bronte in any future society.

Shepherd. The minister wad ca' that no orthodox. But the mystery o' life canna gang out, like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin' insecks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin' and shuttin' their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity. The universe is aiblins wide aneuch.

Tickler. Eyes right! James, a boatful of ladies—with umbrellas and parasols extended, to catch the breeze. Let us lie on our oars, and they will never observe us.

Bronte. Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

(*Female alarms heard from the pleasure boat. A gentleman in the stern rises with an oar and stands in a threatening attitude.*)

Tickler. Ease off to the east, James—Bronte, hush!

Shepherd. I houp they've nae fooling pieces—for they may tak' us for gulls, and pepper us wi' swan-shot or slugs. I'll dive at the flash. Yon's no a gun that chiel has in his haun?

Tickler. He lets fall his oar into the water, and the "boatie rows—the boatie rows." Hark, a song! (*Song from the retiring boat.*)

Shepherd. A very good sang, and very well sung—jolly companions every one.

Tickler. The fair authors of the Odd Volume!

Shepherd. What's their names?

Tickler. They choose to be anonymous, James; and that being the case, no gentleman is entitled to withdraw the veil.

Shepherd. They're sweet singers, howsomever, and the words o' their sang are capital. Baith Odd Volumes are maist ingenious, well written and amusing.

Tickler. The public thinks so—and they sell like wild-fire.

Shepherd. I'm beginning to get maist desperate thrusty, and hungry

baith. What a denner wull we make! How mony miles do you think we hae swom?

Tickler. Three—in or over. Let me sound,—why, James, my toe scrapes the sand. "By the nail six!"

Shepherd. I'm glad o't. It'll be a bonny bizziness, gif ony neer-do-weels hae ran aff wi' our claes out o' the machines. But gif they hae, Bronte will sune grup them. Wull na ye, Bronte?

Bronte. Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

Shepherd. Noo, Tickler, that our feet touch the grun, I'll rin you a race out o' the machines, for anither jug.

Tickler. Done. But let us have a fair start. Once, twice, thrice!

(TICKLER *and the* SHEPHERD *start with* BRONTE *in the van, amid loud acclamations from the shore.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*Inside of Portobello Fly.*

MRS. GENTLE—MISS GENTLE.

Mrs. Gentle. I suspect, Mary, that we are to have the whole coach to ourselves. It has struck four.

Miss Gentle. Mr. Forsyth's coach seldom starts, I think, till about seven minutes after the hour, and I hope we may have company. It is always pleasant to me to see a new face, and hear a new voice, if it should be but for a passing half-hour of cheerfulness and good-will among strangers.

Mrs. Gentle. There is an advantage, child—I had almost called it a blessing, in being not too genteel. People who at all times keep fastidiously aloof from all society but that in which it is their fortune to move, unconsciously come to regard a large portion of their fellow-creatures with a kind of pride, not unallied to contempt, and their sympathies are confined within too narrow a range.

Miss Gentle. Yes, mamma, I often observe, that those persons who, by the kindness of Providence, are enabled to lead a life of luxury—innocent and blameless in itself, fear even such an accidental and transient association with their inferiors in rank or wealth, as may befall them in such a vehicle as this, as if the contact were contamination. Why, too, should shame ever be felt but for meanness or evil-doing?

Mrs. Gentle. Why, my dear Mary, we are both beginning absolutely to sermonize on other people's little weaknesses or failings. Who knows, if we had a carriage of our own to loll in, many servants, and troops of splendid friends, that we might not be among the vainest of the vain, the proudest of the proud?

Miss Gentle. You never could, mamma, for you have been tried; as for myself, I verily believe that my hauteur would have been exces-

sive. This is a very hot afternoon, and I do trust, that fat dusty woman, with a cage and a band-box, is not——

Mrs. Gentle. Fat dusty woman, Mary! Why may not——

Miss Gentle. My dear mother! I declare there comes Mr. Tickler and Mr. Hogg! Do let me kiss my hand to them—perhaps they may——

Tickler. Ha! ladies—I am delighted to find we shall have your company to Edinburgh. Hogg, ascend.

Shepherd. Hoo are ye the day, Mrs. Gentle? And hoo are you, Miss Mary? God bless your bonny gentle een. Come in, Mr. Tickler—come in. Coachman, pit up the steps. But gif you've ony parshels to get out o' the office, or ony honest outside passengers to tak' up, you had better wait a wee while on them, and, as it's unco het, and a' up hill, and your beasts wearied, tak' your time, my man, and hurry nae man's cattle. Miss Mary, you'll hae been doon to the doukin'?

Miss Gentle. No, Mr. Hogg; I very seldom bathe in the sea. Bathing is apt to give me a headache, and to induce sleepiness.

Shepherd. That's a sign the doukin' does na agree wi' your constitution. Yet though you have that kind o' complexion, my dear mem, that the poet was dreamin' o' when he said, "O call it fair, not pale," I houp devoutly that your health's gude. I houp, Mrs. Gentle, your dochter's no what's ca'd delicate?

Mrs. Gentle. Mary enjoys excellent health, Mr. Hogg, and is much in the open air, which, after all, is the best of baths.

Shepherd. Ye say richt—ye say richt, mem. There's nae need o' watering a flower that opens its bosom to the dews o' heaven. Now, leddies, there's no a man in a' this warld that's less inquisitive than mysell about ither folk's concerns; yet whenever I foregather unexpectedly wi' friens I love, my heart aye asks itsell silently, on what errand o' courtesy or kindness hae they been engaged? I think, Miss Mary, I could maist guess.

Miss Gentle. No, Mr. Hogg.

Shepherd. There's nae smile on your face—at least, but sic a faint smile as generally—unless I'm sair mistaen in your character—dwalls there,—sae, my dear Miss Gentle, I ken that though your visit to this place has no been an unhappy, it may hae been something o' a sad ane; and, therefore, God bless you, I'll change the subject, and try and be agreeable.

Mrs. Gentle. Even so, sir. We have been visiting a friend—I may almost say, a sister of Mary's, who, a few weeks ago, there was but too much reason to fear, was sinking into a consumption.

Shepherd. Dinna mind, my dearest Miss Gentle, though the tears do come to your een. Friendship is never sae pure, sae unselfish, sae affeckin in this warld, as when it breathes frae bosom to bosom o' twa young innocent maidens, wha ha'in' nae sisters o' their ain, come

to love ane anither even mair dearly than if their hearts beat with the same blood. Dinna fear but she'll get better. If she seemed sinkin' into a consumption weeks sin syne, and instead o' being waur is noo better, it's a proof that God intends not yet takin' her to himself in heaven.

Miss Gentle. I am truly happy, sir, to meet with you again so soon after that charming evening at Buchanan Lodge. I hope you are all well at Mount Benger?

Shepherd. Better than well; and next moon the mistress expects to see your mother and you alang wi' Mr. North, according to your promise. You're no gaun to break it? What for are you lookin' sae grave, baith o' you? I dinna understan' this—I am verra near about gaun to grow a wee angry.

Miss Gentle. When my dear sister shall have recovered sufficient strength for a little tour in the country, her physician has recommended——

Shepherd. No anither word. She sall come out wi' you to Yarrow. I've seen near a dizzen o' us in Mr. North's coach afore noo, and no that crooded neither. You fower 'll ilka ane hae your corner—and you, mem, Mrs. Gentle, and Mr. North, 'll be taken for the mother and the father—and Miss Mary and Miss Ellenor, for your twa dochters; the ane like Bessy Bell, and the ither like Mary Gray.

Miss Gentle. Most extraordinary, Mr. Hogg—why my dear friend's name absolutely is Ellenor!

Shepherd. The moment I either see a young leddy, or lassie indeed o' ony sort, or even hear them spoken o' by ane that loes them, that moment I ken their Christian name. What process my mind gangs through, I canna tell, except that it's intuitive like, and instantawneous. The soun' o' the unpronounced name, or raither the shadow o' the soun', comes across my mind, and I'm never wrang ony mair than if I had heard the wean baptized in the kirk.

Miss Gentle. What fine apprehensions are given to the poet's gifted soul and senses!

Shepherd. A July at Mount Benger will add twenty years to Miss Ellenor's life. She sall hae asses' milk—and a stool to sit on in the byre every nicht when the "kye come hame" to be milked—for there's naethin' better for that complaint than the balmy breath o' kine.

Miss Gentle. God bless you, sir, you are so considerate!

Shepherd. And we'll take care no to let her walk on the gerse when the dews are on,—and no to stay out ower late in the gloamin'; and in case o' a chance shower—for there's nae countin' on them—she sall hae my plaid—and bonny she'll look in't, gif she be ony thing like her freen Miss Mary Gentle—and we'll row in a boatie on St. Mary's Loch in the sunshine—and her bed sall be made cozy every nicht wi' our new brass warmin' pan, though there's no as much damp

about a' the house as to dim a lookin-glass—and her food sall be Yar row truits, and Eltrive chickens, and licht barley-scones, wi' a glass o' the mistress's currant-wine—and the banished roses sall return frae exile to her cheek, and the lilies to her breast—and her voice sall no trummel in the chorus o' a sang—and you and her may gladden our een by dancin' a waltz to my fiddle—for the waltz is a bonny dance for twa maiden sisters dressed in white, wi' roses in their hair, and pink sashes roun' their waists, and silk stockens sae smooth and white, ye micht maist think they were nae stockens ava', but just the pure gleam o' the natural ankle glidin' alang the floor.

Miss Gentle. You draw such a picture of our Arcadia! I feel assured that we shall visit the Forest.

Shepherd. I'm sure, Miss Mary, that you believe in the doctrine o' impulses?

Miss Gentle. I wish to believe in every thing beautiful—ay, even in Kilmeny's sojourn in the land of Faery, and her return, when years had flown, late late in the gloamin' to her father's ingle.

Shepherd. Mony impulses, mem, Mrs. Gentle, have come to me, between the age o' saxteen and my present time o' life—what that is, I leave you baith to guess, but no to utter—for the maist part in the silence and darkness o' nicht—but no always sae—sometimes in the brichtness o' sunshine, at morn or meridian—but never but when alane—a' ithers bein' either far away, or buried in sleep.

Miss Gentle. Will you have the kindness, my dear Mr. Hogg, to explain yourself—for——

Shepherd. A' at ance my soul kens that it must obey the Impulse—nor ever seeks to refuse. Aftenest it is towards something sad—but although sad, seldom miserable—a journey ower the hills to see some frien' whom I hae nae reason to fear is otherwise than well and happy—but on reaching his house, I see grieffu' faces, and perhaps hear the voice o' prayer by the bedside o' ane whom the bystanders fear is about to die. Ance the Impulse led me to go by a ford, instead o' the brig, although the ford was fardest, and the river red; and I was just in time to save a puir travellin' mither, wi' twa wee weans on her breast: awa' she went wi' a blessing on my head, and I never saw her mair. Anither time, the Impulse sent me to a lanesome spat amang the hills, as I thought, only because the starnies were mair than usual beautifully bricht, and that I might aiblins make a bit poem or sang in the solitude, and I found my ain brither's wee dochter, o' twelve years auld, lyin' delirious o' a sudden brain fever, and sae weak, that I had to carry her hame in my plaid like a bit lamb. But I'm gettin wearisome, Mems—and gude safe us, there's Bronte fechtin wi' a carter's mastiff. We're a mile frae Portybelly, and I never was sensible o' the Fly haein' steered frae the cotch-offish. Driver—driver, stop, or thae twa dowgs 'll devoor ane anither. There's

nae occasion—Bronte has garred him flee, and that carter 'll be wise to haud his haun', for faith gif he strikes Bronte wi' his whup, he'll be on the braid o' his back in a jiffy, wi' a hail set o' teeth in his wizand, as lang's my fingers, and as white as yours, Miss Mary—but wull ye let me look at that ring, for I'm unco curious in precious stanes?

(SHEPHERD *takes* MISS GENTLE'S *hand into his.*)

Miss Gentle. It has been in our family, sir, for several centuries, and I wear it for my grandmother's sake, who took it off her finger and put it on mine, a few days before she died.

Shepherd. Mrs. Gentle, I see your dochter's haun's just like your ain—the back narrowish, but rather a wee plumpy—fingers sma' and taper, without being lang—and the beautifu' wee member, pawm an' a', saft and warm as velvet, that has been no verra far aff the fire.—Happy he whom heaven ordains, on some nae distant day, to put the thin, unadorned, unrubied ring on this finger—my dear Mary—this ane, the neist to the wee finger o' the left haun'—and gin you'll ask me to the wedding, you shall get, my bonny doo, warm frae this heart o' mine, a father's blessing.

Mrs. Gentle. Let me promise for Mary, Mr. Hogg; and on that day, you, Mr. North, and Mr. Tickler, will dine with me at Trinity-Cottage.

Shepherd. I'll answer for Mr. Tickler. But hoosh—speak lown, or we'll wauken him. I'm never sae happy in his company, as when he's sleepin'—for his animal spirits, at times, is maist outrawgeous—his wut incessant—and the very een o' him gleg as wumbles, mair than I can thole, for hours thegither fixed on mine, as gin he wushed to bore a hole through a body's head, frae *os frontis* to *cerebellum.* Leddies dear, you're no Phrenologists?

Mrs. Gentle. We are not—from no contempt of what we do not understand—but merely because Mary's education is still in many things incomplete—and——

Shepherd. Incomplete! I dinna believe it's incomplete in ony thing. Dinna they tell me that she can play the piawno, and the herp, and the guitawr, each sae weel that it seems at the time to be her only instrument? Mr. North, they say, 'll sit for hours without ony cawnle in the room, only the moon lookin' and listenin' in at the window, while she keeps singin' to the auld man tunes that somehow mak him greet—and greetin's no a mood he's in general gi'en to—and then, dinna ye think Mr. North has shown me some o' her verses, ay, as true poetry, Miss Mary, as Mrs. Hemans' hersell?—and what for wull ye no alloo him to prent some of them in the Magazine?

Mrs. Gentle. Mary's attempts, Mr. Hogg, are all unworthy that honor—and I assure you her modesty is so unaffected, that it would give her pain to see any of her trifles in print. She rarely can be brought even to sing them to Mr. North, when we are alone.

Shepherd. I canna ca't a fause modesty—for there's naething fause about her—indeed I love, admire, and respeck her for't—although, God forbid I sud think that the female poetesses i' this and ither kintras sud na hae sang before a' the people—but oh, Mem, there's a charm divine in the bits o' sangs that's owned by their writers—young, innocent, and fair—maist as if in confession o' haein' dune something wrang—and extorted frae them, when nane but dearest freens are by, in some auld plaintive air that never seemed sae sweet before,—the singer a' the while hangin' down her head, till her hair seems in the twilight hangin' like a veil ower her countenance, and you can just see the movin' o' her breast, half in sadness and half in a timid fear, yet the hail feelin' a feelin' o' happiness that she would be sorry to exchange for mirth.

Mrs. Gentle. I sometimes think, sir, that the education of females in this country is too much according to rule—too formal—too——

Shepherd. Far ower muckle sae. There's ower little left to theirsells, Mem. The truth is, that the creaturs hae nae time to think or feel about ony thing but what they're taucht—every hour in the day bein' taken up wi' its ain separate task—sae that their acquirements, or accomplishments, as they ca' them, are ower mechanical, and dinna melt into, and set aff' ane anither like the colors o' a rainbow, Mem, as they do in the case o' your dochter there—and a year after leavin' school, or bein' married, whare's a' their fine gran' accomplishments then? They canna then pent a bit flower wi' distinctive petals frae natur; and as for ony new tunes, they never attempt them, and jingle ower them learnt at school unco wearisomely—for the spinnet, poorly played, is a meeserable instrument, like music dazed and daunderin' in an asthmatic consumption.

Mrs. Gentle. Perhaps, Mr. Hogg, you may allow that such accomplishments are chiefly graceful in youth, and that they may rust out of use, without much regret, when the wife and the mother——

Shepherd. Just sae—just sae, Mem; only they sudna be gien up just a'thegither, and only by slow degrees. Though I confess I hae nae pleasure in seein' mother and dochter sittin' playing a duet at the same spinnet.

Mrs. Gentle. Phrenology is quite epidemic, Mr. Hogg, among our sex in Edinburgh.

Shepherd. Hae na ye observed that a' leddies that are Phrenologists are very impident, upsettin', bauld amang men, loud talkers, and lang as weel's loud—tak desperate strides when they walk—write a strang haun' o' write—grow red in the face gin you happen to contradick them—dinna behave ower reverently to their pawrents, nor yet to their husbands, gin they hae the good luck to hae gotten wed—hae nae slicht o' haun' in curlin' their hair toshly, and are naewise kenspeckle

for white teeth—to say naething about the girth o' their ankles—nor——

Mrs. Gentle. I know only one female Phrenologist, Mr. Hogg; and I assure you she is a very sweet, simple, pretty girl.

Shèpherd. And does she let lecturers hawnle her head?

Mrs. Gentle. Pardon me for again interrupting you; but Lucy Callander——

Shepherd. Is nae Phrenologist. A sweet, simple, pretty girl, wi' sic an agreeable name as Lucy Callander, canna be a Phrenologist. She'll hae a sweetheart that pretends to be ane, that he may tak impertinent opportunities to weave her fair tresses roun' his fingers, and mak "the Sceeance," as the fules ca't, subservient to a little innocent flirtation, Mem. That's no uncommon, Mem. There's nae scarcity o' siccan disciples.

Mrs. Gentle. Surely, sir, no gentleman would so far forget his natural respect for the delicacy and dignity of the sex as under any circumstances to act so insultingly, so vulgarly, and so coarsely——

Shepherd. Ony member o' the Phrenological Society, Mem, would do sae, without meaning ony insult, but just frae the obtuse insolence characteristic o' the seck. In matters o' sceeance, a' the ordinary decencies, and delicacies, and properties o' life maun be laid aside; and sic an angelic head as the ane I see before me, glitterin' wi' sunbeams, and wi' the breathin' incense o' morn, submitted to be pawed upon (the beasts ca't manipulated) by fingers fetidly familiar wi' plaster o' Paris casts o' the skulls o' murderous Jezebels, like Mrs. Mackinnon, or aiblins wi' the verra skull itsel, and a comparison instituted, possibly to the advantage o' her that has been hanged and disseckit, and made an atomy o', between the character o' that dochter o' sin and perdition, and this your ain child o' innocence and bliss.

Mrs. Gentle. Ain't you pressing the point against the Phrenologists too far, Mr. Hogg?

Shepherd. No half far eneuch. They said that she-devil wha had brought sae mony a puir young lassie to destruction, and broken so mony a parental heart, had a great organ o' veneration; and how think ye they proved the correspondence o' her character wi' what they ca' her development? Why, that she ance drapped on her knees on the Calton Hill, and imprecated furious curses on the vessel that was carryin' off an offisher, or some other profligate, with whom she had lived in sin and shame! I could show you the words.

Miss Gentle. Mr. North, sir, I can assure you, regards Phrenology much more favorably than you seem——

Shepherd. What care I for Mr. North, Mem, or indeed ony ither Man, in a maitter, no sae muckle o' pure philosophy as common sense? Besides, Mr. North only seems to humor sic folly, to see hoo far it'll

gang—and it's gran' sport to hear him acquiescin' wi' a phrenologist, the silly creatur considerin' him a convert, till, in the pride o' his heart, the ass brays so loud and lang, that the hail company is startled, and Lang-Lugs himsel persaves that he has been trottin' for their amusement, and had his nose a' the while tickled by Mr. North, wi' the *nemo-me-impune-lacessit* thistle that grows on the back o' Blackwood's Magazine.

Miss Gentle. Have any of the gentlemen you allude to, sir, written any works of merit—in prose or verse?—for I confess that, if they have, I should feel the more posed to believe that their philosophy was true.

Shepherd. I never heard tell o' ony. Let a phrenologist write ae beautifu' sang o' four stanzas—ae Prose Tale, however short, in which human nature is unfaulded and elucidated—ae essay even in the common language o' men—on metapheesics theirsells—let him pruve himself to hae genius o' ony kind, and in ony depairtment, and then a body micht think wi' some temper on their blind and brutal abuse o' their betters, and their general denunciation o' a' the rest o' mankind as dunces or bigots. But what hae they got to shaw? No ae single scrawl fit for ony thing better than singin' poutry.

Mrs. Gentle. I understand, sir, there are some very clever men among the Phrenologists.

Shepherd. There are some very clever men, Mem, in every craal o' Hottentots, I'se warrant, in Caffrawria, as there are in every tent o' tinklers frae Yetholm. Tawlents o' a tolerable size you stumble on now-a-days at the corner o' every street; and it would be a singular phenomenon if you cou'd na put your haun on the shouther o' a decent Phrenologist. But oh, Mem, but the creturs mak' the maist o' ony moderate tawlents they may possess, or poor o' writin doon statements o' what they ca' facks; and sure eneuch in conversation in company after denner—maist unhappy haverers are they over tumbler or jug—sae serious whan every body else is jokin'—sae close in their reasonin' whan ither folk's minds are like bows unbent—sae argumentative on mere wunnel straws flung up to see how the wund blaws—sae fairce gif you but gie a wee bit short good-natured grunt o' a lauch—sae tenawcious like grim death o' a syllogism o' ratiocination that you hae rugged out o' their nieve—sae fond o' damnable iteration, as Shakspeare says, for I never swear nane—sae dreigh and sae dour in a' they look, think, say or do—sae bauld and bristly when they think they are beating you in logic, and sae crestfallen and like cawves wi' their heads hanging ower the sides o' carts, when they find that ye are yerking it into them, and see that a' the company is kecklin'—in short, oh, dear me! Mem, Mrs. Gentle! and you, my dear Miss Mary! the Phrenologists are indeed a peculiar people, jealous o' good works, and wi' about as muckle sense amang them as micht furnish some half

dozen commissioners o' police per annum, twa three droggists, an advocate callant no verra sair on the fees, and a couple o' stickit ministers. You'll hear them takin' a sweepin' view o' the History o' Metapheesics frae Thawles tae Tam Broon, establishin' for themselves nae fewer than twa-and-thretty faculties, mainteenin' that the knowledge o' human nature or the sceeance o' Mind is yet in its infancy—that a' the millions on millions o' men that thocht about their ain sowls since Noah went blindfolded and ram-stam on the wrang road, with their backs towards the rising Sun o' Truth—and to mak a lang story short, that Dr. Gall, Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. George Combe, and Mr. James Simpson, do now possess, within the circumference o' their skulls, shallow and empty as they are deemed to be by a weak and wicked generation, mair sense, knowledge, sceeance, truth, than all the other skulls belonging to the eight hundred and fifty millions o' Christians, Pagans, Heathens, Jews, Turks, and the lave, on continent or isle, a' ower the face, breast, and back o' the habitable yirth! Whoo—I am out o' breath—I wus I had a drink. Did Tickler stir the noo? I houp he's no waukenin'.

Mrs. Gentle. Well, Mr. Hogg, this is the first time in my life I ever saw Mr. Tickler asleep. I fear he has been overpowered by the sun.

Shepherd. No, Mem—by soomin'. He and I, and Bronte there, took a soom nearly out to Inchkeith; and no being accustomed to it for some years, he's unco comatose. There's no ae single thing in a' this warld that he's sae severe on in ither folk as fa'in' asleep in company—let them even hae sat up the hail nicht afore, ower bowl or book; but that trance is like a judgment on him, and he'll be real wud at me for no waukenin' when he opens his een as the wheels stop, and he fin's that I've had baith the leddies a' the way up to mysel'. But you can see him at ony time—whereas a sicht o' me in Awmrose's is gude for sair een, on an average only but ance a season. Mrs. Gentle, did you ever see ony person sleep mair like a gentleman?

Mrs. Gentle. Every thing Mr. Tickler does, Mr. Hogg, is like a gentleman.

Shepherd. When he's dead he'll look like a gentleman. Even if ane could for a moment mak sic a supposition, he would look like a gentleman, if he were hanged.

Mrs. Gentle. O shocking! My dear sir——

Shepherd. My admiration o' Mr. Tickler has nae bounds, Mem. He would look like a gentleman in the stocks—or the jougs—or the present Ministry——

Mrs. Gentle. I certainly never saw any person enter a drawing-room with an air of more courteous dignity, more heartfelt politeness, more *urbanity*, sir, a word, I believe, derived——

Shepherd. It's no ae man in fifty thousan' that's entitled to hae what's ca'd a mainner. Maist men, on enterin' a room, do weel just

to sit doon on the first chair they lay their haun on—or to gang intil the window—or lean against the wa'—or keep lookin' at picturs on a table—till the denner-bell rings. But Mr. Tickler there—sax feet four—threescore and ten—wi' heigh faturs—white hair—ruddy cheeks—paircin' een—naturally eloquent—fu' o' anecdote o' the olden time—independent in sowl, body, and estate—gayen proud—a wee mad—rather deafish on the side of his head that happens to be neist a ninny—he, Mem, is entitled by nature and art to hae a mainner, and an extraordinary mainner sometimes it is——

Mrs. Gentle. I think Mr. Tickler is about to shake off his drowsiness.

Tickler. Has that lazy fellow of a coachman not got all his parcels and passengers collected yet? Is he never going to set off? Ay, there we go at last. This Portobello, Mrs. Gentle, is really a wonderful place. That building reminds me of the Edinburgh Post-office.

Shepherd. We're in Embro', sir, we're in Embro', and you've been snorin' like a bittern or a frog in Tarrass moss.

Tickler. Ladies—can I hope ever to be pardoned for having fallen asleep in such presence? Yet, could I think that the guilt of sleep had been aggravated by being by habit and repute a snorer—suicide alone could——

Mrs. Gentle. During your slumber, sir, you drew your breath as softly as a sleeping child.

Tickler. My offence, then, is not inexpiable.

Shepherd. I am muckle obliged to you, sir, for sleepin'—and I drew up the window on your side, that you micht na catch cauld; for, sir, though you draw your breath as saftly as a sleepin' child, you hae nae notion how wide open you haud your mouth. You'll do the same for me another time.

(*The coach stops, and the* Shepherd *hands out* Miss Gentle, Mr. Tickler *gallantly performing the same office to the Lady Mother.*)

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow. (*Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*Mr. Ambrose's Hotel, Picardy Place—Pitt Parlor*—Mr. North *lying on a sofa, and* Mr. Ambrose *fanning him with a Peacock's Tail.*

North. These window ventilators, Mr. Ambrose, are indeed admirable contrivances, and I must get them adopted at the Lodge. No wind that blows suits this room so well as the south-east. Do you think I might venture on another water-ice before dinner? The pine-apple we shall reserve. Thank you, Ambrose—that fan almost makes me melancholy. Demetrius was truly a splendid—a gorgeous—a glorious

bird—and methinks I see him now affronting Phœbus with his thousand lidless eyes intensely bright within the emerald haze by which they were all encircled and overshadowed. Poor dear, good old Lady Diana Le Fleming gave him to me, that parricide might not be perpetrated in the Rydal woods. For the Prince had rebelled against the King, his father, and driven old Poliorcetos into the gloom of the forest. There, in some remote glade, accompanied in his dethroned exile but by one single Sultana, would he dare, as the echo of his ungrateful heir-apparent's triumphant cry was faint among the ancient oaks, to unfurl that tail, Mr. Ambrose, glorious even in the gloom, till sick of tenderness, his pensive paramour stooped her crested head, and pressed her bosom to the mossy greensward before her enamored lord, who, had he been more of a philosopher than I fear he was, would have been happy in the thought of "All for Love, or the World well Lost." No spectator there of such caresses but the wild bee, too busy amidst the sylvan blooms to behold even the birds of Juno—or the squirrel leaping among the mossy branches of that endless canopy—or the lovely adder trailing his burnished undulations along the forest flowers—or snow-white cony all intent on his own loves, the happy father he of monthly families all the year long, retiring at the far-off rustle of the footstep into his old hereditary palace, beneath the roots of elm or ash five centuries old! Solemn woods they were indeed, my good Ambrose, in those days—but oh! that the axe should ever be laid to the root of the Bright, the Beautiful, the Bold, the Free, the Great, the Young, or the Old! Let hurricanes level lanes through forests, as plagues do through the families of men, for Nature may work at will with her own elements among her own creations; but why must man for ever destroy? nor, child of a day, fear to murder the tree that stands green yet gloomy in its strength beside the mouldering mausoleum it has for ages overshadowed, that is now but a heap of dust and ashes? Hark! the time-piece sweetly strikes, as with a silver bell, the hour of five! Cease your fanning, mine host most worthy, and let the dinner appear; for ere a man, without moderate haste, might count a hundred, Tickler and the Shepherd will be in the presence. Ay, God bless his honest soul, there is my dear James's laugh in the lobby.

Enter SHEPHERD *and* TICKLER *and* BRONTE.

Shepherd. Here I am, sir, gloriously hungry. My stamach, Mr. North, as weel's my heart, 's in the richt place. I'm nae glutton—nae gormandeezer—but a man o' a gude—a great appeteet—and for the next half hour I shall be as perfectly happy as ony man in a' Scotland.

Tickler. Take a few biscuits, James, till ——

Shepherd. Biskits! I could crunch the hail tot ,' them like sae mony wafers. Rax me ower ane o' the cabin-biskits o' a man-o'-war —there—smash into flinders flees it at ae stroke o' my elbow—but here comes the ROOND!

North. Mr. Ambrose, I ordered a cold dinner——

Shepherd. A cauld denner! Wha the deevil in his seven senses wud condescend to sit doon till a cauld denner? Hail, Hotch-potch! What a Cut o' Sawmon! That maun hae been a noble fish! Come forrit, my wee chiel, wi' the chickens, and you bigger callant, wi' the tongue and ham. Tak' tent, ye auld dominee, and no scale the sass o' the sweet-breads! Curry's a gran' thing gayen late on in a denner, when the edge o' the appeteet's a wee turned, and you're rather beginnin' to be stawed. Mr. Awmrose, I'll thank you to lend me a pocket-haundkerchief, for I've forgotten mine in my wallise, and my mouth's waterin'. There, Mr. North, there—set in his fitstule aneath the table. I ca' this, sir, a tastefu' and judicious denner for three. Whisht, sirs. "God bless us in these mercies, and make us truly thankful. Amen!"

Tickler. Hodge-podge, Hogg?

Shepherd. Only three ladle-fu's. Mair peas. Dip deeper. That's it.

North. Boiling broth, with the thermometer at eighty!

Shepherd. I carena if the fermometer war at aught hunder and aughty. I'll eat het hotch-potch against Mosshy Shaubert*—only I'll no gae intil the oven—neither will I eat arsenic or phosphorus.

North. I should like, James, to introduce my friend Dr. Dodds to M. Chabert.

Shepherd. Wha's he?

North. The ingenious gentleman who was packed in ice below an avalanche in Switzerland for some century and a half,† and who, on being dug out and restored to animation before a rousing wood-fire, merely complained of a slight numbness in his knees, and a tingling at the points of his fingers.

Shepherd. Oh, man! hoo he must hae enjoyed the first het denner! I think I see him ower his first jug o' het toddy. They tell me he has gotten himself married—has he ony family?

Tickler. Mr. Hogg, a glass of wine?

Shepherd. No the noo. I am for some mair o' the hotch-potch. Mr. Awmrose, gie me a deeper ashet. I wunner to see ye, Mr. North, fiddle-faddlin' awa' at cauld lamb and mint sass. I just perfectly abhor mint sass.

North. My dear James, you must have had the shower-bath to-day.

* Monsieur Chabert, who, in those days, appeared to have perfect impunity as far as the effects of heat were concerned.—M.

† An amusing story had gone through the English papers, about this time, to the effect that, on the fall of an avalanche in Switzerland, one of the glaciers broke, and was found to contain the body of an Englishman who had been lost a great many years before, when trying to ascend Mont Blanc—which body was resuscitated, whereby in item of humanity was restored to society!—M.

Shepherd. Confound your shower-baths, and your vapor-baths, and your slipper-baths, and your marble-coffin-baths, and your Bath-baths —"give me," as my ingenious freen', the author o' the Cigar, and Life after Dark,* spiritedly says, "give me the broad bosom of the blue sea, with five fathom of water beneath me;" the Frith o' Forth to frisk in, sir—the lips o' the wide mouth o' the German ocean to play with—where, as Tennant says,†

Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began.

Noo, Mr. Tickler, my hotch-potch's dune, and I'll drink a pint o' porter wi' you frae the tap. (MR. AMBROSE *places the pewter.*)

North. The "Cigar," James, and "Every Night Book, or Life after Dark," are extremely clever and amusing. Who?

Shepherd. The same. He's a wutty fallow. I wush he was here.

North. Is the "Age Reviewed," James, any shakes o' a satire?

Shepherd. Some o' the belly, sir. I prefer the belly o' a sawmon and the back o' a cod. What's your wull?

North. I gave you the "Age Reviewed" yestreen to peruse, James. Eh?

Shepherd. He's a sumph, the author. He leads a body in the preface to expeck that he's gaun to be personal, and malevolent, and rancorous, and a' that; and instead o' that, he's only stupit.

Tickler. I gave the drivel a glance—wretched stuff. The dolt is not aware that "The Age" goes farther back in time than about the year 1812, or extends in space beyond London and suburbs.

Shepherd. He might as weel hae ca'd a drill o' twa three tailors and weavers—makin' into volunteers—a review o' the British army. It's curious how many sumphs become satirists.

North. What a rare faculty 'tis, James, cutting-up.

Shepherd. Ye may say that, wi' a pig's tail in your cheek, Mr. North; for, savin' and exceptin' your ain single sell, there's no a man noo, either in the Fleet or the Army, or the Church, or the Courts o' Law, or the Parliament, that knows how to haundle a cat-o'-nine tails.

North. My dear Shepherd, you forget—my instrument is the KNOUT.

Shepherd. What maist surprises and pleases me, sir, is that your richt hand never forgets its cunnin'. You'll maybe no take your KNOUT intill't for a year at a time; and the next culprit that has his head tied ower a post, houps your haun 'll be weak or ackward; but my faith, he soon kens better; for at every stripe o' the inevitable and inexorable whang, the skin flipes aff frae nape to hurdies—and the Cockney confesses that Christopher North is still, septuagenarian though he be,

* Books thus named, showing intimate knowledge of London life, were written by William Clarke, my own associate in "The Georgian Era," and author of the greater and better portion of "Three Courses and a Dessert," illustrated by Cruikshank.—M.

† In his poem of "Anster Fair."—M.

the First Leevin' Satirist o' the age. I wud like to see you, sir, by way o' vareeity, pented by John Watson Gordon, in the character o' Apollo flayin' Marsyas. Noo for the *Roond*. Thank ye, Mr. Tickler—some udder. Awmrose, Dickson's mustard.

Tickler. "May-Fair," North, is clever.

North. Very much so. But I do not fancy light-hitting, and showy sparring of that sort. Give me a desperate lunge at the kidneys.

Tickler. The author is not a man of fashion—although he would fain be thought one. Dress—speak—laugh—bow—sit—walk,—blow your nose as fashionably as you can—unless you are *bonâ fide* of the ton—it is all in vain. You are soon seen to be a forgery.

North. Yet the author is a gentleman and a scholar.

Tickler. I dislike altogether these ambling octo-syllabics. 'Tis a pitiful pace.

North. Rather so. But what chiefly annoyed me in May-Fair, was its author's assumed easiness of air,—his nonchalance in speaking of his titled friends,—his hand-in-glove familiarity with my Lord Holland, —and, above all, the unconscious pomposity with which he, a gay and airy trifler, treats of matters utterly uninteresting to all mankind, except, perhaps, about three people.

Shepherd. Nae mair about it—I read a skreed o't in the Literary Gazette, but didna understand ae single word o't, wi' its blanks and its allusions, and its alleeterations. The author thinks himsel a great wut, nae doubt, but he's only middlin',—and it's no worth while "takin' the conceit out o' him," for he'll no reach another edition. The Lunnun creturs imagine a' the warld's aye thinkin' about them,—but naebody in Yarrow minds them. May-Fair at Selkrig's a different bizziness, and wad mak a gran poem, either serious or sateerical, or baith at ance, like the wabster's widow.

Tickler. Pray, North, did you see Tom Campbell when he was lately in Edinburgh?

North. I did not. He was to have dined with me, when a summons, from Colburn, I suppose, carried him off by steam to London.

Tickler. Our worthy friends, the people of the West Country, did themselves infinite credit by their cordial reception of their Bard and Rector.

North. They did so indeed. Campbell's speeches and addresses on his Installation on the first of May, and at the Public Dinner, contained many very happy touches—apt, ingenious, hearty, and graceful.

Tickler. You heard, I presume, that the Gander tried to disturb the genial feeling of sympathy and admiration by his Goose-dub gabble, but got hissed and hooted back to his green-mantled pool?

North. I noticed, with pleasure, an able castigation of the creature in the Scot's Times; and it is agreeable to know, that the illustrious Author of the Pleasures of Hope cut him dead. In England, such

baseness would be held incredible. Yet, plucked as he is of every feather, and bleeding all over, he struts about in the same mock majesty as ever, and construes pity and contempt into keudos and glorification.

Shepherd. I dinna ken wha you're speakin' about. But wha wull the college laddies make Rector neist? I'll tell you wha they should eleck.

North. Whom, James?

Shepherd. Just yoursell. They've had a dynasty of Whigs—Jeffray, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Brougham, and Cammell—and noo they shou'd hae a dynasty of Tories. THE FIRST GREAT TORY RECTOR SHOULD BE CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

North. No—no—no, James. *Nolo Episcopari.*

Shepherd. What for no! Haud your tongue. I'll mak an appeal to the laddies, and your election is sure. First, you're the auldest Tory in Scotland—secondly, you're the bauldest Tory in Scotland—thirdly, you're the wuttiest Tory in Scotland—fourthly, you're the wisest Tory in Scotland. That Tammas Campbell is a mair popular poet than you, sir, I grant; but that he has ae tenth part o' your poetical genius, I deny. As a miscellawneous writer on a' subjects human and divine, he is no to be named wi' you, sir, in the same lifetime—and as an EDITOR, he is, compared wi' CHRISTOPHER NORTH—but as a spunk to the Sun.

Tickler. Rector! a glass of hock or sauterne?

North. Mr. Ambrose, the Peacock's Tail, if you please. The room is getting very hot.

Shepherd. O sir, but you look bonny when you blush. I can consave a virgin o' saxteen fa'in in love wi' you—Rector, your good health. Mr. Awmrose, fill the Rector's glass. O, sir, but you wud luk gran' in your robs. Jeffray and Cammell's but pechs to you—the verra stoop o' your shouthers would be dignified aneath a goon—the gait o' the gout is unco philosophical—and wi' your crutch in your nieve, you would seem the Champion o' Truth, ready either to defend the passes against the wily assaults o' Falsehood, or to follow her into her ain camp, storm the intrenchments, and slaughter her whole army o' skeptics. Mr. Awmrose, gie me a clean plate—I'm for some o' the curried kernels.

North. I have some thoughts, James, of relinquishing animal food, and confining myself, like Sir Richard Phillips, to vegetable matter.†

Shepherd. Ma troth, sir, there are mony millions o' Sir Richard Phillipses in the world, if a' that's necessary to make ane be abstinent frae animal food. It's my belief, that no aboon ane in ten o' mankind

* Thomas Campbell was then Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.—M.

† Sir Richard Phillips, a London publisher, proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*, was a confirmed vegetarian.—M.

at large pree animal food frae week's end to week's end. Sir Richard Phillips, on that question, is in a great majority.

Tickler. North, accustomed, James, all his life, to three courses—to fish, flesh, and fowl—would think himself an absolute phenomenon or miracle of man, were he to devote the remainder of his meals to potatoes and barley bannocks, pease-soup, macaroni, and the rest of the range of bloodless but sappy nature. How he would be laughed at for his heroic resolution, if overheard by three million strapping Irish beggars, with their bowels yearning for potatoes and potheen!

North. No quizzing, boys, of the old gentleman. Talking of Sir Richard Phillips, I am sorry he is no longer—to my knowledge at least—the editor of a magazine. In his hands the Monthly was a valuable periodical. One met with information there, now-a-days I, at least, know not where to look for—and though the Knight's own scientific speculations were sometimes sufficiently absurd, they, for the most part, exhibited the working of a powerful and even original mind.

Shepherd. I agree wi' him in thinkin' Sir Isaac Newton out o' his reckonin' entirely about gravitation! There's na sic things as a law o' gravitation. What would be the use o't? Wull ony body tell me, that an apple or a stane wudna fa' to the grun' without sic a law? Sumphs that say sae! They fa' to the grun' because they're heavy.

North. I also liked Sir Richard's politics.

Shepherd. Haw!!!

North. He was consistent, James—and my mind is so constituted as always to connect together the ideas of consistency and conscientiousness. In his criticisms on literature and the fine arts, he appeared to me generally to say what he thought the truth—and although sometimes manifestly swayed in his judgment on such matters, like almost all other men, by his political predilections, his pages were seldom if ever tainted with malignity, and on the whole, Dick was a fair foe.

Tickler. He was the only Editor, sir, that ever clearly saw the real faults and defects of Maga, and therefore, although he sometimes blamed, he never abused her.

Shepherd. That's a gude distinction, Mr. Tickler, either about books or bodies. When ae man hates anither, and has a spite at him, he never fastens on his real fawtes, blackguardin' him for acks he never thocht o' a' his days, and confoundin' the verra natures o' vice and virtue. The sight o' a weel-faur'd lauchin' face—like mine for example—gies the puir distorted deevil the jaundice—and he gangs up and down the toon mainteenin' that your cheeks is yellow, when they're cherries, till some freen' or ither taks him aside in pity intil a corner, and advises him to tak a purge, for he's unco sick o' the okre distemper.

North. Gentlemen. cheese!

Shepherd. Na—na—nae cheese. Cheese is capital in the forenoons, or the afternoons either, when you've had nae ither denner, especially wi' fresh butter-and-bread; but nane but gluttonous epicures wad hae recourse to it after they hae been stuffin' themsells, as we hae noo been doin' for the last hour, wi' three coorses, forbye hotch-potch and puddens. Draw the cloth, Mr. Awmrose, and down wi' the Deevil's punch-bowl.

North. You will find, I trust, that it breathes the very Spirit of the West. St. Mungo's cathedral, you know, is at the bottom—and near it the monument of John Knox—almost as great a reformer in his day as I in mine; and had the West India trade then flourished, no doubt he had been as religiously devoted to cold Glasgow punch. I'll answer for him, that he was no milk-sop.

(MR. AMBROSE *and Assistants deposit the Devil's Punch-Bowl in the centre of the circular table.*)

North. THE KING.

Shepherd. I took the hips frae you last time, Mr. North,—tak you the hips frae me this time.

North. We will, James. But see that this bowl does not take the legs from you likewise.

Omnes. Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra.

Shepherd. Hoo the "Universal British Nation" lately stood up, like ae man, to stamp the seal o' its approbation on the conduct o' Eldon, Wellington, Melville, Peel, and the lave o' our patriotic statesmen!

North. "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still!" There is one toast, gentlemen, that we have often drank with pleasure—yea, with pride. Let us do so now—in silence. "THE PRESS."

Tickler. Instead of pleasure and pride, I for one drink that toast with pain and shame. The persons of the press pretend indignation at the charge urged against them by the Marquis of Londonderry, of being bribed and corrupted by ministerial money. Some of them are Political Economists, and must know the meaning of the word money. But if not so bribed and corrupted, whence their tergiversation and apostacy? From the native baseness of their souls?

Shepherd. I think that's the maist likely.

Tickler. The Whig papers are not so double-damned as the Tory ones. The Times, and the Morning Chronicle, and the Globe, might be defended by a good Devil's Advocate in a silk-gown, given him by a patent of precedency—but for the Courier—(and—) but for the once gentlemanly, judicious, well-informed, clear-headed, and seemingly right-hearted Englishman the Courier, to fling from him, unbribed, and unbought, and uncorrupted, the honorable reputation he had gained by long years of earnest and zealous services in the cause of his country and her greatest men, is deplorable indeed; and had his

apostacy been less flagrant and barefaced, the renegade might, by force of character, have done much mischief to the State.*

North. You speak well, sir; the infatuated craven was called on for his defence, "but the trembling coward, who forsook his master," was at first tongue-tied, then stuttered an unintelligible palinode, and finally strove in vain to inflict as sore a wound on the patience as on the principles of the public, by a series of paragraphs ashamed of their own truckling imbecility, and anxious to crawl away from contempt into oblivion.

Tickler. For fifteen years was the Courier laid duly every morning on my breakfast-table, and I asked no better journal. It is gone—and the Standard has taken its place. But not soon—if ever—will the Standard freshen for me even a town-bought egg, as the Courier did so long—nor, at my time of life, am I fond of changing an old friend for a new. But if an old friend will desert me—and himself—and all that ever bound us in amity—"If he prove haggard, then whistle him down the wind"—I forget the quotation, James.

Shepherd. Why, sir, let him go to the devil and shake himself.

North. I still have a kindness for him—and I shall never again utter a syllable against him; may he repent for seven years in sackcloth and ashes—at the close of that term, I may again become a subscriber—till then—

"Therefore, eternal silence be his doom!"

Shepherd. The Press? What! is there nae ither press than the periodical? Nae ither periodicals but newspapers? Thank God, sir, the laws and liberties o' this great kintra depend not for existence or vitality on ony sic ingine—although I grant, that when, by the chances o' time and tide, they collapse, that ingine blaws up and inflates their lungs, and sets them ance mair breathin' or hoastin'. Sic an ingine, I opine, is the St. James's Chronicle, which gangs through the Forest thrice a-week, like a fine bauld purifyin' wund, and has, to my knowledge, changed the sour sallow cheek o' mair than ae radical—for we hae the breed on the braes o' Yarrow—into the open rosy countenance o' a kirk-and-constitution man, cheerfully payin' his teinds to the minister's steepin', and hatin' the Pope's ee, except when he sees't glowerin' at him frae a shank o' mutton.

* The London *Courier* was an evening paper, which had become a semi-official organ under the prudent management of Mr. Daniel Stuart. On his retiring, in 1816, it became the property of Mr. Street, who continued to conduct it on high-Tory principles. Canning became head of the British Government in April, 1827, and six other leading members of the Liverpool Cabinet seceded, thinking (or pretending to think) that Canning's measures would be too liberal for them. The *Courier* continued to support the Government, although headed by Canning, and the Tories so little forgave its desertion of *them*, that, on the Duke of Wellington's becoming Premier, in 1828, he ceased to allow the *Courier* the semi-official information which had previously given it a distinctive character and position. The *Standard* was then established, as a Tory organ, but turned round on the Duke, when he proposed Catholic Emancipation. Finally, the *Courier* merged into the *Globe*.—M.

North. The well-being of a State is wholly dependent on the character of a people, James; and I agree with you in thinking that the character of a people is not entirely formed by newspapers.

Tickler. Some sixty years since, few persons in Scotland, out of Edinburgh, ever saw a newspaper but the Caledonian Mercury, a good paper yet; but were not the Scottish people then, as now, a "nation of gentlemen?"

Shepherd. A daft-lookin' nation would that be, Mr. Tickler,—but thank God, there never was ower mony gentlemen in Scotland, and them there was had nae connection in ony way wi' the newspaper press. For my ain pairt, I never peruse what's ca'd the leadin' article in a newspaper—and to speak the truth, I'm gayen shy o' them in a magazine too—but I devoor the adverteesements, which, beside lettin' you ken every thing that's gaun on in a kintra respectin' the sellin' and nifferin' o' property, baith in hooses and lawns. are to my mind models o' composition, without ae single unnecessary word, for every word's paid for, and that gies the adverteeser a habit o' concecse thocht and expression, better than a Logic class.

Tickler. Writing in Magazines, and speaking in Parliament, have quite an opposite effect—making the world wordy.

Shepherd. An' preachin's warst of a'. A popular preacher has a' his ain way in the poopit, like a bill in a cheena-shop. He's like a river in spate—drumly drumly, and you can hear naethin' else for his deaf'nin' roar. Meet wi' him, neist day, in a preevat pairty, and you wud na ken him to be the same man. He's like the river run out—dry and stany, and you wunner hoo you cou'd hae been sae frightened at him rampagin'——

North. A sermon should never exceed twenty-five minutes—nor——

Tickler. A horse race two miles. Four-mile heats are tiresome—to horse, rider, and spectator.

Shepherd. Great poopit orators are aften gayen stupit in conversation. The pleasantest orators o' my acquaintance, the maist sensible and instructin' in society, are them that just preaches weel eneuch to satisfy folk in the kirk, without occasionin' ony great gossip about their discourse in the kirk-yard. There's a harmony atween their doctrine and their daily life that tells in the long run a' ower the parish—but it's nae easy matter, indeed it's unpossible for your hee-fleers to ack in preevat as they ack in public—in the parlor as in the poopit.

Tickler. The bawling bashaw, James, may become an abject mute—a tyrant on the Sabbath—through the week-days a slave.

Shepherd. Scoldin' a' his heritors when preachin'—lickin' the dust aff their shoes when dinin' in their houses——

North. Whisht—James—whisht—you know my respect for the Scottish clergy; and among the high-flyers, as you call them, are one of our most splendid orators and useful ministers.

Shepherd. Whisht yoursell, Mr. North. You've spocken twa words for my ane the day. But tell me, sir, did you gang to see Mr. Pay Tay Cooke,* in the Pilot? Did ye ever see the like o' yon?

North. The best sailor, out of all sight and hearing, that ever trod the stage.

Shepherd. Do ye ca' yon treddin' the stage? Yon's no treddin'. When he first loupit out o' the boat on the dry lawn, tryin' to steady himsell on his harpoon, he gar'd me fin' the verra furm aneath me in the pit shooin' up and down, as if the earth were loosen'd frae her moorin's. I grew amaist sea-sick.

North. Nothing overdone—no bad by-play blabbing of the land-lubber—not too much pulling up of the trowsers—no ostentatious display of pigtail—one chuck of tobacco into his cheek, without any perceptible chaw, sufficient to show that next to grog the quid is dear—no puling, no whining, when on some strong occasion he pumps his eye, but merely a slight choking of that full, deep, rich, mellow voice, symphonious, James, in all its keys, with the ocean's, whether piping in the shrouds, or blowing great guns, running up, James, by way of pastime, the whole gamut—and then, so much heart and soul, James, in minute particulars, justifying the most passionate exhibition when comes crisis or catastrophe——

Shepherd. What for do you no mention the hornpipe? I wad gie fifty pounds to be able to dance yon way. Faith, I wad astonish them at kirns. Haw! haw! haw! The way he twists the knees o' him—and rins on his heels—and doon to the floor wi' a wide spread-eagie amaist to his verra droup—up again like mad, and awa aff intil some ither nautical muvement o' the hornpipe, bafflin' a' comprehension as to its meanin'; and then a' the while siccan a face! I wush I kent him—he maun be a fine fallow.

North. A gentleman, James.

Shepherd. That's aneuch—I never can help carryin' ontil the stage my knowledge o' an actor's preevat character—and I couldna thole to see a drunken, dishonest, neer-do-weel actin' sic a part as Lang Tam in the Pilot.

North. I believe such a thing would be impossible. Mr. Cooke served in the navy in his boyhood, and fought in the glorious battle off Cape St. Vincent. But all his experience of a sea life, and all his genius would have been vain, had he not possessed within his own heart the virtues of the British tar. That gives a truth, a glow of coloring to his picture of Long Tom—just, my dear James, as if you were to act the principal part in that little Piece of mine, the Ettrick Shepherd.

Tickler. What impostor, dearest James, could personate a certain Pastor in the Noctes Ambrosianæ——

* T. P. Cooke, the best actor of nautical characters the English stage could ever boast of His Long Tom Coffin was inimitable.—M.

Shepherd. Is Mr. Gurney gotten intil the press again?

North. James, I wish you would write the Monthly Dramatic Review for Maga?

Shepherd Hoo can I do that, leevin' in the Forest?

North. Poo—I will send you out the Journal, and the Mercury, and the Observer, and the Chronicle, who have all "a strong propensity for the drama," and you can give us the cream of Acris, and Vindex, and Fair Play, and a Friend of Rising Merit, and Philo, and Vox Populi, and a Pittite, and A. and Y., and P. and P. Q.——

Shepherd. I wad rather undertak to sen' you in creeteeks on a' the sermons preach'd every Sawbath in a' the kirks in Embro'—provided you just send me out the texts, and twa-three o' the heads, wi' the ministers' names labell'd.

North. Something of that sort, James, was attempted in London, in a periodical called the Pulpit. Yet, would you believe it, not one of the contributors ever went to church. They had each his old woman in her pew, with whom they took a glass of gin and water for an hour of the Sunday's evening, before going to the Pig and Whistle, and thus got the materials for a general weekly Review of the Pulpit Eloquence of the Metropolis.

Shepherd. Safe us—what a shame! There's nae settin' bouns to the wickedness o' the gentlemen o' the press. To creeticeese a minister in the poopit—and describe his face, and his vice, and the action o' his hauns, and his way o' managin' the whites o' his een, without ever haein' been in his kirk! It's fearsome.

North. The wickedness of the whole world, James, is fearsome. Many a sleepless night I pass thinking of it, and endeavoring to digest plans for the amelioration of my species.

Shepherd. A' in vain, a' in vain! The bit wean at its mother's breast, lang afore it can speak, girns like an imp o' sin; and the auld man, sittin' palsied and pillow-prapped in his arm-chair at the neuk o' the fire, grows black i' the face wi' rage, gin his parritch is no richt biled, or the potawties ower hard; and prefaces his mummled prayer wi' a mair mummled curse.

Tickler. Your language, James, has been particularly strong all this evening. The sea is bracing.

Shepherd. Honor and honesty! Wha ever saw them staun a real trial? The Platonic Philosopher seduces the sister o' the brither o' his soul—the "noblest work o' God" receives a' the poor people's money in the parish, and becomes a bankrupt.

North. It is only among women, my dear James, that any thing is to be found deserving the name of virtue or religion.

Shepherd. The lassie o' saxteen 'll rin awa' wi' a tinkler, and break her father's heart. He dees, and his poor disconsolate widow, wha has worn a deep black veil for a towmont, that she mayna see or be

seen by the sun, marries an Eerish sodger, and neist time you see her, she has naething on her head but a dirty mutch, and she's gaun up and doon the street, half fou, wi' an open bosom, sucklin' twuns!

Tickler. Ephesian matron!

Shepherd. Gie an advocate bizziness whan he's starvin', at the tap o' a common stair, wull he help you to fit out your son for India, when he has become a Judge, inhabiting a palace in Moray Place?* Gie a preacher a kirk, and in three months he insults his pawtron. Buy up a naitural son, stap by stap, in the airmy, till he's a briggadeer, and he'll disoun his ain faither, and pretend that he belangs to a distant branch o' the stem o' some noble family—although, aiblins, he never had on stockins till he was ensign, and up to the date o' his first commission herded the kye. Get a reprieve for a rubber the nicht afore execution, and he sall celebrate the anniversary o' his Free Pardon in your pantry, carryin' aff wi' him a silver trencher and the branching caunlesticks. Review a new Poet in Blackwood's Magazine, roosin' him to the skies, and he or his freens 'll excuse you o' envy and jealousy, and libel you in the Scotsman. In short, do a' the gude you can to a' mankind, and naebody 'll thank you. But come nearer to me, Mr. North—lend me your ear, sir, it's richt it sud be sae—for, let a man luk into his ain heart—the verra man—me—or you—or Mr. Tickler there—that has been lamentin' ower the original sin o' our fellow-creatures,—and oh! what a sicht does he see there—just a mass o' corruption! We're waur than the warst o' them we hae been consignin' tae the pit, and grue to peep ower the edge o't, lest Satan, wha is stannin' girnin' ahint our back, gie us a dunge when we're no mindin', and bury us in the brimstone.

Tickler. Oh, ho, gents—from libelling individuals, you two are now advancing to libel human nature at large. For my own part, I have a most particular esteem for human nature at large—and——

Shepherd. Your views is no scriptural, Mr. Tickler. The Bible Society could tell you better——

Tickler. The British and Foreign Bible Society? Dr. Andrew Thompson has given the Directors a most complete squabash; and I am glad to see the monstrous abuses of which they have been guilty reprobated in a calm and sensible article in the last admirable number of the Quarterly Review.

North. Into what sacred place will not Mammon find entrance! Well done, Dr. Leander Van Ess, agent at Darmstadt! For fifteen years, James, has the Professor been in the annual receipt of three hundred and sixty pounds—which, in Germany, James, is equivalent to about a thousand a year in the Forest.

Shepherd. Safe us! what for doin'?

* Edinburgh.—M.

North. Distributing the Scriptures among the Roman Catholics of Germany, James.

Shepherd. Greedy houn'! chargin' siller for gien' a puir benichted beggar body a grawtis copy o' the Word o' God!

North. A gratis copy, my dear James! Stop a bit. The Doctor is himself the principal proprietor of the version which he has for so many years been circulating at the expense of the Society; and during his connection with it he has circulated six hundred thousand! Take his profit ten per cent., James, and the Doctor must be worth a plum.

Shepherd. O the greedy houn'!

North. "Leander Van Ess," quoth the Seventeenth Report, "seeks no earthly emoluments; nor is the applause of a vain world his aim; he desires not the treasures which rust and moth consume." No; the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, these are the pure and heavenly principles which influence his mind and stimulate his actions."

Shepherd. And hypocrites like thae will abuse us for dinin' at Awmrose's and discussin' the interests o' mankind ower the Deevil's Punch-Bowl!

Tickler. And were the Doctor, under the pretence of piety and erudition, to make one with us of a *partie carrée*, he would sham pauper, and——

Shepherd. Look anither airt whan the bill cam in!

North. James, refresh and revive your soul by reference to the proceedings of the Assembly's Scheme for Establishing Schools in our own Highlands.* There is pure enlightened Christian philanthropy, without fee or reward.

Shepherd. A' the Heelanders want is better schulin', and some mair kirks.

North. And they are getting both, James. Why this society alone, with its very moderate funds, has already established between thirty and forty schools.

Shepherd. Hae they indeed? They sall hae their reward—here and hereafter. I hope they dinna despise the applause o' a vain warld like Dr. Yes—nor yet yearthly emoliments—nor yet the treasures which rust and moths consume. The applause o' a vain warld's an unco pleesent and encouragin' thing, as I experienced when I published the Queen's Wake, and veese versa when I put out the Perils; and as for the Moths—they hae gotten intil every chest of drawers, and a' the presses at Mount Benger, and riddled twa coats and three pair o' breeks till they're no weerable. Cou'd ye no gie me a resate for extirpatin' the clan, sir?

Tickler. Write for one, James, to the said German quack—Dr. Leander Van Ess.

* The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—M.

Shepherd. Howsomever, moths are naething tae bugs, and thank Heaven, there's nane o' them in the Forest. But wha's at the head o' the Assembly's Scheme for Educatin' the Highlan's, sir?

North. Principal Baird, James.

Shepherd. That's just like himself—never happy but when he's doin' good.

North. You have drawn his character, James, in three words. And as he is always doing good——

Shepherd. Why, then, he maun aye be happy.

North. Sound doctrine. Truly happy was I to see and hear him, during the time of the General Assembly, getting without seeking it, and enjoying without overvaluing it, "the applause of a vain world!" Edinburgh rung with his praises—from peers and judges to the caddy at the corner of the street.

Shepherd. A' the cauddies* are Heelanders, and faith they'll ken, for they read the papers, that the Principal loes their land o' mists and mountains, and is pruvin' his love by gien' the Gael edication, the only thing wantin' to equaleeze them wi' the Sassenach.

North. A scheme, James, in which all good men must rejoice to unite. No wasting of funds here,—but one Secretary, and he the best one,—all subscriptions applied directly to the noble work in hand. Patriotism strengthens what religion and humanity inspire, and the blessings conferred on the poor Highlanders will gladden the eyes of the mere prospect-hunter in search of the beautiful and picturesque, who will see with deeper emotions the smoke-wreaths winding up to heaven from cottages, whose humble inmates have learned the way thither from lessons that might never have been taught them but for the labors of this excellent man, and the other enlightened and zealous divines leagued with him in the same sacred work.

Shepherd. Every word you say, sir, is the truth. Pity—nay, shame—to think that there should be a single man, woman, or child in a' Scotland, to whom the Bible is a sealed book.

North. Charity should begin at home, James—although it should not end there—and I confess it would grieve me to think that the Mohawks should all be reading away at Teyoninhokarawen's translation of the Bible, while thousands on thousands of the natives of Lochaber and Badenoch were unable to read that of Dr. Stewart of Luss.

Tickler. Yet I cannot, I confess, go entirely along with the Quarterly Reviewer, when he objects to all Translations of the Scriptures not executed by accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholars. That a man should be at once a profound Hebraist and a first-rate Mohawk, is not only against the doctrine of chances, but the laws of nature. Better the Bible with many errors, than no Bible at all.

* *Cauddies*—messengers and porters in Edinburgh.—M.

North. Perhaps, Tickler, we are getting out of our depths.

Shepherd. Gettin' out o' your deepth! Ma faith, Mr. North, when ye get out o' your deepth, ither folk'll be droonin'; when the water's up to your chin, there'll be a sair jinglin' in maist throats; and when it's risen outower your nose, sir, there'll be naething less than a universal deluge.

Tickler. The newspapers have been lately filled with contemptible libel-actions, I observe, North. How does Maga escape?

North. A dog of any sense, finding a kettle tied to his tail, sneaks into a close in town, or lane in the country, and sitting down on his encumbered and jingling rump, whines on some benevolent Howard to untie the tin. It is done, and the cur repairs to his kennel, without farther yelp to the public. A dog of no sense scampers along the street, himself a whole band of instrumental music, knocking the kettle against every shin that kicks him, till his master, a greater fool than himself, insists on reparation, and summons the impugner of the cynic system to a Court of Justice, savage for damages. It has so happened, that the curs I have occasionally so treated have been of the former class, and have found their advantage in such conduct, for I thenceforth spared them; and they all know me when they meet me on the street, some of them even wagging their tails in approbation of my past severity, and gratitude for my present forbearance.

Tickler. Soane was silly in bringing an action against an article in Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

North. Truly so. He is a good architect, Soane, and may therefore laugh at being called a bad one.* Not a bad idea—the Bœotian order of architecture. Is Knight's Quarterly Magazine dead, think ye, Tickler?

Tickler. I fear so. But some of the contributors, I believe, are yet alive—so is Knight himself, I am glad to see—and I wish him all prosperity, for he is a very gentlemanly person—a man of honor and abilities.

North. Poor Parry too! Fifty pounds won't pay his attorney. I remember being so far taken in with that book of his about Byron, as to think it authentic.† And I am not sure now, that most of the matter is not true. It would appear from the trial, that a Mr. Thomas Hodgkin had a hand in the composition of it—and if he kept to Parry's oral or written statements, which I think there is reason to

* Sir John Soane, a London architect, who died in 1837, leaving his splendid mansion and museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to the public; having disinherited his son for having spoken with levity of some of his brick-and-mortar performances. Sir John erected an improved Dulwich Gallery, the Law Courts at Westminster, (which are to be removed as wholly out of keeping with Westminster Hall and the new Houses of Parliament,) and the new State Paper Office in St. James's Park. His museum, including a fine collection of works of ancient and modern art, was valued at £50,000.—M.

† Major Parry, who published "The Last Days of Lord Byron,"—an amusing book, a long review of which was the opening article in *Blackwood* for August, 1825.—M.

suppose he did, where's the harm? Mr. Hodgkin, I believe, was once in the navy—and his lectures on Political Economy before the Mechanics' Institution, though full of untenable positions, show him to be a man of talent. From his having been appointed Secretary to the Mechanical Institution, it is but fair to suppose that he is a person of character—and if he did put together Parry's book, why that is a reason with me for crediting its statements. As for malignity towards Byron and Bentham, that is all stuff. Of the first, Parry speaks like a Caulker—and of Jeremy and his trotting, the description is extremely humorous and picturesque. The Examiner used too strong language by far in calling him a sot, a bully, and a coward—although his defence was manly and tolerably effective.

Tickler. Stanhope spoke out.*

North. He was a good witness, and rebuffed Serjeant Taddy like a gentleman. The Colonel, two-three years ago, being displeased with an article in Maga, spoke in the Oriental Herald of "Blackwood's friend the Caulker." Now, to this hour, Mr. Blackwood has never seen Parry, whereas it appears from the Colonel's own testimony t'other day in court, that the said Caulker dined daily, for months, at his table; and on being asked, "Was he a sober man or a sot?" he answered, "A sot." Poor Stanhope! What a fine thing to be a Greek Patriot!

Tickler. Do you never feel any sort of irritation on being attacked yourself, North?

North. Very seldom, for I am seldom or never in the wrong. There are eight ways of dealing with an assailant. First, Notice not the insect's existence, and at night in the course of nature he dies. Secondly, Catch and crush him in your hand. Thirdly, Let him buzz about, till the smell of honey tempts him down the neck of a bottle—cork him up, he fizzes; and is mute. Fourthly, To leave that metaphor, put the point of your pen through the eye of the scribbler into the rotten matter, ignorantly supposed brain, and he falls like a stot struck in the spine. Fifthly, Simply ask him, should you meet him in the lowest society you happen to keep, what he means by being such a lying idiot—he leaves the room, and you never see or hear him more. Sixthly, Kick him. Seventhly, Into the Magazine with him. Eighthly, Should he by any possibility be a gentleman, the Duello.

Shepherd. Dear me!

North. Have you seen Croly's Book on the Apocalypse, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler. No.

North. It is a splendid attempt—you ought to read it, I assure you, not merely as a treatise on a very deep subject of divinity, but as a

* Colonel Leicester Stanhope, now Earl of Harrington. He was in Greece at the same time with Byron, and differed from him on most points.—M.

political and historical sketch, directly applicable and intentionally applied to the present and coming time. It is a long time since I have read any thing finer than his passages—On the Fall of the Roman Empire—The Constitution of the Pagan Hierarchy—The nature of Romish Modern Idolatry—The French Revolution—The Skeptical Writers who preceded it—The Present State of Europe—and, The Character of the Chief Instruments of English Success during the War. These are all grand topics, and magnificently treated.

Tickler. He is a powerful prose-writer, Mr. Croly——

Shepherd. And a poorfu' poet too——

Tickler. And on the right side, and therefore abused by Whigs and Radicals——

North. And praised by Tories, and all good men and true.*

Shepherd. Abused by Whigs and Radicals! Wha's safe frae that? "The Duke o' Wellington entered his carriage amidst groans and hisses!!!"—*Morning Paper.*

North. Who groaned and hissed the conqueror of Napoleon? Hackney coachmen dismissed for drunkenness—beaten boxers become pick-pockets—prostitutes—burglars returned from Botany-Bay—cashiered clerks with coin chinking in their fobs, furnished by De Courcy Ireland—felons acquitted at the Old Bailey on alibi—shopmen out of employment, because they constantly robbed the till—waiters kicked from bar to bar for secreting silver spoons—emeriti besom-brandishers of the crossings of streets—sweeps—petitioning beggars, whose wives are all dying of cancers—mud-larks—chalkers to Dr. Eady—a reporter to a "Morning Paper," and the hangman.

Shepherd. Hae dune—hae dune! You'll gar me split.

Tickler. North, why do you never review Bowring in that Magazine of yours?

North. Because I cannot lay my hands on all his various volumes—some having been lost, and some stolen—and I should wish to give a general estimate of his literary character.

Shepherd. I suspec' he's a real clever fallow, that Jack Bowrin'.

North. He has a wonderful gift of tongues—great powers indeed of acquisition, and great acquirements. He has poetical taste, feeling, and even genius; and seems to be, on the whole, a good translator.

Shepherd. I like to hear you speak sae, sir—for, O man! thae waefu' politics——

North. Shall never sway, have never swayed, my judgment, James, of the literary talents of any man of real merit, like Mr. Bowring.

* The Rev. Dr. Croly, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walworth, in London. He has written a Life of Burke, the Hebrew romance called Salathiel, several volumes of sermons, the comedy of Pride shall have a Fall, various poems, (of which Paris in 1815, The Angel of the World, and Sebastian, are the principal,) and the political novel called Marston, which appeared first in *Blackwood.* He is one of the most eloquent speakers and preachers in London.—M.

His political principles and mine are wide as the Poles asunder; nor, should he ever come under my hands in that character, will I show him any mercy—although all justice. Let him do the same by me, in that able periodical the Westminster—to which I hear he contributes—or in any other place under the cope of heaven. But when I see him gathering the flowers of poetry, with equal skill and enthusiasm, from the sunny gardens of the south and the icy deserts of the north, then, James, I fling all other thoughts to the winds, and love to hail him a true son of Apollo.

Tickler. Bravo—bravo—bravissimo!

North. May I believe, sir, what I hear from so many quarters, that you are about editing the SOUTHSIDE PAPERS?*

Tickler. You may. The preface is at press.

Shepherd. That's gran' news! But, pity me, there's John Knox's moniment and the Glasgow Cathedral reappearin' aboon the subsidin' waves! Anither bowl, sir?

North. Not a drop. We have timed it to a minute—nine o'clock. You know we are all engaged—and we are not men to neglect an engagement.

Shepherd. Especially to sooper wi' leddies—let's aff. Oh! man, Bronte, but you have behaved weel—never opened your mouth the hail nicht—but sat listening there to our conversation. Mony a Christian puppy micht take a lesson frae thee.

Bronte. Bow—wow—wow.

Shepherd. What spangs! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

* As early as September, 1819, there was an announcement of "The Southside Papers; edited by Timothy Tickler, Esq., F.A.S.F, in one volume folio." The work never appeared.—M.

END OF VOL. II.